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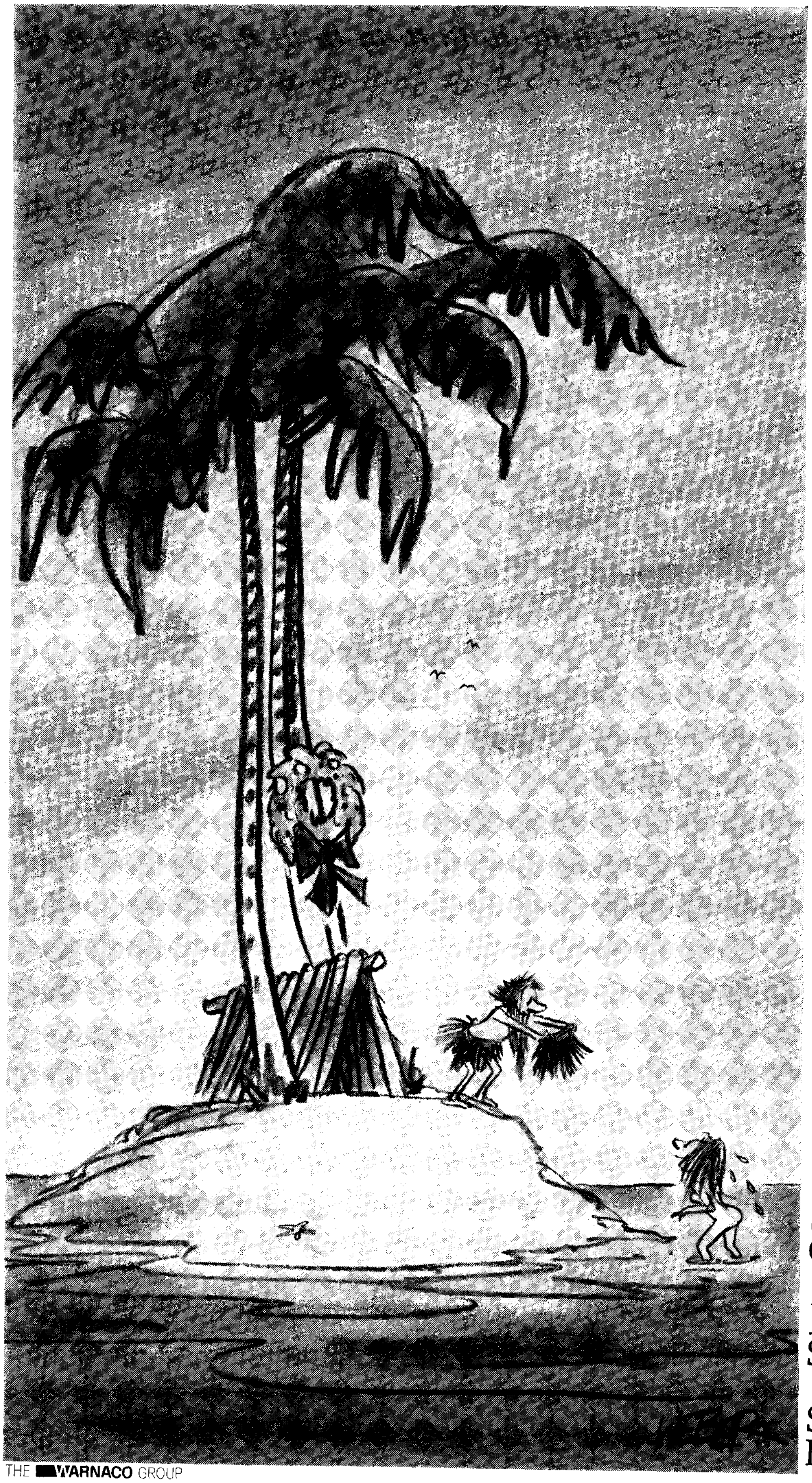

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Christmas. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

THE AU PAIR MAN—Julie Harris and Charles Durning in a two-character Irish play by Hugh Leonard, directed by Gerald Freedman. A presentation of the New York Shakespeare Festival at Lincoln Center. Previews through Wednesday, Dec. 26. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 27, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 27. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

CANDIDE—A revival of Leonard Bernstein's musical, adapted from Voltaire's novel by Hugh Wheeler, with lyrics by Richard Wilbur, and additional lyrics by Stephen Sondheim and John Latouche. Directed by Harold Prince. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-5110. Tuesdays at 7:30; Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

CITY CENTER ACTING COMPANY—A four-week repertory of four plays. Chekhov's **THE THREE SISTERS**, directed by Boris Tumarin: Wednesday, Dec. 19, at 1:30 and 6:30, and Thursday, Dec. 20, at 8. . . . ¶ John Gay's **THE BEGGAR'S OPERA**, directed by Gene Lesser: Friday, Dec. 21, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 22, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 23, at 3; and Saturday, Dec. 29, at 2 and 8. . . . ¶ Shakespeare's **MEASURE FOR MEASURE**, directed by John Houseman: Wednesday, Dec. 26, at 2 and 7:30, and Thursday and Friday, Dec. 27-28, at 8. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Closes Friday, Jan. 11.)

THE FLIES—Jean-Paul Sartre's play, directed by Vinnette Carroll. (Urban Arts Corps Theatre, 26 W. 20th St. 924-7820. Thursdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

GIGI—Lerner and Loewe have contrived a reprise of a reprise in this old-fashioned musical about a Paris very unlike Colette's. The cast, the costumes, and the settings do as much as the music to make it a happy occasion. (Uris, 51st St., W. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE GOOD DOCTOR—Neil Simon has been tempted to collaborate with Anton Chekhov, who might not have been tempted to collaborate with Neil Simon. The brilliant cast makes it seem worthwhile. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas Eve, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

GOOD EVENING—Peter Cook and Dudley Moore in a series of sketches, all but one or two of which are very funny indeed. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 3; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 27, at 3.)

HARD TO BE A JEW—Joseph Buloff in a Yiddish musical taken from Sholom Aleichem's play. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 260-5200. Mondays, Wednesdays—except Dec. 26—and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 6; special matinée Tuesday, Dec. 25, at 2.)

HERE COMES THE GROOM—A Yiddish musical, with Leo Fuchs. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 765-3886. Wednesday, Dec. 19, at 2 and 8; Thursday, Dec. 20, at 2; Friday, Dec. 21, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 22, at 2:30 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 23, at 2 and 5:30; Monday, Dec. 24, at 8; Tuesday, Dec. 25, at 2 and 5:30; Wednesday, Dec. 26, at 2; and Saturday, Dec. 29, at 2:30 and 8.)

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MEIN MAMA DER GENERAL—A *third* Yiddish musical. (Burstein, 250 W. 43rd St. 354-5616. Wednesday, Dec. 19, at 2:30 and 8; Thursday, Dec. 20, at 2:30; Friday, Dec. 21, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 22, at 2:30 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 23, at 2 and 5:30; Monday, Dec. 24, at 8; Tuesday, Dec. 25, at 2 and 5:30; Wednesday, Dec. 26, at 2:30; and Saturday, Dec. 29, at 2:30 and 8.)

THE ICEMAN COMETH—O'Neill's garrulous tribute to down-and-outers and their pipe-dreams—a word he repeats eighteen times. With James Earl Jones, Michael Higgins, Tom Aldredge, and many others. (Joseph E. Levine Theatre, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 1:30, and Sundays at 3.)

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JOSEPH STALIN—Robert Wilson's twelve-hour, dusk-to-dawn, production. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Two performances: Friday and Saturday, Dec. 21-22, both starting at 7.)

MOLLY—The bottom of the barrel. Kay Ballard is the star. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MOONCHILDREN—Michael Weller's comedy about a group of college students living a communal life back in the sixties had a very brief run on Broadway around a year ago. This small theatre—Off Broadway—is a far more appropriate setting for it. Mr. Weller is a quite funny writer, and the tone of his play always seems right, but his perpetually prankish and plaintive characters, in their undergraduate limbo, become very wearing after an act or two. The production, under John Pasquin's direction, is excellent. With Michael Sacks, Jim Jansen, Renée Tadlock, and Kenneth McMillan, among other good actors. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30; special matinée Wednesday, Dec. 26.)

A MOON FOR THE MISBEGOTTEN—Jason Robards and Colleen Dewhurst in a five-week engagement of Eugene O'Neill's last play. Directed by José Quintero. Previews Wednesday through Friday evenings, Dec. 26-28, with a special matinée Thursday, Dec. 27, at 2. Opens officially on Saturday, Dec. 29,

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, (212) OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, (212) OXFORD 5-1414

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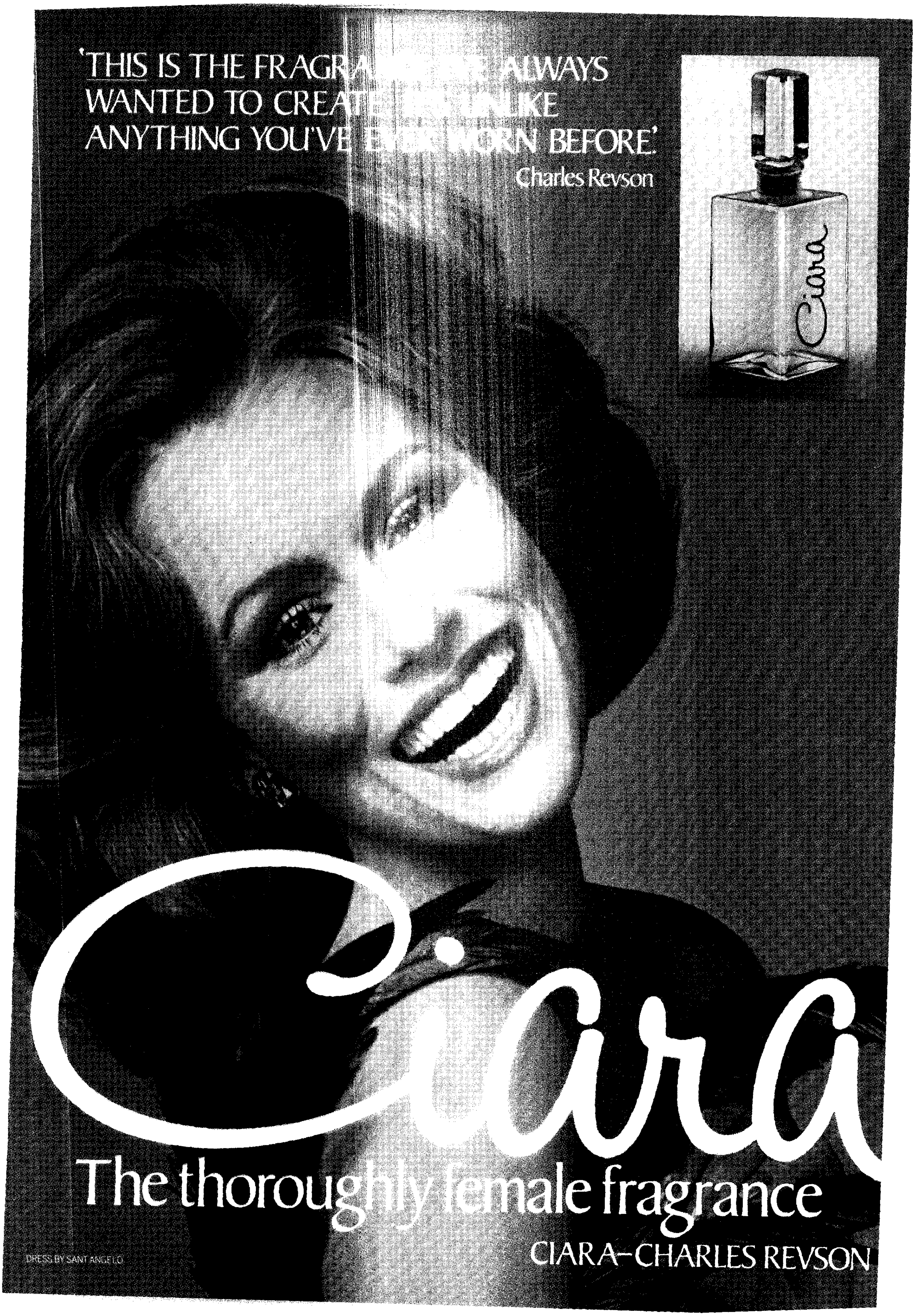
THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman and president; Milton Greenstein, vice-president; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; William P. Buxton, advertising director; Leigh Doorly, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90010; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X OED. Vol. XLIX, No. 44, December 24, 1973. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1973 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $15.00; two years, $25.00. In Canada, Latin America, and Spain, one year, $17.00. Other foreign, $19.00.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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and will run through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

New Phoenix Repertory Company—An eight-week engagement. Charlotte Moore and John Glover in Philip Barry's **HOLIDAY**, directed by Michael Montel: Previews Wednesday, Dec. 19, at 2, and Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 24-25, at 7:30. Opens officially on Wednesday, Dec. 26, at 6:45. Other performances Thursday, Dec. 27, at 2 and 7:30, and Saturday, Dec. 29, at 2. . . . ¶ Rachel Roberts and John McMartin in Friedrich Dürrenmatt's **THE VISIT**, adapted by Maurice Valency and directed by Harold Prince: Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 19-20; Saturday, Dec. 22; and Friday, Dec. 28, all at 7:30. . . ¶ Miss Roberts and Mr. McMartin in Feydeau's **CHEMIN DE FER**, adapted by Suzanne Grossmann and Paxton Whitehead, and directed by Stephen Porter: Friday, Dec. 21, at 7:30; Saturday, Dec. 22, at 2; and Saturday, Dec. 29, at 7:30. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Closes Saturday, Jan. 12.)

The Pajama Game—Barbara McNair, Hal Linden, and Cab Calloway in a revival of one of the most tuneful musicals ever written. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays, except Christmas, through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Christmas at 3.)

Raisin—Worth seeing for its charming and gifted cast, though the book of the musical is as old-fashioned as "Uncle Tom's Cabin." (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Tuesdays, except Christmas, through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Christmas at 3.)

The Tooth of Crime—This satire by the erratic, highly gifted young dramatist Sam Shepard is here given an "environmental" production, under Richard Schechner's direction. Much coöperation and agility is called for from the spectators. Some scenes and lines are effective, but many are scattered and get lost. Fridays through Sundays at 9, preceded (at 7) by Michael McClure's "The Beard." (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651.)

Troilus and Cressida—Shakespeare is all but bypassed in this juvenile, boring put-on. (Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. EN 2-7616. Thursdays through Saturdays, and Wednesday, Dec. 26, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Dec. 30.)

Veronica's Room—Eileen Heckart and Arthur Kennedy in an implausible failed thriller. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sunday through Tuesday, Dec. 23-25, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinées Thursday and Friday, Dec. 27-28, at 3.)

What's a Nice Country Like You Doing in a State Like This?—A merry satirical revue, with a young and refreshing cast of five. Words by Ira Gasman and music by Cary Hoffman. (Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. 757-8484. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

When You Comin' Back, Red Ryder?—Mark Medoff's efficient, occasionally exciting, but essentially shallow melodrama about a brash young man running dope from Mexico to California, who stops off at a diner in New Mexico and taunts everyone in sight, to depressing effect. The playwright may have some messages in mind about such matters as the legend of the Old West or the hypocrisy of the middle classes, but these can easily be ignored. The actors do well, under Kenneth Frankel's direction. With Kevin Conway in the leading role, and Elizabeth Sturges as a fat, gentle countergirl. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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Long Runs—**DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE**: A sparkling, witty, all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good. (Edison, 47th St., W. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, and Sundays at 2 and 5; special matinées Saturday, Dec. 22, at noon and 3, and Thursday and Friday, Dec. 27-28, at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS**: 5,681 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GODSPELL**: A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays, except Christmas, through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA**: A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays at 8; Wednesdays at 8 and 10; Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GREASE**: A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 27.) . . . **THE HOT L BALTIMORE**: Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **IRENE**: A pastiche of a lot of musicals of the last fifty years, including "Irene." Nevertheless, the cast is attractive and talented. (Minskoff, 45th St., W. 869-0550. Nightly, except Sunday through Tuesday, Dec. 23-25, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 27.) . . . **A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC**: Under Harold Prince's dazzling direction, Glynis Johns, Len Cariou, Hermione Gingold, and half a dozen other delightful people sing and spar and fall into what looks like love. The well-wrought music and lyrics are by Saint Stephen Sondheim, and the book, based on Bergman's film "Smiles of a Summer Night," is by Hugh Wheeler. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **PIPPIN**: A great big show that ably conceals a tiny little musical. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE PROPOSITION**: An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. 861-7362. Thursdays at 7:30 and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2; special matinées Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 26-27.) . . . **THE SUNSHINE BOYS**: A pair of old vaudevillians sourly pecking away at each other, but because Neil Simon has written their lines and because Jack Gilford and Lou Jacobi are playing their roles, the consequences of their misery are almost always funny. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Tuesdays, except Christmas, through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 27, at 2.) . . . **THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON**: This well-written comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. A. J. Antoon directed. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Performances of **THE NUTCRACKER** are being presented through Sunday, Jan. 6. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 19-21, at 6; Saturday, Dec. 22, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 23, at 2 and 6; Wednesday, Dec. 26, at 1 and 5; Thursday and Friday, Dec. 27-28, at 2; and Saturday, Dec. 29, at 2 and 8. Through Sunday, Feb. 17.)

Ballet Folklorico of Mexico—A company of seventy-five dancers, singers, and musicians in a three-week engagement. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 6.)

MISCELLANY

World Festival of Magic and Occult—A three-week engagement by magicians, illusionists, and practitioners of the occult, including Aldo Richiardi, Jr. Not for children. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 8; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sunday, Dec. 23, and Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 27-30, at 2. Closes Sunday, Dec. 30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

Ron Carter and Mike Longo—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Bass and piano, respectively, from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Through Saturday, Dec. 22.

Blossom Dearie—Sign of the Dove, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080). Singing at the piano, at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, Tuesdays, except Christmas, through Fridays.

Roy Eldridge—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505). Trumpet, with Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, Eddie Locke, and Major Holley. Venerable Dixieland. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday through Tuesday, Dec. 23-25.

Duke Ellington—Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970). Piano, with an orchestra. Nightly at nine and eleven-fifteen.

Tyree Glenn—Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000). Trombone and vibes, with a septet. Nightly, except Sundays, from eight to one-thirty.

Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). With vocalist Dee Dee Bridgewater, Mondays at ten.

Rahsaan Roland Kirk—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Reeds and many other instruments, leading a sextet. Starting Friday, Dec. 28, at ten.

Ellis Larkins—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Piano, with bassist Al Hall, Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to two-thirty, plus a program of works by Mr. Larkins as well as some Christmas carols on Sunday, Dec. 23, from four-thirty to seven-thirty.

Junior Mance—Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832). Piano, leading a trio, Thursdays through Saturdays, from ten until three.

Marian McPartland—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272). Piano, leading a trio, from nine to one, Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Mabel Mercer—St. Regis Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL

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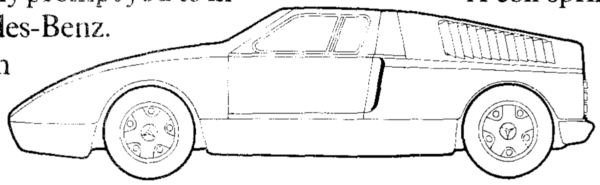

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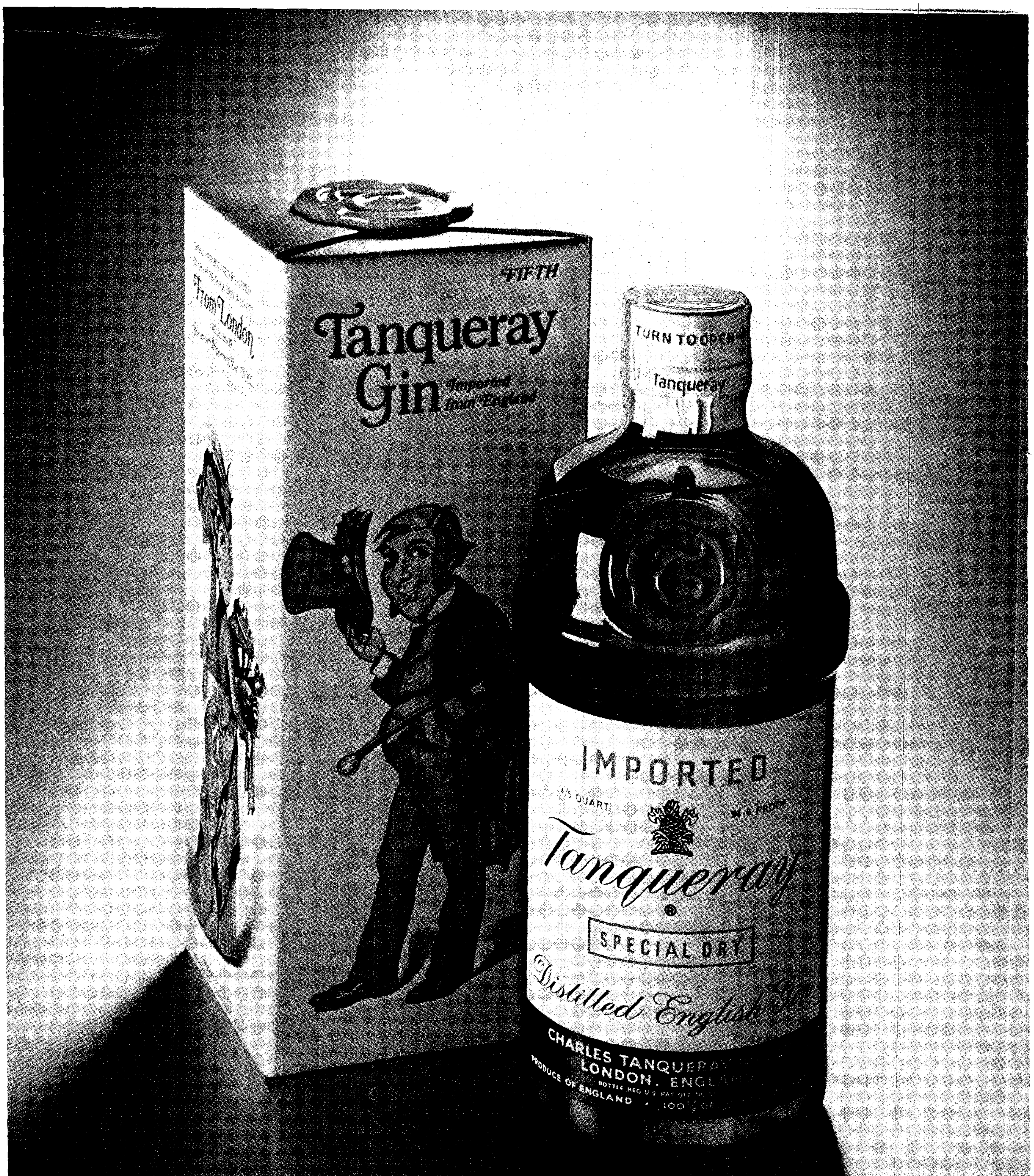
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3-4500). Songs. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Rose Murphy—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Singing at the piano, at eight, except Sundays.

Joe Newman—Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245). Trumpet, with a quartet, from nine to three, through Saturday, Dec. 22.

Odetta—Metro, 188 W. Fourth St. (675-0892). Singing, at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, Thursday through Tuesday, Dec. 20-25.

Arthur Prysock—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Vocals, with a trio led by saxophonist Red Prysock. Nightly, except Sunday through Tuesday, Dec. 23-25, from nine-thirty (Saturdays from nine).

Don Reno, Bill Harrell, and the Tennessee Cut-ups—Metro, 188 W. 4th St. (675-0892). Banjo, guitar, and bluegrass. Starting Thursday, Dec. 27, at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Bobby Short—Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Singing and playing piano, from nine-forty-five nightly, except Sunday through Tuesday, Dec. 23-25.

Zoot Sims and Bucky Pizzarelli—Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150). Tenor sax and guitar, respectively, from nine-thirty to one, except Sundays and Mondays.

McCoy Tyner—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (080-9011). Piano, leading a quartet, from ten, through Thursday, Dec. 27.

•

(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Docked several blocks from the nearest pier, this seaworthy enterprise fully realizes the ordinarily abused concept of nautical décor. Pianist John Foster's trio performs Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Dinner.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Home base (the *only* base, in fact) for the Grove Street Stompers, a Dixieland band that brings immeasurable amounts of enthusiasm to this little bar between nine-fifteen and one every Monday. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine until three, pianist Mable Godwin plays good-time oldies. Closed Sundays.

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Uncomfortable rows of grammar-school-type desks and a small, long stage make up the furnishings in this aging Village coffeehouse. Comedian Soupy Sales, once an outrageous alternative to Captain Kangaroo, is now playing here to the same generation (now grown up) that watched his television zaniness almost fifteen years ago. Singer Patti Dahlstrom will also be on hand, through Sunday, Dec. 23. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine and eleven; on Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-thirty. Coffee and tea are staples. Closed Christmas Eve and Christmas.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—The white-brick walls flaunt a strange collage of photo clips and no fewer than two blown-up musings by R. D. Laing about Jack and Jill and/or R. D. Laing. There are also, however, succulent collard greens and one of the most distinguished jukeboxes in town, stocked with recordings by many of the artists who play here from time to time. Basie alumnus and trumpeter Joe Newman heads up a quartet through Saturday, Dec. 22. Pianist Cedar Walton, his trio, and singer Ted Ross take over on Sunday, Dec. 23. Charles McPherson, an alto saxophonist whose reverence for Charlie Parker is quite evident, performs with his quartet beginning Monday, Dec. 24. Music from nine to three.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—An animated, crowded, wood-panelled bar that is highly regarded by the Village artisans and musicians who patronize it. Ron Carter, maybe the best bassist around, plays duets with pianist Mike Longo, who has worked with Dizzy Gillespie for the past several years. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. On Monday, Dec. 24, pianist Richie Beirach and bassist Frank Tusa come in. Al Haig, a solid pianist who came up during the bop years, plays on Sundays. Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty, Sundays from nine until one. Dinner. Closed Christmas.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—The classics of the twenties and thirties are in safe hands here. Bobby Short knows how to choose them, how to play them, and, what's more, how to sing them. Mr. Short's respectfully enthusiastic voice and piano are well served by bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Dick Sheridan. Nightly at nine-forty-five, except Sunday through Tuesday, Dec. 23-25. Dinner and supper.

Churchill's, 1277 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (RH 4-9921)—A small, bright restaurant with an exuberant crowd and three musicians who hold its attention—pianist Brooks Kerr, trombonist Mathew Gee, and drummer Sam Woodyard. Wednesdays through Saturdays from eleven to four. The rest of the week (Sundays through Tuesdays) is devoted to the No Gap Generation Jazz Band. Dining.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Singer, pianist, and chichi girl Rose Murphy returns to the New York scene after a ten-year absence. Bassist Morris Edwards helps her out nightly, except on Sundays, when Dick Hyman flourishes at the keyboard. Music from eight to one. Dining in relaxed surroundings.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St. (254-8449)—This large and casual bar-and-backroom would now be more appropriately named Country City. Breakfast Special, a country band that used to work with guitar-whiz Dave Bromberg, sits and picks through Sunday, Dec. 23. Alternating with that band are folksingers Bob Cohen and Alan Corby, direct from their home base, radio station WBAI. On Tuesday, Dec. 25, banjo player Eric Weissberg arrives with his band, Deliverance, named after the movie for which Weissberg wrote "Dueling Banjos." Sounds from nine. Closed Mondays.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—One of the quainter historical facts about the Big Apple is that this little club used to be a hamburger stand. Ellis Larkins, a pianist of diffident strength and vast popularity, and his bassist, Al Hall, play together Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty. They'll concentrate on music by Mr. Larkins, plus some Christmas carols, on Sunday, Dec. 23, from four-thirty to seven-thirty. Norma Shepherd sings at the piano on Monday evenings, and Tad Bruce takes over from six to nine Mondays through Fridays. Snacks.

Guitar, 300 E. 24th St., at Second Ave. (679-9135)—This guitarists' pleasure dome has reopened on the ground floor of a modern apartment house. A relatively unadorned setting—molded-metal chairs, hanging white-metal lamps, plastic butcher-block tables, and lots of space. Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma, two sensitive guitarists, engage in friendly rallies through Saturday, Dec. 22. Guitarist Carl Thompson works with a bassist Sunday and Monday, Dec. 23-24. On Wednesday, Dec. 26, Jim Barto on guitar and Bill Ellington on bass begin a collaboration. The strings vibrate from nine to one.

Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—A jazz club in a sombre, modern setting, complete with black-tied waiters. A double-bill policy of first-rate or name groups often manages to fill the neat rows of tables. Singer Arthur Prysock, whose rich baritone lends dignity to his jazz and popular work, performs with a trio led by Red Prysock. Appearing opposite the Prysocks is singer Sir Harvell and his quartet. Sets begin at nine-thirty and on Saturdays at nine. Assorted Sunday musical offerings from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Closed Christmas Eve and Christmas.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Dart boards and piano music. Lance Hayward is at the keyboard (with bassist Lyn Christie on Fridays and Saturdays) every night but Wednesday, when Jim Roberts sits in. Music from nine-thirty to three. No music Mondays.

Jazzboat, 101 Ave. A, at 6th St. (677-9721)—Whatever is evolving in the jazz world can usually be sampled here. Long, narrow, and darkly lit, this club might pass for a silent-movie theatre—until the music starts. Music from nine to three. Closed Mondays.

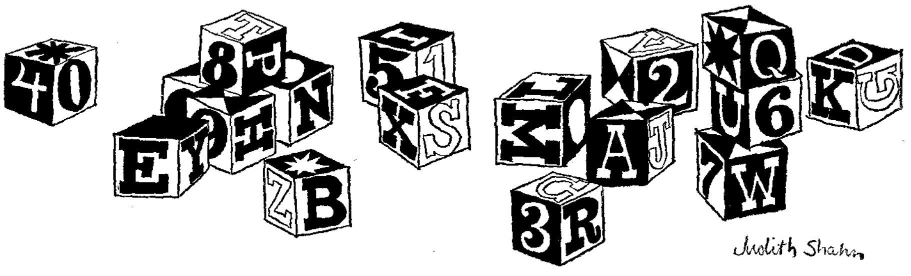
Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It came up the river from New Orleans and, *mutatis mutandis*, it found its way here. Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, Eddie Locke, and Major Holley play from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sunday through Tuesday, Dec. 23-25.

Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484)—Some solidly grounded jazz emanates from the bar (which is as round as a quoit); i.e., Barry Harris is on piano with Lawrence Evans on bass Mondays through Saturdays, from eight until one. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ On the mezzanine, the lively little revue called "What's a Nice Country Like You Doing in a State Like This?" is still functioning.

Kenny's Castaways, 211 E. 84th St. (734-9892)—Intended to resemble a ship, the ropes, riggings, and crowded tables recall instead the ambience of a circus or country fair—all in all, an air of make-believe. Second-generation Chicago bluesman Luther Allison sings with his band through Sunday, Dec. 23. Mondays, various other musical types drop in. Music starts at nine-thirty. Snacks.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—That these dismal, second-story quarters could be considered a night spot must stand as a tribute to the imagination of the owner and to the talents of the folk, blues, and rock celebrities who squeeze through the crowd onto the stage night after night. Country-pop singer Jonathan Edwards drops by Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 19-20. He is followed (Friday through Sunday, Dec. 21-23) by John Fahey, an American Primitive Guitarist (Fahey's description of himself), who works with material originally conceived by rural bluesmen like Bukka White, Mississippi John Hurt, and others. Folkie Phil Ochs, who was considered a poor man's Dylan in the mid-sixties (before Dylan assumed that title for himself), shows up on Wednesday, Dec. 26. Appearing with Ochs will be Patti Smith, a very funny writer, actress, and singer. Three shows Fridays and Saturdays. Two shows other nights. On Tuesdays, folk and rock groups play from nine to midnight. Drinks and snacks.

Metro, 188 W. 4th St. (675-0892)—In spite of its brick walls lacquered to resemble plastic and an over-solicitous wine list, this newly established club has become another Village haven for folk, rock, and the like. Odetta, still a powerful singer, does an occasional country or rock song now and then, but she always manages to mold such styles into her own brand of deep-felt blues. Appearing opposite her Thursday through Tuesday, Dec. 20-25, is singer Diana Marcovitz. On Thursday, Dec. 27, Don Reno, Bill Harrell, and the Tennessee Cut-ups, one of the best bluegrass



outfits around, arrives in the city. Music at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Wednesdays provide a showcase for new talent, from nine.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—A pleasantly Anglomanic restaurant with Tudor trappings and a bar flanked by a round Antonioni-red phone box. The Marian McPartland trio delights, and occasionally astonishes, those who choose to listen in these noisy quarters. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. On Mondays, actor-author-clarinettist Woody Allen plays with a Dixieland sextet from nine to midnight. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A corner restaurant with a glassed-in sidewalk gallery and space enough for lounging and listening. Junior Mance, a master of the bluesy piano, will be here with his trio Thursdays through Saturdays, from ten until three. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (CH 2-1366)—A lively West Village cabaret. Peter Allen, an amiable singer and songwriter from Australia, trades sets with singer Gale Garnett Tuesdays through Saturdays. Pianists Edward Morris and Lewis Friedman play from eight-thirty to two between shows. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

St. Regis Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Mabel Mercer has returned with her treasure house of songs and with her accompanist, pianist Jimmy Lyon. She performs Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Sign of the Dove, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080)—Blossom Dearie is singing and playing in the **gallery**, a long, drawing-room-styled nook in this East Side restaurant complex. Her clear, small, unembellished voice is unique, and so is her material: one song, "The Pro Musica Antiqua," written by the late lyricist Steven Vinaver and composer-arranger Jonathan Tunick, is a twentieth-century maid's tale of her undoing after a Cloisters concert by the Pro Musica, and it's done in an Ars Nova style that any fan of des Prés, Dufay, or even Byrd (and especially of Blossom Dearie) can appreciate. The sets are handled as concerts, with a fifteen-minute intermission for reordering, drinking, smoking, and talking, all of which are frowned upon (and ordering is not even possible) during her performance. Tuesdays, except Christmas, through Fridays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty.

Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—A couple of rooms, one of them with an illustrated ceiling, above a Greek-French restaurant. Tenorman Zoot Sims collaborates with Bucky Pizzarelli, a subtle, chord-dominated guitarist, nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, from nine-thirty until one.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—These small and attractive quarters are occupied by vibraharpist Peter La Barbera's trio Thursday, Dec. 20. The Bobby Capers quartet moves in Friday and Saturday, Dec. 21-22. And on Sunday, Dec. 23, guitarist Gene Bertoncini works with a bassist. Music from ten until three-thirty. Snacks.

Top of the Six's, 666 Fifth Ave. (757-6662)—Americana on the thirty-ninth floor. Maple walls, china closets, bookshelves, and shutters make this high-flying Stouffer's the genuine article. The trio of pianist Ray Bryant finishes up on Saturday, Dec. 22. On Monday, Dec. 24, lively pianist and singer Emme Kemp makes the ascent with her trio from nine-thirty to one. Closed Sundays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—All the character of a Spanish Renaissance refectory—except for the strictly Brazilian music on the bandstand. Guitarist Sivuca and his ensemble play lilting jazz sambas nightly from ten. Harpist Daphne Hellman's trio is also featured on Wednesdays. Music from ten. Closed Mondays.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—A murky red-walled basement of a night club that keeps tabs on the best jazz around. The McCoy Tyner quartet plays brilliantly complex sets through Thursday, Dec. 27. On Friday, Dec. 28, reedman Rahsaan Roland Kirk descends the stairs with his sextet. Mondays are given over to the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band and vocalist Dee Dee Bridgewater. The entertainment begins at ten.

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West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Hanging tetrahedrons of plastic straws and pipe cleaners, stained-glass windows, and nicely constructed jazz help this restaurant sustain the interest its kitchen formerly aroused. Pianist Hugh Lawson, a pleasing interpreter, especially on Horace Silver compositions, plays with Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays from eight to two. Mondays through Wednesdays, the musical chores are taken on by pianist Kenny Brawner and an accompanist. Undistinguished soul food.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—In the **royal box**, trombonist Tyree Glenn and his septet (featuring pianist Norman Simmons and vocalist Carrie Smith) are alternating with the Peppi Morreale trio for dancing, from seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In the **café**, Herb Winner's dance threesome is around Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty until curfew. Phil Wayne's trio is on duty Sundays and Mondays. In addition, Lou Kovack provides cocktail piano, Tuesdays through Saturdays, from five-thirty to seven-thirty.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The **persian room** is occupied at ten during the week, and at dinner and supper Friday and Saturday, by singer Richard Ianni. The schedule is Mondays through Thursdays at ten, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. The dance music issues from the trios of Barry Levitt and René Martel from seven-thirty to one or two. Closed Sundays and Christmas. . . . ¶ In the **palm court**, violinist Ernest Schoen and pianist Jules Kuti play Tuesdays through Saturdays from four-thirty to nine-thirty, and pianist Ruth Andrews fills the hours from nine-thirty to one. Sundays from four to seven, and Mondays from five to seven and eight to midnight, Sandu Marcu supplies violin music. No music after eight on Christmas.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Up above the world so high, like a diamond in the sky. The Duke Ellington ten-piece orchestra, with vocalists Tony Watkins and Anita Moore, is presenting music for listening at dinner and supper. Dancing to music provided by a tape measure, from eight o'clock on.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—From this sixty-fifth-floor height, every prospect pleases and only the smog is vile. The piano duo of DeMaio and Silver present an anthology of musical-comedy numbers Tuesdays through Sundays, from seven to midnight. In addition, choral groups will sing Christmas carols at eight and ten Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 19-21.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The **maisonette**, still a fair copy of a royal palace, amuses its house guests with dinner and supper visitations by soprano Lana Cantrell. The Anthony Terini orchestra does the dance music. Miss Cantrell's final night is Saturday, Dec. 22, after which the room will be dark until New Year's Eve, when the Sy Oliver orchestra will do a one-night stand. . . . **la boite russe**, the next-door sylvan glade, offers violin-and-piano music as well as a Russian singer named Aelita, from eight to one, every night but Sunday and Monday. A Russian menu.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Tony Bennett removes his bonhomie and his ballads from the **empire room** on Saturday, Dec. 22. No further activity hereabouts for some time.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed Christmas. Some, as indicated, will be closed Monday, Dec. 24.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Marcel Duchamp (1887-1968)—A large show, rich in ready-mades, drawings, collages, assemblages, prints, and posters—to appease or sharpen, as the case may be, the hunger of those restively waiting for the delayed Duchamp retrospective to open at the Museum of Modern Art on December 28th. Most of the ready-mades are replicas, like Roman copies of Greek masterpieces, of such lost classics as the bicycle wheel, the bottle rack, the urinal, the Underwood typewriter cover, and the Mona Lisa with mustache and the naughty letters L.H.O.O.Q., which were produced in 1964 under the Master's supervision. A group of masterly early figure drawings and a late series of masterly etchings for "The Large Glass" heighten the magnificence of Duchamp's grand gesture of underachievement, and their fantastic prices are an appropriately ironic footnote to his lifelong refusal to make money from his art. Through Jan. 31. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

Eugene Printz—A small exhibition of furniture in the Art Moderne style of the twenties and thirties (now called Art Deco) by a leading Viennese practitioner. The passage of time has begrimed the velvet upholstery of this furniture, but has not dimmed the lustre of its ugliness. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Sonnabend, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St.)

Frank Bowling—Two shows of large abstract paintings. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Through Jan. 13. Daily, noon to 6. . . . ¶ Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. Closed Mondays.)

Jon Carsman—Paintings of small towns. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Christo—Studies for six store-front projects. Through Jan. 3. (Esman, 24 E. 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ken Danby—Superrealist paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Zierler, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Fangor—Paintings by a Polish artist who now lives in the United States. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5.)

John B. Flannagan (1895-1942)—Sculptures, watercolors, and drawings from the years 1924 to 1938. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

Friedrich Hundertwasser—Temperas, watercolors, and woodcuts. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Pierre Jacquemon—Abstract figures and landscapes in metallic and oil paint. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

Horst Janssen—Etchings by a German artist; first one-man show here. Through Jan. 5. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Rockwell Kent (1882-1971)—Adirondack paintings from 1940 to 1966. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St.)

Claire A. Khalil—Watercolors resembling Persian miniatures. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

William King—Bronze and ceramic sculptures. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

David Levine—Figures and Coney Island scenes in watercolor, as well as a number of the caricatures for which he is known. Through Friday, Dec. 21. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Isadore Levy—Abstractions suggestive of still-lifes and interiors. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

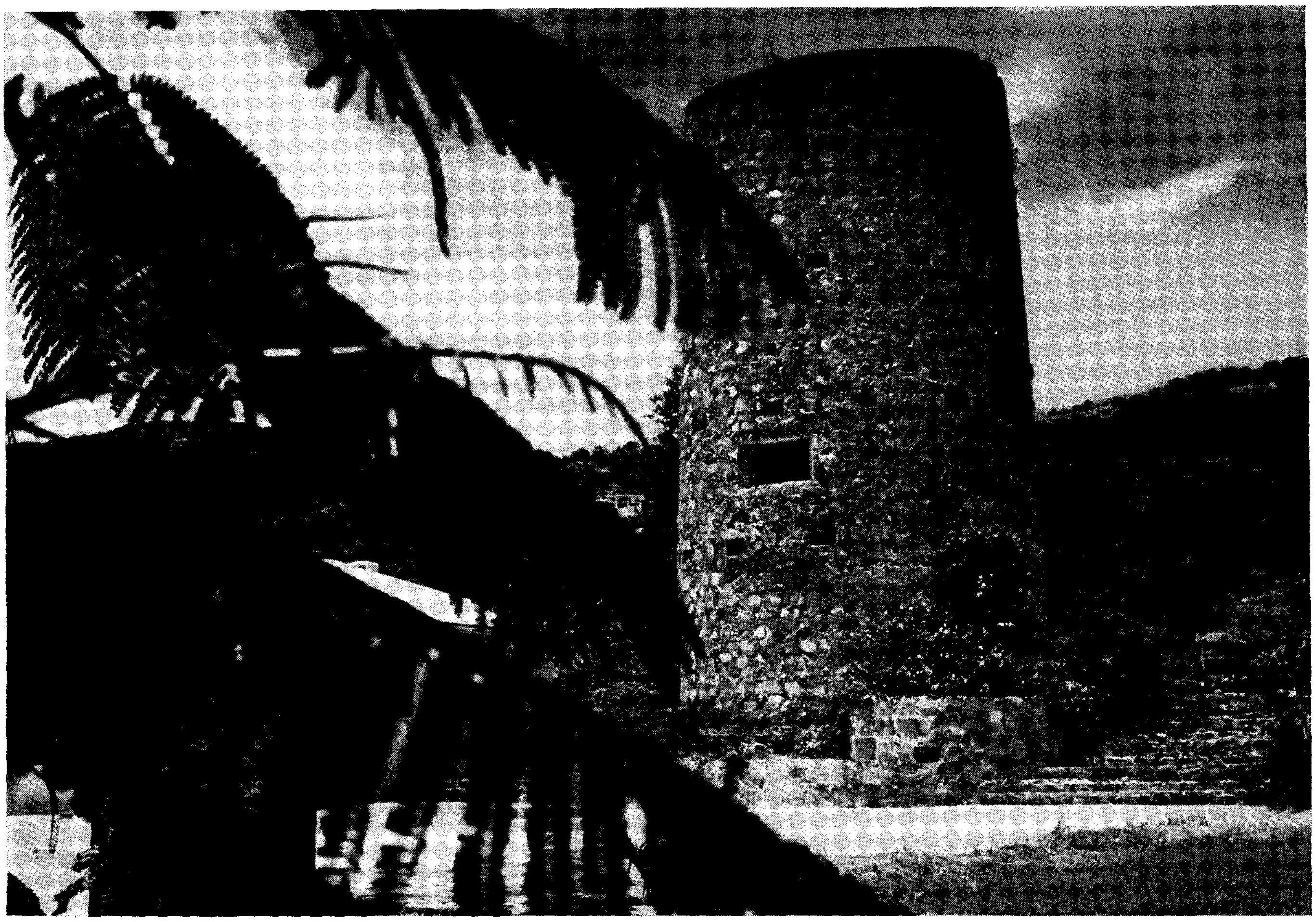
André Masson—Graphics from 1931 to the present. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jan McCartin—Landscapes, figures, and still-lifes. Through Friday, Dec. 21. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St.)

Harry McCormick—Realistic paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

Masayuki Nagare—Abstract sculptures in gran-

Blackbeard celebrated



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Blackbeard's Tower was built in 1667 on a breezy hilltop in the Virgin Islands. The infamous pirate used the tower to spot potential victims while his own ship remained unseen. Blackbeard's Tower still stands today, and we're still making Virgin Islands Rum. What's it like to make rum for over two centuries? Quite an experience. And we'd like to share that experience with you. So when you celebrate this holiday season pirate an idea from Blackbeard and celebrate with Virgin Islands rum.

*Blackbeard (Edward Teach) who had 13 wives is thought to be the original model for "Treasure Island." Blackbeard celebrated with a mixture of rum and gunpowder. (This is the only known refreshment that does not taste better with Virgin Islands Rum.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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ite. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Jules Olitski—Recent circular steel sculptures by the spray-gun painter. Through Jan. 2. (Knoedler Contemporary Art, 19 E. 70th St. Closed Monday, Dec. 24.)

Fay Peck—Oils, serigraphs, and monoprints of the female figure. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Kuhlik, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Enzo Plazzotta—Sixty figurative bronzes, including a new series of ballet studies. Through Jan. 5. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

Georges Rouault (1871-1958)—Forty years of paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Danenberg, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Edward Sorel—Depictions of the political scene and illustrations of fairy tales in watercolors and drawings. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Willy Weber—Highly polished metal reliefs by a Swiss artist. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Group Shows—At the **washburn**, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: An exhibition of paintings, drawings, prints, and sculptures by anonymous and known nineteenth- and twentieth-century primitive artists which points up the connection between Surrealism and the unwitting Freudianism of naïve art; the known artists include John Kane, Emile Branchard, Lawrence Lebduska, and Lady Louise Strange. Also on view are twenty-five color etchings by children which, unlike the usual examples of children's art, *are* better than what one's own child can do, and are fairly priced at five dollars each. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Closed Mondays.)... **elkon**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Works on paper by Avedisian, Hoyland, Wesley, and others. Through Jan. 10. (Closed Mondays.) ... **hirschl & adler**, 21 E. 67th St.: American landscape artists of the nineteenth century, among them Cole, Bierstadt, and Durand. Through Jan. 5. (Closed Mondays.)... **raydon**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Paintings, sculptures, drawings, and graphics from the Renaissance to the present. Through Jan. 19. (Closed Mondays.)... **shepherd**, 21 E. 84th St.: Nineteenth-century European paintings, sculptures, and drawings. Through Jan. 5. (Closed Monday mornings.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Grandma Moses (1860-1961)—Mozart died at thirty-five, and Grandma Moses began painting at seventy-eight because arthritis kept her from doing wool embroidery. This exhibition of fifty works includes examples of the "worsted pictures" she did before she had to give up the needle for the brush, and they suggest an answer to the question of where the mysterious beauty of the ill-drawn paintings comes from. It is as a designer and a colorist, rather than as an Edgar Guest, that Grandma Moses commands serious attention, and it is in the great decorative tradition of nineteenth-century folk art—exemplified by samplers, quilts, embroideries, mourning pieces, painted furniture—that her unlikely twentieth-century accomplishment is rooted. Through Jan. 5. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St. Closed Monday, Dec. 24.)

Arman—Assemblages of objects imbedded in plastic. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph Beuys—Editions of objects, photographs, and documents by a German Conceptualist. Through Jan. 5. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

Ken Bowman—Paintings based on photographs of America in the early part of the century. Through Jan. 5. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Colette—An environmental work of fabric and resin. Through Friday, Dec. 21. (Stefanotty, 50 W. 57th St.)

Jan Groth—Drawings by a Danish tapestry maker. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

DeWitt Hardy / Irwin Fleminger—Watercolors, prints, and drawings of figures and still-lifes. Through Friday, Dec. 28. / Surrealist watercolors and collages. Through Jan. 5. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Monday, Dec. 24.)

Robert Irwin—An environmental work. Through Friday, Dec. 28. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alex Katz—Large paintings, cutouts, and drawings of figures alone or in groups. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Stephen Lorber—Still-life paintings. Through Jan. 3. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Susan Shatter / Andrew Tavarelli—Gouaches and watercolors of panoramic views of cities. / Minimal paintings. Through Jan. 3. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Leon Polk Smith—Hard-edge paintings from 1945 to the present. Through Jan. 12. (René, 6 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

James Strombotne—Paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

William Thon—Paintings of Ireland, Italy, and Maine. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **emmerich**, 41 E. 57th St.: Navajo blankets from 1860 to 1890. Through Friday, Dec. 21.... **iolas**, 15 E. 55th St.: Ernst, Magritte, Brauner, Matta, and Fontana. Through Friday, Dec. 21.... **janis**, 6 W. 57th St.: Paintings, from 1906 to 1971, by outstanding French artists. Through Jan. 5. ... **kennedy**, 20 E. 56th St.: Paintings and drawings of Canada, Alaska, and the Arctic, some by well-known artists, some by amateurs. Through Jan. 5. (Closed Mondays.)... **lewison**, 30 E. 60th St.: Watercolors and drawings by such nineteenth-century Americans as Bierstadt, Eilshemius, and Inness. Through Jan. 31. (Closed Mondays; closes Saturdays at 4:30.)... **myers**, 50 W. 57th St.: Elaine Lustig Cohen, Mimi Grooms, Neil Welliver, and other gallery artists. Through Saturday, Dec. 22.... **zabriskie**, 29 W. 57th St.: Paintings on the theme of the city by, principally, Louis Lozowick, Ralston Crawford, and George C. Ault. Through Jan. 5. (Closed Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

George Brecht—Works from 1957 to the present by a pioneer of the Happenings of the late fifties. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Onnash, 139 Spring St.)

Howard Buchwald / Ben Schonzeit—Abstract paintings and drawings. / Realist paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Rudy Burckhardt / Edith Dugmore—Paintings of Maine woods and New York pavements. / Black-and-white photographs. Starts Friday, Dec. 21. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

John Chamberlain—New works in foil covered with acrylic and resin. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Olga de Amaral / Richard Aakre—Woven (horsehair and wool) sculptures. / Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway.)

Joan Glueckman / Mary Ann Gillies—Figurative works in mixed mediums. / A stone sculpture, a kinetic welding, and several woven pieces. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jake Grossberg / Nobu Fukui—Steel sculptures. / Geometric abstractions. Through Jan. 5. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)

Jeffery Leder / Charles Meyers—Drawings on small squares of canvas which, in turn, are applied to larger canvases. / Painted acrylic pile. Through Thursday, Dec. 27. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Charles Mingus III / Fred Rennels—Thirty small watercolors. / Steel and aluminum sculptures. Through Jan. 10. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Shirley Pettibone—Paintings of sky and water. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **cuningham ward**, 94 Prince St.: Paintings by Alan Cote, David Diao, John Walker, Lynton Wells, and Robert Zakanych. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. ... **55 mercer street:** Joan Gardner, Joyce Robins, and Paula Tavins. Through Jan. 2. (Closed Mondays.)... **14 sculptors**, 75 Thompson St.: Sculptures and drawings by the gallery artists. Through Jan. 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)... **landmark**, 469 Broome St.: A hundred and eighteen artists in a show marking the gallery's first anniversary. Starts Saturday, Dec. 22. (Closed Mondays.)... **o.k. harris**, 465 West Broadway: Sculptures by John DeAndrea, paintings by Martin Hoffman, and Conceptual art by Don Celender. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Closed Mondays.)... **yu**, 93 Prince St.: Sculptures by nine artists. Through Sunday, Dec. 23. (Open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

OTHER GALLERIES

E. E. Cummings (1894-1962)—A retrospective of paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Gotham Book Mart, 41 W. 47th St.)

Al Hirschfeld—Pen-and-ink drawings for Brooks Atkinson's book of critiques, "The Lively Years, 1920-1973." Typed and edited manuscripts of the book are also on view. Through Jan. 12. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Group Shows—At the **new school**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: "Erotic Art," an exhibition of paintings, sculptures, drawings, and prints by eighty artists, including Beckmann, Chagall, Rivers, and Segal. Through Jan. 12. (Mondays, except Dec. 24, through Thursdays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 6.)... **pratt graphics center**, 831 Broadway, at 13th St.: A loan show of chiaroscuro woodcuts from the sixteenth century through the nineteenth. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Closed Saturday mornings and Monday, Dec. 24.)

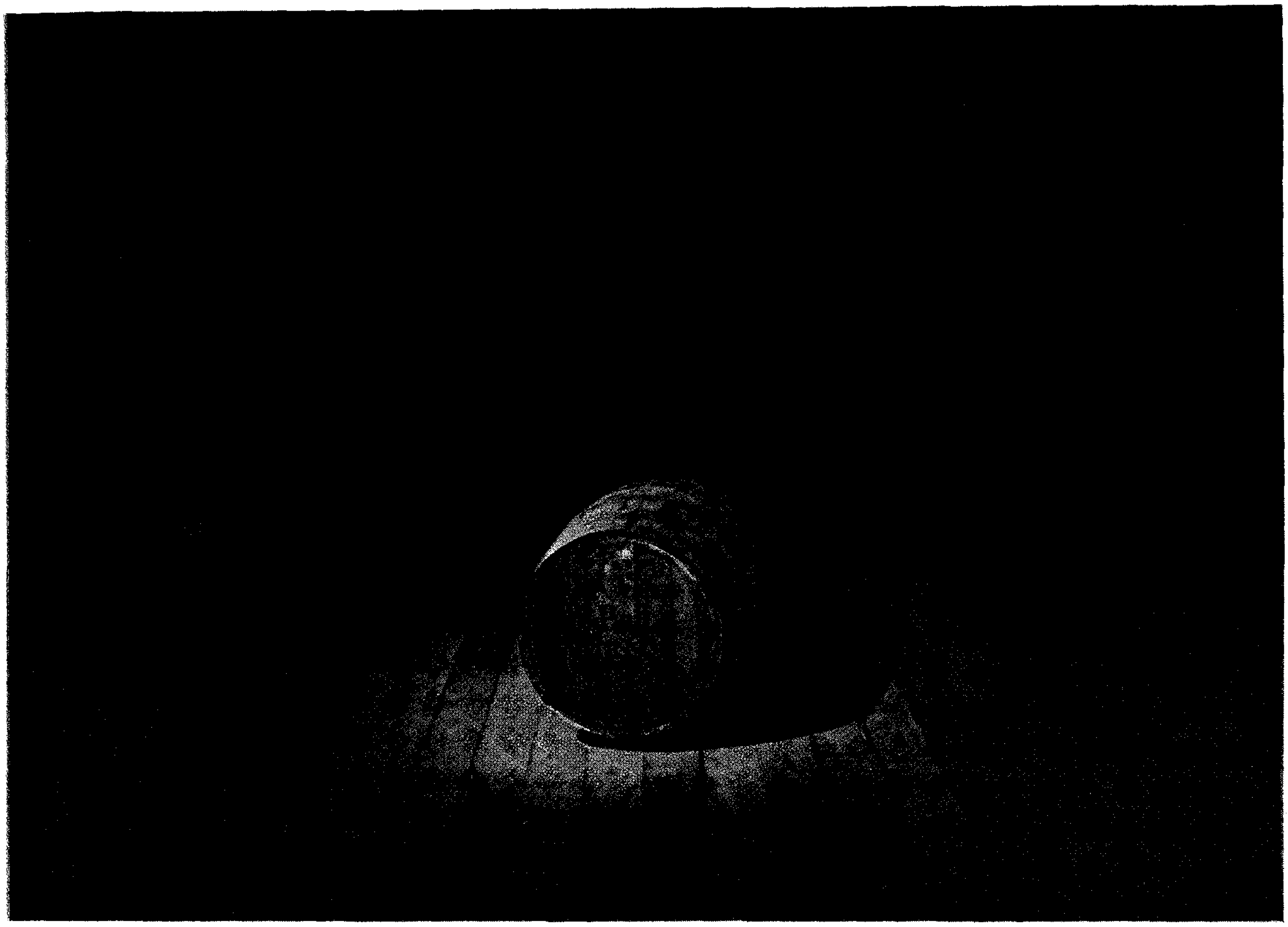
PHOTOGRAPHY

Bill Dane—Homemade postcards, printed with snapshots the artist has made on his travels. Through Jan. 6. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Weekdays, except Christmas, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Emmet Gowin—Photographs of Danville, Virginia. Through Jan. 5. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Stephen Shore—Twenty Photo-Realist photographs in color whose subjects are the gas stations, parking lots, Main Streets, and food that figure in the painting school of this name. Through Jan. 5. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **schoelkopf**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: An exhibition of photographs taken in Italy during the nineteenth century, most of them views of such tourist spots as the Doges' Palace, the Vatican, the Roman Forum, and St. Mark's. These incisive, detailed prints—showing every bit of filigree and tracery—take us back to the early days of photography, when the question of art hadn't yet come up and the function of photography was to *report*. The pictures look like the postcards one sends back from foreign places, and are rather dull, but in their own time they must have been as amazing as early television was in ours. From the almost complete absence of people in these photographs, one may conclude that travelling in Europe was a good deal pleasanter in the nineteenth century than it is today. But, in fact, the streets were full of people; it was simply that the camera—set for two- and three-minute



After you've harvested the noblest grapes…after your winemaster has worked his magic…after you've done everything you can to make a fine wine, you need one thing more to make it great: time.

Nothing good happens fast.
Paul Masson

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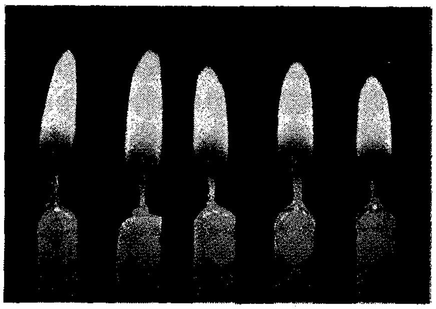
What is a Kodak XL movie camera? It's the movie camera that makes movies outdoors or indoors, night or day, without movie lights. The XL movie camera adjusts automatically to any light from bright sun to the light of only five candles.



Why are XL movies better? They're more natural and they're easier to take in the bargain. You don't have to go hunting around for electrical outlets only to wind up with movies of a cluster of people squinting at movie lights.

How does it work? Kodak XL cameras soak up much more light than movie cameras without low-light features. That's because they combine an extra-fast *f*/1.2 lens and an enlarged shutter opening that let extra light in, with a special exposure control and a viewing system that don't keep light out.

And, there's high-speed Kodak Ektachrome 160 movie film that's four times faster than Kodachrome II movie film. So you need less light to get proper exposure.

Where can you use an XL movie camera? Just about anywhere. Because you're free of movie lights, you can take the movies you used to miss. (Remember that twilight boat ride?) Now, in addition to bright daylight gems, you can capture a candlelit dinner, the night before Christmas, or even chestnuts roasting on an open fire. All by just the light that's there.

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Kodak XL movie cameras/Ektachrome 160 movie film

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Price subject to change without notice.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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23	24	25	26	27	28	29

exposures—didn't record them as they walked by. An occasional lingerer or a horse-drawn carriage pausing to let out a passenger gets into the picture as a kind of blurred, ghostly presence. Through Friday, Dec. 21. . . . **METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.: A superb exhibition of over a hundred photographs of landscapes and city scenes by such old masters as Alfred Stieglitz, Paul Strand, Berenice Abbott, Walker Evans, and André Kertész, and by such younger masters as Paul Caponigro, Elaine Mayes, George A. Tice, and Bruce Davidson. Through Jan. 27. (Tuesdays, except Christmas, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.) . . . **ELLIOTT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: "Victorian Photographs of Famous Men, Fair Women, and Little Girls" includes work by Julia Margaret Cameron, Lewis Carroll, John Thomson, R. A. R. Bennett, and Alphonse Mucha. Through Jan. 5. . . . **SOHO PHOTO**, 30 W. 13th St.: Gallery members and guests. Through Dec. 30. (Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Wednesday, Dec. 26, from 7:30 P.M. to 9:30 P.M.) . . . **WITKIN**, 243 E. 60th St.: Photographs by early practitioners, as well as by contemporary figures. Through Jan. 12. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Tens, The Twenties, The Thirties: Inventive Clothes/1909-1939," a show of a hundred and fifty dresses reflecting the dramatic changes that took place in the world of fashion from the end of the Edwardian period up to the beginning of the Second World War. Designers such as Chanel, Schiaparelli, and Poiret are represented. Through May 31. . . . ¶ A small and excellent exhibition of Japanese color prints, tucked away in the south wing on the second floor under the title "Hidden Treasures of Japanese Art." . . . ¶ Newly acquired Chinese paintings (album leaves, an album of poetry, and hand scrolls and hanging scrolls) from the eleventh century through the fourteenth. Through Feb. 10. . . . ¶ Oils, pastels, and prints by Mary Cassatt, from the museum's collection. Through Jan. 2. . . . ¶ Two hundred objects of the North, Central, and South American Indians, spanning four thousand years, on loan from the Museum of the American Indian. Through Jan. 1. . . . ¶ Paintings by van Gogh and his contemporaries, accompanied by passages from letters van Gogh wrote to his brother, Theo, and others, which contain comments on artists, schools, paintings, and theories. Through Jan. 6. . . . ¶ "The Art of Imperial Turkey and Its European Echoes," including carpets, manuscripts, miniatures, and graphic arts. Through Jan. 27. . . . ¶ Landscapes and cityscapes by American photographers; see above, under "Photography." (Tuesdays, except Christmas, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Paintings, sculptures, collages, and drawings spanning the career of Joan Miró from 1921 to 1972. Through Jan. 27. . . . ¶ Forty-seven prints, published in Germany in 1923, by Arp, Moholy-Nagy, Schwitters, Chagall, and others. Through Jan. 31. . . . ¶ Designs for plays, operas, ballets, films, circuses, and Happenings, as well as for unrealized projects. Among the artists represented are David Hockney, Allan Jones, Diego Rivera, Ben Shahn, Fernand Léger, Jim Dine, and Paul Cadmus. Through Jan. 13. . . . ¶ A Marcel Duchamp retrospective. Starts Friday, Dec. 28. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—More than two hundred and fifty items in various mediums deriving from the Futurist and Dada periods, lent by the Winston/Malbin Collection, in Michigan. The artists include Boccioni, Picabia, and Arp. Through Feb. 3. . . . ¶ Paintings, gouaches, drawings, and color charts by Kasimir Malevich, the Russian artist and leader of the Suprematist movement, on loan chiefly from the Stedelijk Museum, in Amsterdam. Through Jan. 13. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Paintings by Lee Krasner, dating from 1951 to the present. Through Jan. 6. . . . ¶ Abstract paintings executed between 1963 and 1973 by Larry Zox. Through Jan. 15. . . . ¶ Paintings of night scenes by George Ault, a leading figure in the Precisionist movement. Through Jan. 6. . . . ¶ Abstract wood sculptures by Michael Lekakis. Through Jan. 13. . . . ¶ Painted wood sculptures by Anne Truitt. Through Jan. 27. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY DOWNTOWN MUSEUM, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Sculptures by Alexander Calder, Louise Nevelson, and David Smith. Through Jan. 4. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Over two hundred European drawings, textiles, and wallpapers, from the seventeenth century through the early nineteenth, selected from the collection of the Cooper-Hewitt Museum. Through Feb. 3. . . . ¶ English prints and drawings from the eighteenth century to the present. Through Jan. 6. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, 77th St. at Central Park W.—A show in tribute to Daniel Giraud Elliot, who gave his collection of some thousand birds to the museum in 1869; it is comprised of specimens from the collection, memorabilia, and more than fifty paintings of birds by artists Elliot commissioned to illustrate books. Through Feb. 28. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

CHINA HOUSE, 125 E. 65th St.—A loan show of porcelains designed in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries for export to the West. Through Jan. 27. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—American genre paintings of the nineteenth century, with emphasis on the last quarter, by Homer, Eakins, and lesser-known artists. Through Jan. 20. (Daily, except Mondays and Christmas, 1 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Photo panels, models, and texts by Moshe Safdie, the architect and urban planner. Through March 18. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—An extensive loan show of sixteenth-century Italian drawings by Leonardo, Veronese, Titian, Raphael, and Parmigianino, as well as lesser-known artists, all from the collection of Janos Scholz, who, as we all know now, has left it to the Morgan. Through Feb. 3. . . . ¶ First and early editions of the prose and verse writings of John Milton, along with Blake's watercolor illustrations for "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso." Through Feb. 3. . . . ¶ A Christmas show, including the first printed edition of "Silent Night" and the autograph manuscript of Dickens' "A Christmas Carol." Through Feb. 3. (Tuesdays, except Christmas, through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—Musical instruments and toys, some as unusual as a banjo made from a pressure cooker. Through Jan. 6. (Daily, except Mondays and Christmas, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—A handsomely mounted exhibition of historical and contemporary objects that were designed to be portable, including furniture, camping equipment, vehicles, and "body extensions," such as a necklace which registers air pollution and body temperature. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Tuesdays, except Christmas, through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Twenty-seven masterpieces of African sculpture acquired under the guidance of the late Robert Goldwater, who directed the museum from its inception, in 1956, until his death, in March. Through Feb. 28. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Paintings of New York by Cecil C. Bell, done between 1930 and 1970, the year of his death. Through Jan. 6. (Tuesdays, except Christmas, through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—An agreeable show called "Antwerp's Golden Age" is being held here, on two floors, to the soothing accompaniment of recorded harpsichord music; with paintings, drawings, prints, documents, and tapestries, the exhibition illustrates the material and intellectual riches that the Renaissance brought to Antwerp during the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries. The pleasures of prosperity are celebrated in, among other works, Frans Snyders' vulgar and charming displays of fruit, game, fabrics, and tame monkeys, and in a portrait of the Holy Family by a member of the school of Anthony Van Dyck, which shows a corpulent Infant Jesus, heavy with food and sleep, being borne off to bed by a Mary who has the beatific look of a Jewish mother who has just successfully negotiated the third-helping maneuver. The treatments of classical subjects are less memorable, though there are some worthy examples of the Italianate drawing style on the floor devoted to graphics; the drawings of Marten de Vos are especially fine. Through Dec. 30. . . . ¶ A number of Red Grooms creations—a general-store "environment," a parody of a Rembrandt, and so on, all bearing the Grooms trademark of garish exuberance. Through Jan. 20. . . . ¶ Photographs by Puerto Ricans which document both their life in New York City and on their homeland island. Through Jan. 24. (Daily, except Mondays and Christmas, 11 to 6.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"New York to 1765: River, Bowery, Mill, and Beaver," the first of a series of bicentennial presentations. Seventeenth- and eighteenth-century portraits, engravings, books and manuscripts, and other objects trace life in early New York as it grew from a small company-owned town to the complex it was to become on the eve of the Revolution. Two smaller exhibits are also there: "The Duychincks—Merchants, Chiefs, and Painters" and "Pieter Schuyler and the Indians." Through March 13. (Tuesdays, except Christmas, through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Over two hundred and sixty treasures acquired between 1970 and 1972 and amplifying the long-resplendent Berg Collection; included are letters, typescripts, first editions, and drawings by the renowned in English and American literature. Through Jan. 5. (Mondays through Fridays, except Christmas, 9 to 9; Saturdays, 9 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY AT LINCOLN CENTER—Original scores, posters, photographs, sculptures, programs, correspondence, and costume designs tracing the career of composer Elliott Carter. (Mondays through Thursdays, except Christmas, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Paintings and drawings by Nelson Stevens. Through Jan. 6. (Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

CHRISTMAS MUSIC

HANDEL'S "MESSIAH"—MUSICA SACRA OF NEW YORK: Richard Westenburg directing, with Carole Bogard, soprano; Daniel Collins, countertenor; Charles Bressler, tenor; and Richard Anderson, bass-baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 19, at 8. . . . **ORATORIO SOCIETY OF NEW YORK:** Lyndon Woodside directing with Eleanor Steber, soprano; Muriel Greenspon, contralto; Dean Wilder, tenor; Robert Hale, bass-baritone; and Edward Brewer, harpsichord. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 21, at 8.). . . **MASTERWORK CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA**—David Randolph directing the last two in a series of performances, with Bonita Glenn, soprano; Ann Yervanian, mezzo-soprano; Melvin Brown, tenor; William Metcalf, bass; and Michael May, harpsichord. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, Dec. 23, at 2 and 6:30.)

HARLEM PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA—Karl Hampton Porter directing, with the Salem Methodist Chancel Choir. (Salem United Methodist Church, 2190 Seventh Ave., between 129th and 130th Sts. Sunday, Dec. 23, at 3. Admission by contribution.)

ROLLIN SMITH—Organ, in the last in a series of recitals. (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. Wednesday, Dec. 19, at 5. No tickets necessary.)

NEW YORK CHAMBER SOLOISTS—A program of baroque music, with Charles Bressler and Robert White, tenors, and Raymond Murcell, bass. (Medieval Sculpture Court, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 26-27, at 8.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday evening, Dec. 19: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Joan Sutherland, Huguette Tourangeau, Placido Domingo, Thomas Stewart, Andrea Velis, and James Morris; conducted by Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 20: "L'Italiana in Algeri," with Marilyn Horne, Christine Weidinger, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Theodor Uppman, and Fernando Corena; Gabor Otvös. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 21: "Die Zauberflöte," with Anna Moffo, Rita Shane, Luigi Alva, Donald Gramm, Jerome Hines, Morley Meredith, and Paul Franke; Peter Maag. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 22: "Rigoletto," with Colette Boky, Joann Grillo, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Matteo Manuguerra, Ezio Flagello, and James Morris; Serge Baudo. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 22: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Joan Sutherland, Huguette Tourangeau, John Alexander, Thomas Stewart, Andrea Velis, and James Morris; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Dec. 24: "L'Italiana in Algeri," with Marilyn Horne, Christine Weidinger, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Theodor Uppman, and Fernando Corena; Gabor Otvös. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 25: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Frederica von Stade, Cynthia Munzer, Luigi Alva, Dominic Cossa, Fernando Corena, and Ezio Flagello; John Pritchard. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 26: "La Bohème," with Enriqueta Tarrés, Maralin Niska, Franco Corelli, Matteo Manuguerra, Jerome Hines, Russell Christopher, Andrij Dobriansky, and Paul Franke; Leif Segerstam. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 27: "Salome," with Grace Bumbry, Regina Resnik, Ragnar Ulfung, Lawrence Shadur, William Lewis, and Raymond Michalski; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 28: "Rigoletto," with Colette Boky, Joann Grillo, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Matteo Manuguerra, Ezio Flagello, and James Morris; Serge Baudo. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 29: "Manon Lescaut," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Carlos Montane, Mario Sereni, and Fernando Corena; Leif Segerstam. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 29: "Simon Boccanegra," with Adriana Maliponte, Richard Tucker, Ingvar Wixell, Giorgio Tozzi, and Lawrence Shadur; Sixten Ehrling. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ST. STEPHENS OPERA—"The Burning Fiery Furnace" will be the final offering by an orchestra, a chorus, and soloists in a series of performances of Benjamin Britten's church parables. (St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Wednesday, Dec. 19, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 757-8344.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Pierre Boulez conducting, with Peter Serkin, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 20-22, at 8:30.) After a brief vacation, the orchestra will resume its concerts on Thursday, Jan. 3.

MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Henryk Szeryng, violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Dec. 21, at 8.)

NEW YORK STRING ORCHESTRA—Alexander Schneider conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Dec. 24, at midnight, no soloists; and Sunday, Dec. 30, at 8, with Gerard Schwarz, trumpet.)

BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA—Lukas Foss conducting the second in a "Meet the Moderns" series of four concerts, this one with Julius Eastman, baritone; Steve Reich and Musicians, the Dorian Woodwind Quintet; David Amram's Jazz Quintet; and others. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Dec. 29, from 7 to midnight.)

VIENNA CHOIR BOYS—Gerald Trabesinger directing. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Dec. 28, at 2; Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 29-30, at 2 and 8; and Monday, Dec. 31, at 2.)

RECITALS

WAVERLY CONSORT—Presenting "Las Cantigas de Santa Maria," music and verse as performed in the medieval court of King Alfonso X, with six singers and instrumentalists and a narrator-troubadour. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 19, at 8.)

DA CAPO CHAMBER PLAYERS—A program of contemporary music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Dec. 20, at 8.)

TARACK CHAMBER ENSEMBLE—A Bach-Vivaldi program. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday, Dec. 21, at 8.)

NOTE—Charles Treger will give a violin recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Jan. 6, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, Dec. 24, in the order that written applications are received on that day or thereafter (not before). More than one request may be sent in a single envelope.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

BETTE MIDLER—Palace Theatre, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly at 8:30. Closes with a special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday, Dec. 23, at 8.

BEACH BOYS—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, Dec. 19, at 8.

BLUEGRASS CONCERT—The Country Gentlemen and others. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Dec. 19, at 8.)

VIRGIL FOX—"Heavy Organ." (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 20, at 8.)

LOU REED—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, Dec. 21, at 8. For tickets, call 644-4400.

FRANKIE VALLI AND THE FOUR SEASONS, JAY & THE AMERICANS, THE FOUR TOPS, AND MARTHA REEVES—Madison Square Garden. Friday, Dec. 21, at 8.

MCKENDREE SPRING AND JAMBALAYA—Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, Dec. 21, at 8:30.

JUDY COLLINS—Carnegie Hall. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 22-23, at 8.

HERMAN AUTRY'S SEPTET—New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Sunday, Dec. 23, at 3. No tickets necessary.

MAHAVISHNU ORCHESTRA—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 27-28, at 8.

MODERN JAZZ QUARTET AND THE JUILLIARD STRING QUARTET—Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 28, at 8.

DAVE MASON, LIVINGSTON TAYLOR, AND THE JAMES MONTGOMERY BAND—Academy of Music. Saturday, Dec. 29, at 8 and 11:30.

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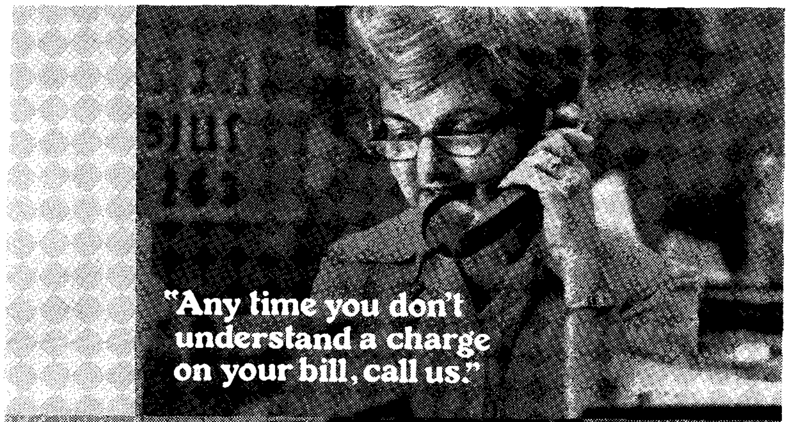

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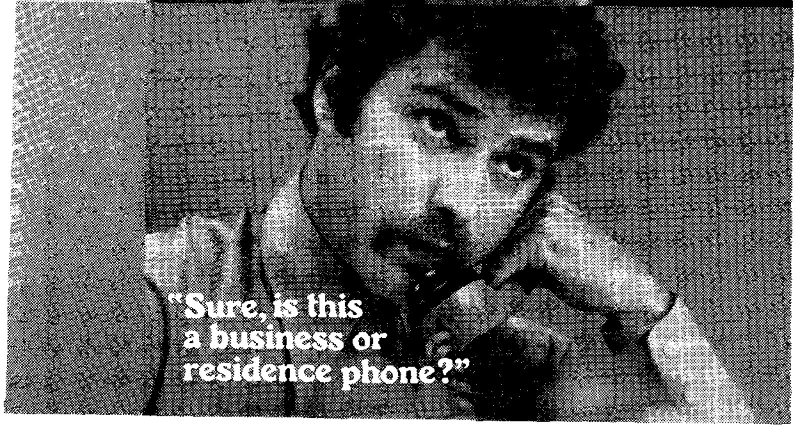

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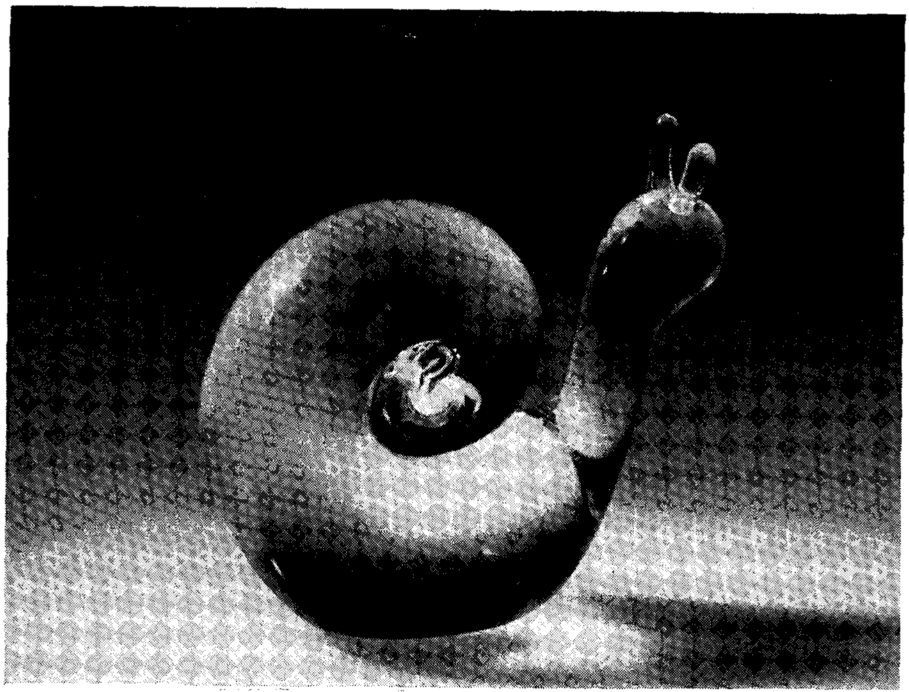

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

films, original artwork, posters, sheet music, and audio material depicting Benny Goodman's life and career. Through Thursday, Feb. 28. (New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Daily, except Mondays and Christmas, noon to 7. Optional contribution for admission.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Knicks vs. Detroit, Saturday, Dec. 22, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Capital Bullets, Tuesday, Dec. 25, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Philadelphia, Saturday, Dec. 29, at 1:30. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Nets vs. Kentucky, Wednesday, Dec. 19, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Virginia, Friday, Dec. 21, at 7:35.

HOCKEY—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Rangers vs. Detroit Red Wings, Thursday, Dec. 20, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Wednesday, Dec. 26, at 7:35. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Montreal Canadiens, Sunday, Dec. 23, at 7:05.

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays, except Christmas, at 12:30; through Saturday, Dec. 29. . . . **LAUREL,** Md.: Weekdays, except Christmas, at 12:30; through Monday, Dec. 31.

TROTTING—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Nightly at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 22. . . . **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weekdays at 8, from Wednesday, Dec. 26, through Saturday, March 2.

FOR CHILDREN

MUSIC—By the **LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN:** "Iolanthe," Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 22-23, at 4. . . . ¶ "H.M.S. Pinafore," Saturday, Dec. 29, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.). . . **VIENNA CHOIR BOYS:** Gerald Trabesinger directing. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. TR 4-2424. Friday through Monday, Dec. 28-31, at 2.)

STAGE SHOWS—By the **BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES:** "Pinocchio." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30; Christmas at 2:30; and Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 26-28, at 1 and 3:30.) . . . **CITY CENTER ACTING COMPANY:** "Scapin." (Billy Rose Theatre, 208 W. 41st St. 947-5510. Friday, Dec. 28, at 2.). . . **KING'S PLAYERS:** "Rainbow Junction." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 26-29, at 2.). . . **NATIONAL THEATRE COMPANY:** "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer." (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, Dec. 22, and Wednesday, Dec. 26, at 11 and 2.). . . **PRINCE STREET PLAYERS:** "Cinderella." (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 27-29, at 11 and 2.) . . . **ROD YOUNG'S PUPPET THEATRE:** "Creative Puppetry." (Fifth Ave. Presbyterian Church Auditorium, 7 W. 55th St. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 27-29, at 1 and 3. Tickets at the door on the days of the performances.). . . **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE:** "The Wizard of Oz." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Dec. 27, at 1.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "The Christmas Sky;" through Jan. 2. (Special holiday schedule: Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 19-21, at 2 and 3:30; Saturday, Dec. 22, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Sunday, Dec. 23, at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Monday, Dec. 24, and Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 26-29, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4. Children under five not admitted.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM STUDIO, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"What Christmas Means to Me," a selection of paintings, drawings, prints, and collages, produced by children in over thirty countries. Loaned by the Christian Children's Fund. Through Jan. 27. (Tuesdays, except Christmas, through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MOVIES—A benefit performance of "Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory," with Gene Wilder and Jack Albertson. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at

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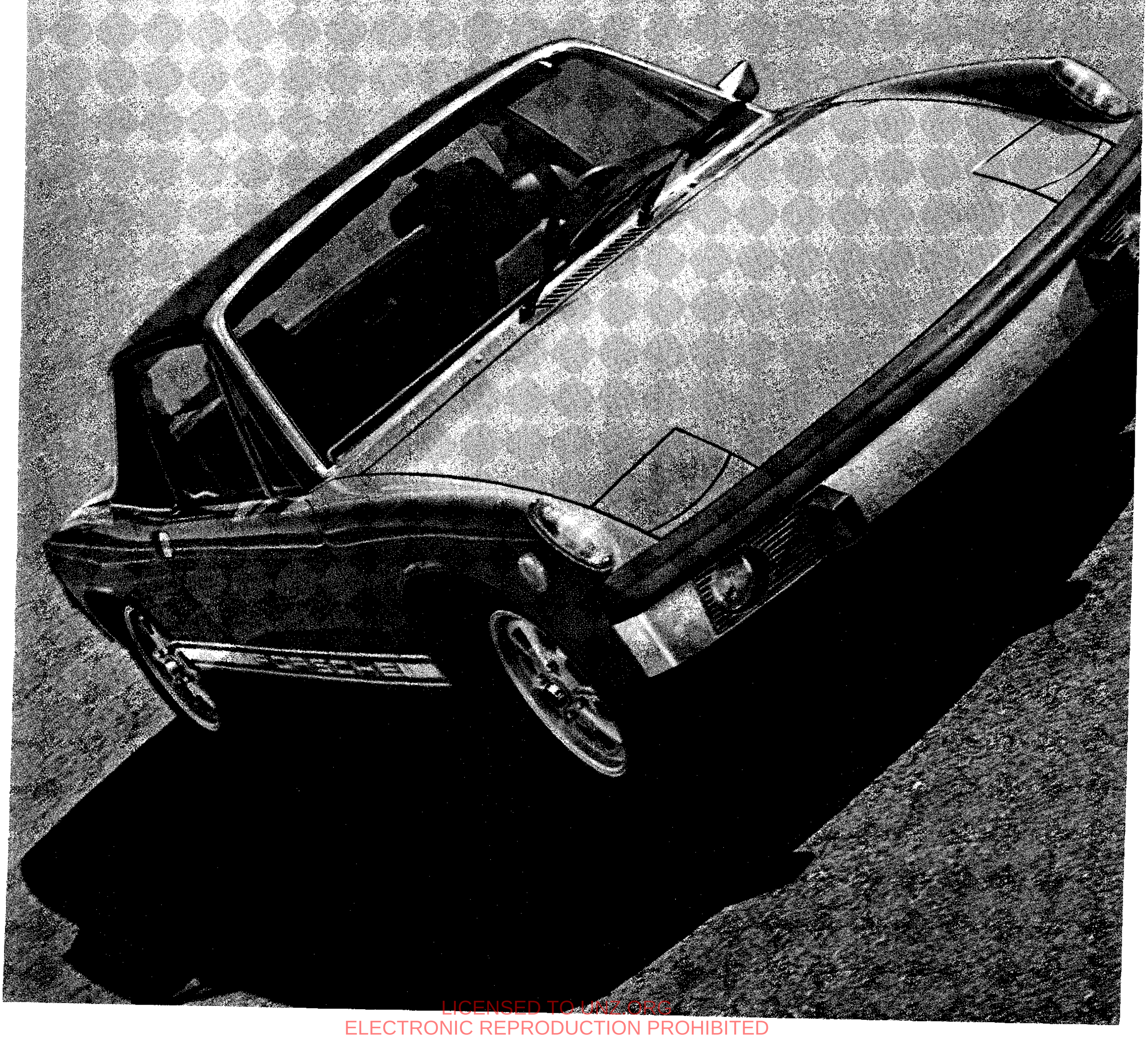

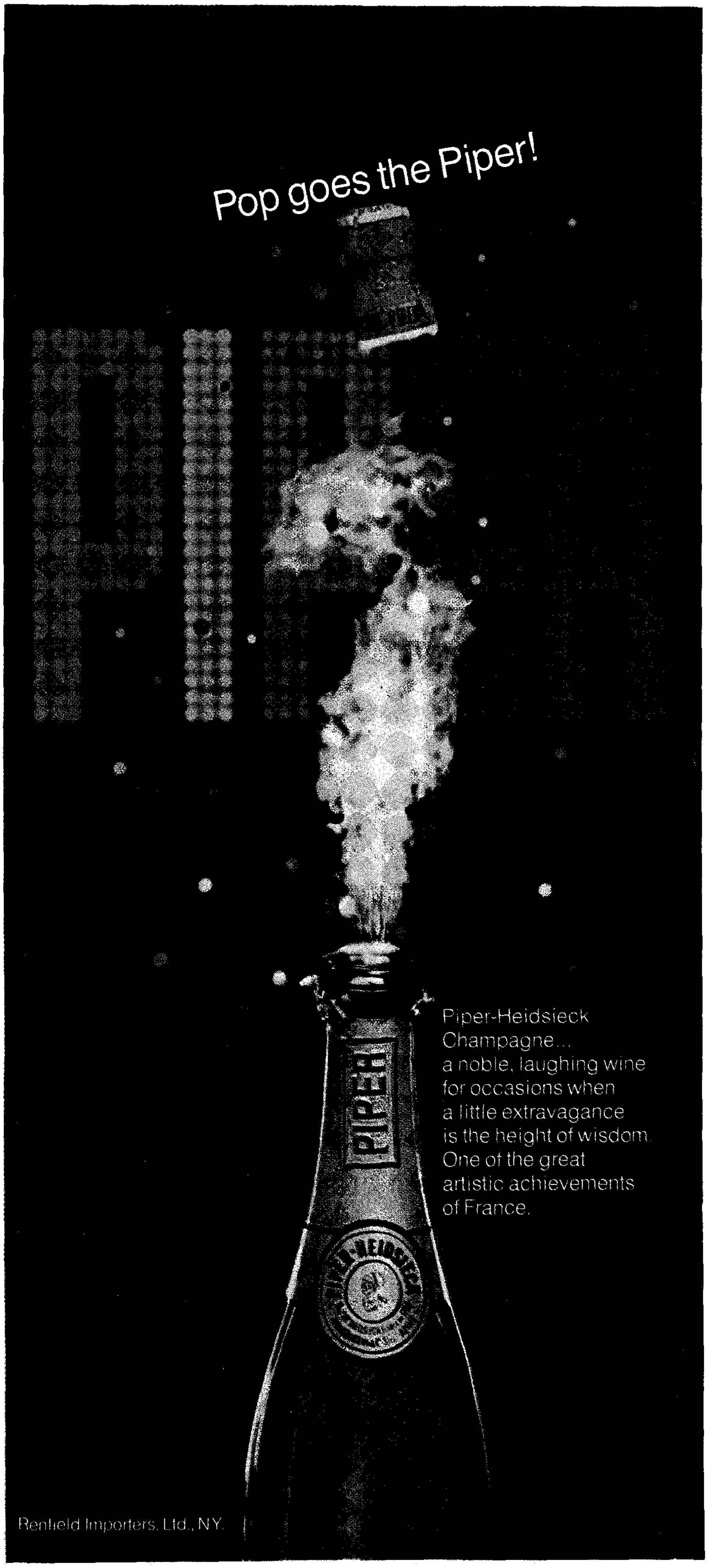
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

85th St. BU 8-3180. Thursday, Dec. 27, at 10.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under will have the Wollman Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, Monday through Friday, Dec. 24-28, from 8 to 10 A.M.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays; no sessions on Monday, Dec. 24, and Christmas. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily. Closed Monday, Dec. 24, and Christmas.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Dec. 19 at 5:30: "The Three Musketeers" (1921), directed by Fred Niblo, with Douglas Fairbanks.... ¶ Dec. 20 at 5:30: "I Don't Have Time" (1972), in Italian, directed by Ansamo Giannarelli.... ¶ Dec. 20 at 8 and Dec. 21 at 2: "Ganga and Hess" (1973), directed by Bill Gunn, with Duane Jones.... ¶ Dec. 21 at 5:30 and Dec. 22 at noon: "Paths of Glory" (1957), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Kirk Douglas and Ralph Meeker.... ¶ Dec. 22 at 3: "I Don't Have Time" (1972).... ¶ Dec. 22 at 5:30: "The Coal Man" (1972), an Algerian film, directed by Mohamed Bouamari; French titles only.... ¶ Dec. 23 at 12:30 and 3: "100 Men and a Girl" (1937), directed by Henry Koster, with Leopold Stokowski and Deanna Durbin.... ¶ Dec. 23 at 5:30: "Kashima Paradise" (1973), in French, directed by Benie Deswarte and Yann le Masson; no English titles.... ¶ Dec. 24 at 2: "The Coal Man" (1972).... ¶ Dec. 26 at 2 and 5:30: "Trouble in Paradise" (1932), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Kay Francis and Herbert Marshall.... ¶ Dec. 27 at 5:30: "Kashima Paradise" (1973).... ¶ Dec. 27 at 8: "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" (1936), directed by Henry Hathaway, with Fred MacMurray and Sylvia Sidney. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission *on a first-come, first-served basis.*)... **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER**, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Dec. 19: A program of cartoons by Chuck Jones.... ¶ Dec. 20: A program of cartoons by Max and Dave Fleischer.... ¶ Dec. 21: "Good Sam" (1948), directed by Leo McCarey, with Gary Cooper and Ann Sheridan.... ¶ Dec. 22: A program of cartoons by Ted Avery.... ¶ Dec. 23: A program of cartoons by Walt Disney.... ¶ Dec. 26: A program of cartoons by Tex Avery.... ¶ Dec. 27: A program of cartoons by Chuck Jones. (Showings Wednesdays and Thursdays at 4 and 6, Fridays at 5 and 7:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 4, and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 11 on the day of the showing.)... **WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Dec. 19: "Snapshots," directed by Irving Horowitz.... ¶ Starting Dec. 20: A program of fourteen animated films. Showings at noon (except Thursdays), 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6, 7:40, and 9:20 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.... **BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC**, 30 Lafayette Ave. (636-4100). Films of the American Film Institute—Dec. 19: "Out of the Past" (1947), directed by Jacques Tourneur, with Robert Mitchum.... ¶ Dec. 20: "They Live by Night" (1949), directed by Nicholas Ray, with Farley Granger and Cathy O'Donnell.... ¶ Dec. 21: "The Big Heat" (1953), directed by Fritz Lang, with Glenn Ford. (Showings at 8.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Dec. 20: "The Hireling" and "Siddhartha."
From Dec. 21: "American Graffiti."

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Dec. 24: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 25: "You'll Never Get Rich" and "You Were Never Lovelier."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through Dec. 22: "Le Sex Shop" and "Putney Swope."
Dec. 23-25: "Le Sex Shop" and "The Twelve Chairs."
From Dec. 26: "A Touch of Class" and "Bedazzled."

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Dec. 20: "Paper Moon" and "Catch-22."
From Dec. 21: "The Grande Bouffe."

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Dec. 20: "Last Tango in Paris" and "The Harrad Experiment."
From Dec. 21: "American Graffiti."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Dec. 24: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 25: "The Sting."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Serpico."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Dec. 20: To be announced.
From Dec. 21: "The Seven-Ups."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Don't Look Now."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Dec. 20: "The Long Goodbye."
From Dec. 21: "Jimi Hendrix."

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Happy New Year."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Alfredo Alfredo."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Serpico."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Sleeper."

EAST 59TH STREET I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
Through Dec. 24: "Westworld."
From Dec. 25: To be announced.

EAST 59TH STREET II, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through Dec. 24: "Westworld."
From Dec. 25: To be announced.

CINÉ MALIBU, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Don Quixote."

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Through Dec. 25: "Mean Streets."
From Dec. 26: "The Exorcist."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe."

FIRST AVENUE SCREENING ROOM, 1st Ave. at 61st. (PL 3-5755)
Dec. 19: "Room Service" and "Go West."
Dec. 20-26: "A Night at the Opera" and "The Big Store."
From Dec. 27: "Chaplin's Art of Comedy" and "The Great Dictator."

COLUMBIA I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Cinderella Liberty."

COLUMBIA II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through Dec. 20: "Breezy."
From Dec. 21: "American Graffiti."

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Dec. 19: "American Graffiti."
From Dec. 20: "The Laughing Policeman."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Fantastic Planet."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Papillon."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Dec. 25: "Siddhartha."
From Dec. 26: "A Touch of Class."

JULIET I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Dec. 20: "Bang the Drum Slowly."
From Dec. 21: "The Deadly Trackers."

JULIET 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Dec. 20: "Westworld."
From Dec. 21: "Executive Action."

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Long Goodbye."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Dec. 20: "Superchick" and "The Stepmother."
From Dec. 21: "The Seven-Ups."

LOEWS ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Papillon."

LOEWS CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through Dec. 24: "Ash Wednesday."
From Dec. 25: "The Sting."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Dec. 24: "Henry VIII and His Six Wives."
From Dec. 25: "Magnum Force."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN I, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through Dec. 20: "Battle of the Amazons."
From Dec. 21: "Five on the Black Hand Side."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through Dec. 20: "Five on the Black Hand Side."
From Dec. 21: "Hell Up in Harlem."

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Dec. 20: "The Grande Bouffe."
From Dec. 21: "Executive Action."

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Dec. 20: "Bang the Drum Slowly."
From Dec. 21: "Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams."

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Dec. 20: "Goya."
Dec. 21-25: "I Could Never Have Sex with Any Man Who Has So Little Regard for My Husband" and "Play It Again, Sam."
From Dec. 26: "Mean Streets."

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"The Long Goodbye."

QUAD CINEMAS 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Dec. 25 at one or another of the theatres: "Modern Times" and "The Gold Rush"/"The Grande Bouffe" and "The Virgin and the Gypsy"/"The Devil in Miss Jones" and "Heat"/"The Maltese Falcon" and "The Mask of Dimitrios" (through Dec. 21)/"Casablanca" and "Mildred Pierce" (Dec. 22-24)/"The Big Sleep" and "White Heat" (Dec. 25-27).
From Dec. 26: To be announced.

ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Dec. 22: "Brewster McCloud" and "I Love You, Alice B. Toklas!"
Dec. 23-26: Avant-garde films.
From Dec. 27: "The Betty Boop Scandals of 1974" and "High School Confidential."

23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Dec. 20: "The Hireling" and "Siddhartha."
From Dec. 21: "Jeremy" and "Slither."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Dec. 20: "A Boy Named Charlie Brown" and "Snoopy, Come Home."
From Dec. 21: "Charlotte's Web" and "Willie Wonka and the Chocolate Factory."

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Robin Hood."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Day of the Dolphin."

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Day for Night."

PLAYBOY, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Dec. 20: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 21: "A King in New York."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Sleeper."

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through Dec. 20: "Claire's Knee" and "Bed and Board."
Dec. 21-23: "Cabaret" and "The Blue Angel."
Dec. 24-25: "King of Hearts" and "Oh! What a Lovely War."
Dec. 26-27: "La Strada" and "Nights of Cabiria."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"England Made Me."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Dec. 20: "Woodstock" and "Monterey Pop."
From Dec. 21: "The Way We Were."

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Long Goodbye."

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Dec. 25: "Deliverance" and "The Candidate."
From Dec. 26: "A Touch of Class" and "The Harrad Experiment."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Dec. 20: "The Hireling" and "Siddhartha."
From Dec. 21: "Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams."

LOEWS 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
"Ash Wednesday."

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Dec. 20: "Lawrence of Arabia."
From Dec. 21: "The Way We Were."

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Dec. 20: "Duck Soup" and "Horsefeathers."
From Dec. 21: "Executive Action."

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Dec. 20: "The Bank Dick" and "My Little Chickadee."
From Dec. 21: "Jeremy" and "Slither."

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Dec. 20: To be announced.
From Dec. 21: "A King in New York" and "City Lights."

NOTE—A few specialist film houses—**BLEECKER ST. CINEMA**, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210): Movie musicals (mostly); weekends only. Friday through Sunday, Dec. 21-23: "Wonder Bar" (1934; Al Jolson) and "Fashions of 1934" (Bette Davis and William Powell).... **FILM FORUM**, 256 W. 88th. (362-0503): Films made by independent *cinéastes*. At 8, Thursdays through Sundays.... **PAGODA**, 11 East Broadway. (964-1825): Chinese films, with English subtitles. Daily.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

ALFREDO ALFREDO—With Dustin Hoffman, directed by Pietro Germi. (Plaza.)

AMERICAN GRAFFITI—The second feature film by the young George Lucas, about the teen-age world of 1962 in small-town northern California. We again inhabit the post-McCarthy, pre-Vietnam-protest land of drive-ins, old cars dangerously raced, Elvis haircuts, ritual necking. We live through a long night and dawn with the kids, but the next day comes up, and decisions have to be made about taking planes East to college and hiding homesickness. Flashy photography, perhaps more film knowledge than the film can use, but worth seeing. (Beekman; Dec. 19.... ¶ Art, Gramercy, and Columbia II; starting Dec. 21.)

ASH WEDNESDAY—In a few scenes, Elizabeth Taylor is done up like Arletty playing Garance in "Children of Paradise," and she's absolutely ravishing, in an unearthly, ageless way. But the film is a long-drawn-out ghoulish commercial for cosmetic surgery—made, apparently, for people who can't think of anything to do with their lives but go backward. Jean-Claude Tramont is credited with the script and Larry Peerce is credited with the direction, but there is no script and there is no direction. With Keith Baxter, Helmut Berger, and Henry Fonda giving a sour, dumb performance. (Loews 83rd St.... Loews Ciné; through Dec. 24.)

BANG THE DRUM SLOWLY—A fictional story with very good, offhand dialogue by Mark Harris (based on his own novel), about an ace pitcher locked in alliance to a dumb catcher, dying of Hodgkin's disease, whom he once hated for slow-wittedness. Directed by John Hancock, with Michael Moriarty as the pitcher, and Robert De Niro as the doomed catcher. (Juliet 1, and 8th St. Playhouse; through Dec. 20.)

THE BANK DICK (1940)—W. C. Fields in one of his rudest. Terrific. (Thalia; through Dec. 20.)

BED AND BOARD (1971)—About the married life of Truffaut's hero, Antoine Doinel (Jean-Pierre Léaud). Léaud appears to have developed a dogged resistance to acting, but Antoine's bride, Claude Jade, who looks like a less ethereal, more practical Catherine

A report on equal opportunity employment policies and practices at General Motors.

In General Motors we have coupled our commitment to equal opportunity with extensive programs of training and development. Their purpose is to enable our employes—minorities, women and others—to take better advantage of the opportunities which await them in our organization.

One of our difficulties in recruiting more minority employes and women is that many of GM's white-collar jobs require some engineering and technical training. Traditionally, however, few minorities or women have studied engineering. So, even as we recruit intensively at institutions with engineering and technical curricula, including predominantly black and women's colleges, we must take other, more direct, steps to qualify more minorities and women for engineering jobs.

For example: General Motors maintains and operates a five-year cooperative engineering college: the General Motors Institute in Flint, where today 3,000 students are earning degrees, most of them in engineering and industrial administration. They alternate periods of study at the Institute with paid work assignments at GM divisions. One of the great advantages of the GMI system is that its graduates are assured good management or professional jobs and an opportunity to progress at General Motors. The entrance requirements at GMI are stiff. They compare with those at the best engineering schools in the country. A pre-freshman program has been established to qualify applicants who were not able to receive adequate preparation for engineering studies in high school. Currently, 88 minority students and 31 women are in this program. This is paying off in the number of minority and women students at GMI. Eight years ago we had only 13 minority students at GMI. Two years ago we had 167. This year we have 412.

There are relatively few women graduate engineers. Last year, for example, in the entire United States only 493 bachelor degrees in engineering were conferred upon women. They represented 1.1% of the total bachelor degrees earned in engineering during 1972.

Last year 112 women were enrolled at GMI. This fall, there are 247 women, 8.3% of the total GMI enrollment.

We expect—indeed we know—that these young men and women will be among the managers of General Motors in the years to come. All that is needed is their continued efforts, our continued resolve, and time.

Several programs have been established throughout the Corporation to assist employes who may wish to continue their formal education. GM has a Tuition Refund Plan and a Graduate Fellowship Plan which last year refunded $2.9 million to employes who completed courses in recognized educational institutions. And we place special emphasis on increasing the number of minority and women employes in skilled trades. Pre-apprentice training programs at many GM plants develop the technical skills of prospective candidates for skilled-trade apprenticeships.

By such efforts, we are making long strides in short time. We are bringing minorities and women into General Motors, placing them in the mainstream of opportunity, and training, educating, and preparing them for higher positions. Our goal is nothing short of full equality of opportunity throughout our organization—and we are moving toward this goal.

Several years ago we made a significant shift in our thinking. We had always been against discrimination, but we decided then that just to be *against* was no longer enough. We chose a more positive, more affirmative role. We committed the Corporation to work not only to prevent discrimination, but to promote equal opportunity in employment. Then, and since then, we have made it very plain that it is the continuing policy of General Motors to provide equal opportunity for every American in every area of our business.

We are convinced that this policy—positive rather than negative, active rather than passive—is the right one. It is right because it not only fulfills the letter of the law, but reaches to the spirit of our American commitment to equality.

Our record at General Motors has a special quality enhanced by GM's tradition of success. General Motors is successful because it applies rigid standards for advancement to all employes. The rewards and incentives are high, and so are the standards of performance necessary to achieve them. When an employe progresses in General Motors, he or she can be sure that recognition has been earned. Everyone who knows General Motors knows this is so.

Here are a few figures. The percentage of minority employment in GM grew from 11.2% of our U.S. work force in 1965 to 16.7% by the end of 1972. And since then, the 16.7% has climbed to over 17%.

This is progress, and significantly the gains of minorities in white-collar jobs have been more rapid. Minority Americans in these jobs increased from 1.7% in 1965 to about 4.7% in 1971. Just a year later, the 4.7% became 7.1%, and today the percentage of minority employes with white-collar jobs in General Motors is over 8.4%.

In 1965, women accounted for 12.9% of our work force. By December 1972, the number had increased to 13.9%, and today the percentage of women in the GM work force is 15.1%. Of the managers, technicians and professionals at GM in 1965, eleven hundred were women. By the end of 1971, the number had increased to 1600, and as of the end of last year the number was 2800. And since then, it has climbed to 3900.

Percentages and numbers are cold, but these represent in General Motors 113,000 minority Americans and 97,000 women earning for themselves and their families the employment opportunity they deserve. They are more than numbers—they are real human stories—over 210,000 of them. And the number is growing every day.

And every job in General Motors, white-collar or blue-collar, is a good job. The average hourly employe who works in our plants earns more than $12,500. Their wages alone—not counting fringes—place these employes in at least the upper one-fourth income bracket in the United States.

We know that equal opportunity in employment is not up to the employe alone. The person who does the hiring and the promoting is crucial. So we train not only employes, but we train managers as well. We teach them how to take positive action to speed upward mobility throughout the Corporation.

In January 1972, this message was given to our Personnel Directors: "As you are all aware, the policy of General Motors Corporation is that everyone will be given an equal opportunity in employment without regard to his or her race, religion, or national origin. This is the policy of General Motors, and every member of management must implement this policy.

"Now, there may be many personal prejudices in connection with this problem. These are being expressed in different ways throughout the country, and each person is entitled to his own opinion. However, the position of GM in these matters is unmistakably clear: there is no room for prejudice in General Motors —and we mean just that. If we have any person at management level in any GM facility who cannot function within this policy, or is not giving it full attention, then he will simply no longer be able to work for General Motors."

We are making progress, but the effort is hard. Progress does not come easily. It requires hard work and dogged dedication—day after day. But it is worth the effort. Minorities and women in General Motors are earning their way to economic equality, gaining—day by difficult day. They are getting there—surely. A number of minorities and women are now in top positions. Hundreds more are just below them, and thousands more a level down, and throughout the Corporation there are more than a hundred and thirteen thousand minority Americans and ninety-seven thousand women—all working, all earning opportunity.

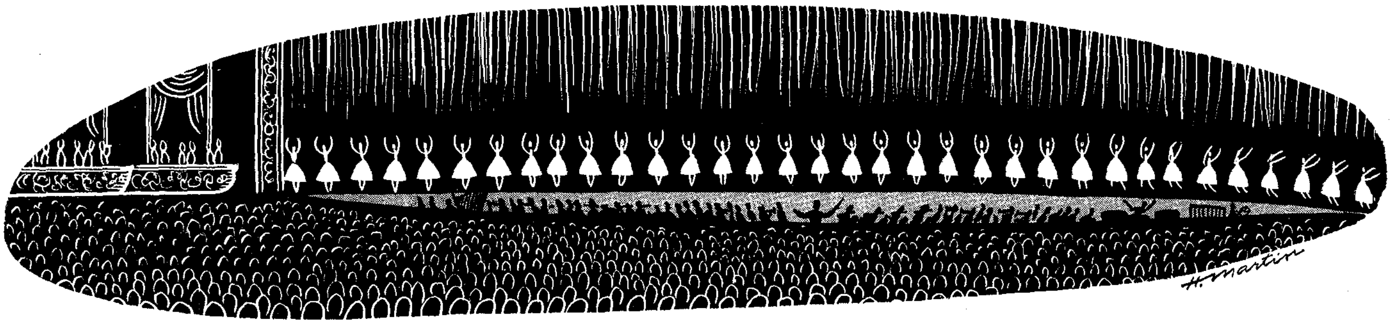
No one can doubt the commitment of General Motors to full employment equality. Neither should anyone doubt the certainty of its eventual achievement.

GM cares about cars. GM cares about people too.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

General Motors

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



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Deneuve, is lovely. The movie is cheerful, if conventionally "beguiling." In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; through Dec. 20.)

Bedazzled (1967)—Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron ringing changes on the ancient Faustian theme in a comedy directed by Stanley Donen. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Dec. 26.)

The Betty Boop Scandals of 1974—A cross-section of the animated films of the Max Fleischer studio, including such series as Out of the Inkwell, Talkartoons, Bouncing Ball shorts, and Betty Boop. (Elgin; starting Dec. 27.)

The Big Sleep (1946)—Humphrey Bogart is Raymond Chandler's private eye in a fast, tense, amusingly lurid thriller, peopled with sophisticated monsters who talk in innuendos. Lauren Bacall and Martha Vickers are a baffling pair of rich, spoiled sisters; the latter sucks her thumb. It hardly matters that the plot gets so complicated that William Faulkner and the other writers of the screenplay had to appeal to Chandler for guidance, and that he couldn't exactly figure it out, either. Howard Hawks directed, smashingly. (Quad Cinema 2; Dec. 25-27.)

The Big Store (1941)—The Marx Brothers taking over a department store. But they never quite take over the movie, which is far from inspired, though it does have Margaret Dumont and that great slimy villain Douglass Dumbrille. (First Avenue Screening Room; Dec. 20-26.)

The Blue Angel (1929)—An almost legendary film. As Lola Lola, Marlene Dietrich is a rather coarse and plump young beauty—the incarnation of sex without romance or sentiment. Emil Jannings is the inhibited, tyrannical teacher who succumbs to her. Directed by Josef von Sternberg. In German. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 21-23.)

A Boy Named Charlie Brown (1969)—A very sad excuse for a children's picture—a pathetically limp animation feature that barely taps the verbal wit or the great charm of the comic strip it's derived from. (Guild; through Dec. 20.)

Breezy—With William Holden and Kay Lenz, directed by Clint Eastwood. (Columbia II; through Dec. 20.)

Brewster McCloud (1971)—Robert Altman's film was shot in Houston. Gentle Brewster (Bud Cort), who is building wings for himself, is a boy Phantom of the Astrodome who is also an imperilled virgin—a sort of mad, murderous Peter Pan, or Rima the Bird Boy. Sally Kellerman is his bird-mother, who deserts him when he loses his virginity. The idea seems to be left over from a Victorian fable, but the style of the picture is parodistic and manic—like a Road Runner cartoon. The whole thing is amorphous and rather silly. (Elgin; through Dec. 22.)

Cabaret (1972)—A great movie musical, satirical and diamond-hard. With Joel Grey and Liza Minnelli, and masterly direction by Bob Fosse. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 21-23.)

The Candidate (1972)—We need political films, but not this thing, which is about a young straight-from-the-shoulder good-looker (Robert Redford) who decides to run for Democratic senator in California. Redford's likeness to the Kennedy brothers is exploited in one of the most vulgar pieces of casting in years. Directed by Michael Ritchie. (Regency; through Dec. 25.)

Casablanca (1942)—Humphrey Bogart as Rick, the most famous saloon keeper in screen history, and Ingrid Bergman as the love of his life. Dooley Wilson sings "As Time Goes By" while an international parade of actors gets in and out of scrapes. Not really a very good movie but wonderful romantic fun. Michael Curtiz directed. (Quad Cinema 2; Dec. 22-24.)

Catch-22 (1970)—A rational man vs. the Army. Joseph Heller's novel, adapted by Buck Henry, directed by Mike Nichols, and, most important, starring Alan Arkin. (Cinema Village; through Dec. 20.)

Chaplin's Art of Comedy—A compilation of some of his early films. (First Avenue Screening Room; starting Dec. 27.)

Charlotte's Web—A mediocre animated musical version of the E. B. White story; a betrayal, though probably more through insensitivity and lack of imagination than through deliberate vulgarization. (Guild; starting Dec. 21.)

Cinderella Liberty—With James Caan and Marsha Mason, directed by Mark Rydell. (Columbia I.)

City Lights (1931)—The famous old Chaplin. The mime is wonderful, the lonely use of sound for a swallowed whistle at a party is wonderful, the sight gags are wonderful; the sentimentality about the blind girl is faintly frightening. (Olympia; starting Dec. 21.)

Claire's Knee (1970)—The air is thick with summer and leisure in Eric Rohmer's serene story of a vacationing diplomat (Jean-Claude Brialy) who says he is interested only in women's minds and then has an "undefined desire" to stroke a young girl's knee. There's a rather enigmatic woman novelist who stands in for the director and makes ponderous remarks, but Rohmer's quiet, complacent movie-novel game is pleasing, and an exquisitely gawky teen-age actress, Beatrice Romand, who plays a subsidiary role, looks like a Pisanello princess. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; through Dec. 20.)

Day for Night—François Truffaut made this tribute to the conventional movies that once gave him pleasure, and apparently still do. He himself plays a director who is shooting an American-financed film called "Meet Pamela," with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jacqueline Bisset, and Valentina Cortese. "Day for Night," unfortunately conventional in its approach to character, is very childlike—filled with a deeply innocent love of the magic of moviemaking. There's not much to it, though it's graceful. In French. (Festival.)

The Day of the Dolphin—With George C. Scott, directed by Mike Nichols. (Ziegfeld.)

The Deadly Trackers—With Richard Harris and Rod Taylor, directed by Barry Shear. (Juliet 1; starting Dec. 21.)

Deliverance (1972)—A man's man of a film—written by James Dickey from his own best-selling novel, and directed by John Boorman—about four early-middle-aged men who go canoeing in Georgia in search of the vanishing countryside and of their own lost athleticism. In a crass way, the film embalms every male myth that ever weighted an analyst's couch. Jon Voight, Burt Reynolds, Ned Beatty, Ronny Cox play in the movie, which is beautifully photographed in almost monochromatic color. (Regency; through Dec. 25.)

Don Quixote—The Petipa ballet to the music of Minkus, staged by and starring Rudolf Nureyev, and Robert Helpmann as the Don and with dancers of the Australian Ballet. It has the cushioned impact of all ballets filmed in studios, and its air of unreality may make you drowsy, but Nureyev, aided by the multiple takes that this process makes possible, disports himself with inhuman zest, and the bewitching Marilyn Rowe appears in two of the featured roles. (Ciné Malibu.)

Don't Look Now—With Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland, directed by Nicholas Roeg. (Sutton.)

Duck Soup (1933)—The Marx Brothers in their greatest movie—a semi-surrealist farce about war. With Margaret Dumont, Edgar Kennedy, Louis Calhern. The unsentimental screenplay is by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby, who also did the songs. Directed by Leo McCarey. (Symphony; through Dec. 20.)

England Made Me—Very slight, but it has a hushed, becalmed quality that is pleasing. Adapted from a Graham Greene novel published in 1935, this movie is about an amiable, giddy young Englishman (Michael York)—a schoolboy at heart—at loose in Nazi Germany. Hildegard Neil plays his sister, the mistress of a humorless swindler-financier (Peter Finch), and Michael Hordern turns up as a mildewed old newspaperman. Understated and rarefied, the movie often seems more Noël Coward than Graham Greene, but that's partly because Greene in 1935 wasn't yet quite Greene. It's far from great and far from original, but it's not bad, and York gives one of his best performances. Peter Duffell directed. (Paris.)

Executive Action—Feeble, insensitive fictionalization of how President Kennedy might have been the victim of a large-scale right-wing plot. It's a dodo-bird of a movie, the winner of the "Tora! Tora! Tora!" prize—in miniature—for 1973, with matchlessly dull performances from a cast that includes Burt Lancaster, Robert Ryan, and Will Geer. Dalton Trumbo wrote the script from a story by Donald Freed and Mark Lane; David Miller directed. (Juliet 2, Waverly, and Symphony; starting Dec. 21.)

The Exorcist—Based on the William Peter Blatty book, with Ellen Burstyne, Max von Sydow, and Lee J. Cobb. Directed by William Friedkin. (Cinema I; starting Dec. 26.)

Fantastic Planet—A French-Czech animated science-fiction feature, directed by René Laloux and the original art work by Roland Topor. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Five on the Black Hand Side—With Clarice Taylor and Leonard Jackson, directed by Oscar Williams. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; through Dec. 20. . . . ¶R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; starting Dec. 21.)

The Gold Rush (1925)—Chaplin is the helpless perfect gentleman in the world of Klondike bears and Klondike brutes. One of the great comedies of all time. With Mack Swain as Big Jim, and Georgia Hale as the girl whom Charlie wins. (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 25.)

Go West (1941)—The Marx Brothers in what is, arguably, their worst picture; "Love Happy" is possibly even worse. This one—set in the old West—has a good opening sequence and not much else. The cast includes John Carroll, Walter Woolf King, and Iris Adrian; Edward Buzzell directed, and the script can be blamed on Irving Brecher. (First Avenue Screening Room; Dec. 19.)

Goya—With Francisco Rabal and Irina Demick, directed by Nino Quevedo. A Spanish film, dubbed in English. (5th Ave. Cinema; through Dec. 20.)

The Grande Bouffe—Slang for the big blowout, the grand guzzle. A funny, grim parable about the well-off and Rubens-like of the world. Members of a hermetic houseparty, and ruined by having no sense of conse-

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quence, they set out joyfully to eat themselves to death. With Marcello Mastroianni, Michel Piccoli, Ugo Tognazzi, and Philippe Noiret. Directed by Marco Ferreri. In French. (Waverly; through Dec. 20. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Dec. 25. . . . ¶ Cinema Village; starting Dec. 21.)

The Great Dictator (1940)—Chaplin plays a small-time Jewish barber and doubles as a mock Hitler called Hynkel, dictator of Tomania, who argues with Napaloni, dictator of Bacteria. He is helped on by Herring and Garbitsch. The notion of a 1940 farce about Hitler and anti-Semitism works out much less queasily than it sounds. The famous sequence when Hynkel lies on his back and tosses around a balloon inscribed with a map of the world is a miracle of high-flying, mordant fun. But the last impassioned speech about peace and unity still wrecks everything that has gone before; Chaplin mawkish can always overrule Chaplin the innocent mime. (First Avenue Screening Room; starting Dec. 27.)

Happy New Year—With Lino Ventura and Françoise Fabian, directed by Claude Lelouch. In French. (Fine Arts.)

The Harrad Experiment—With James Whitmore and Tippi Hedren, directed by Ted Post. (Gramercy; through Dec. 20. . . . ¶ Regency; starting Dec. 26.)

Heat (1972)—A slack, depressive Morrissey-Warhol version of "Sunset Boulevard," with Joe Dallesandro as a stud hustler and Sylvia Miles as the predatory star in the big mansion. It's meant to be a funny exploitation movie, but the comic moments are rare. (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 25.)

Hell up in Harlem—With Fred Williamson, directed by Larry Cohen. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; starting Dec. 21.)

Henry VIII and His Six Wives—With Keith Michell as Henry. Directed by Waris Hussein. (86th St. East; through Dec. 24.)

High School Confidential (1958)—With Russ Tamblyn and Jan Sterling, directed by Jack Arnold. (Elgin; starting Dec. 27.)

The Hireling—Made by an Englishman named Alan Bridges, from an L. P. Hartley novel about times between the World Wars when class warfare in England could cut to the raw. Robert Shaw plays a chauffeur who knows how to say "My lady" and stay just this side of rudeness; the girl he dotes on, Lady Franklin, is very well played by Sarah Miles, who gives to the character's etiolated breeding the sort of beauty that comes, like the perfection of old English lawns, from a family history of five hundred years of being looked after. Diluted stuff, vulgarized in its moments of melodrama. (Art, 23rd St. Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.; through Dec. 20.)

Horsefeathers (1932)—The Marx Brothers in one of their best comedies. The setting is academic, and Thelma Todd is the college widow to whom Groucho sings "Everyone Says 'I Love You.'" (Symphony; through Dec. 20.)

I Could Never Have Sex with Any Man Who Has So Little Regard for My Husband—Chronicle of a Martha's Vineyard holiday spent by two dozily married couples who think of wife swapping but don't do it. Humorous rather than funny. Written by Dan Greenburg from his own novel "Chewsday: A Sex Novel." The rain pours, the fog swirls, the cold bites hard, the knife-edge of the dialogue slips off the bone. (5th Ave. Cinema; Dec. 21-25.)

I Love You, Alice B. Toklas! (1968)—A giddy, slapdash, entertainingly inconsequential comedy, written by Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker, and starring Peter Sellers as a Los Angeles Jewish lawyer who turns hippie. With Joyce Van Patten as his anxious fiancée. Directed by Hy Averback. (Elgin; through Dec. 22.)

Jeremy—Softhearted love film about two peculiarly old-seeming teen-age lovers played, very respectfully, by Robby Benson and Glynnis O'Connor. The film somehow submits to us a heavy feeling of love in a geriatric ward. Written and directed by Arthur Barron. (23rd St. Cinema, and Thalia; starting Dec. 21.)

Jimi Hendrix—A documentary assembled by Joe Boyd. (Trans-Lux East; starting Dec. 21.)

A King in New York (1957)—Don't be misled by the public-relations attempt to suggest that this Chaplin film has never before been shown in the United States because of its controversial political nature. It's about as political as a pratfall at the United Nations, and it wasn't shown because it's an incomparable dog—maybe the worst movie ever made by a celebrated film artist. Chaplin mugs archly as King Shadhov, a deposed Ruritanian monarch who becomes a TV celebrity in New York. With Dawn Addams, Harry Green, and young Michael Chaplin, from whom his father coaxed a grotesque performance. (Playboy, and Olympia; starting Dec. 21.)

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King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 24-25.)

Last Tango in Paris—A movie that people will be arguing about for as long as there are movies. Bernardo Bertolucci and Marlon Brando have altered the face of an art form. (Gramercy; through Dec. 20.)

The Laughing Policeman—With Walter Matthau and Bruce Dern, directed by Stuart Rosenberg. (Beekman; starting Dec. 20.)

Lawrence of Arabia (1962)—Though it fails to give an acceptable interpretation of Lawrence, or to keep its action intelligible, it is perhaps the most literate and tasteful and exciting of the modern expensive spectacles. With Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Omar Sharif, José Ferrer, and Anthony Quinn. David Lean directed. Written by Robert Bolt. (New Yorker; through Dec. 20.)

The Long Goodbye—Robert Altman kisses off the private-eye form as gracefully as "Beat the Devil" finished off the cycle of the international-intrigue thriller. Less accidental than "Beat the Devil," it's just about as funny, though quicker-witted and dreamier, in soft, mellow color and volatile images. Based on Raymond Chandler's book, the picture stars Elliott Gould as Marlowe; thinner and lither, he gives his best performance yet, as a wryly forlorn man, still driving a 1948 Lincoln Continental and trying to behave like Bogart. With Nina van Pallandt, Sterling Hayden, and Mark Rydell. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and Cinema Studio. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux East; through Dec. 20.)

Magnum Force—Clint Eastwood in a sequel to "Dirty Harry." Directed by Ted Post. (86th St. East; starting Dec. 25.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—The star is Humphrey Bogart, in his most exciting role, as Sam Spade, the private detective who is an ambiguous mixture of avarice and honor, sexuality and fear. This brilliant first film directed by John Huston is hard, precise, and economical—an almost perfect visual equivalent of the Dashiell Hammett thriller. Bogart is backed by an impeccably "right" cast: Sydney Greenstreet, Mary Astor, Peter Lorre, and Elisha Cook, Jr., as Wilmer. (Quad Cinema 2; through Dec. 21.)

The Mask of Dimitrios (1944)—Modest little "international" thriller from an Eric Ambler story. With Zachary Scott, and Peter Lorre as—surprise—the good guy. (Quad Cinema 2; through Dec. 21.)

Mean Streets—A true original, and a triumph of personal filmmaking. What Martin Scorsese, who is thirty, has done with the experience of growing up in New York's Little Italy has a thicker-textured rot than we have ever had in an American movie, and a riper sense of evil. He suggests an American Buñuel steeped in Verdi. With Harvey Keitel as Charlie, Robert De Niro as Johnny Boy, and Amy Robinson as Teresa. (Cinema I; through Dec. 25. . . . ¶ 5th Ave. Cinema; starting Dec. 26.)

Mildred Pierce (1945)—Joan Crawford rises from poverty to affluence and then suffers glamorously in beach house, roadhouse, and mansion from the nasty semi-incestuous goings on of her cad husband (Zachary Scott) and her spoiled daughter (Ann Blyth). Miss Crawford's heavy breathing was certified as acting when she won the Academy Award for her performance here. Michael Curtiz directed this glossy adaptation of the James M. Cain novel. (Quad Cinema 2; Dec. 22-24.)

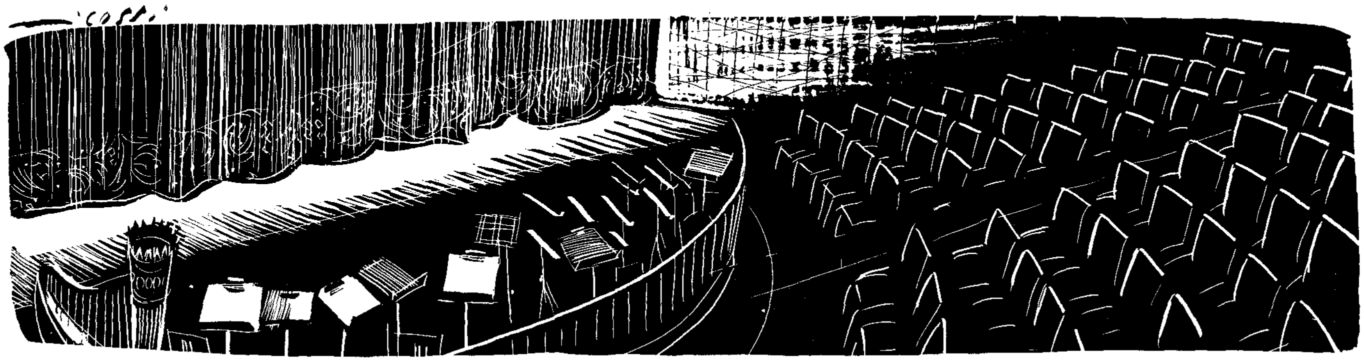
Modern Times (1936)—Chaplin, in beautiful form. (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 25.)

Monterey Pop (1969)—Donn Pennebaker's infectious record of the Monterey music festival, with fifty thousand teen-agers and musicians. (Paramount; through Dec. 20.)

My Little Chickadee (1940)—W. C. Fields and Mae West respectively muttering and wambling in a most unusual Western. (Thalia; through Dec. 20.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers, doing to "Il Trovatore" what should be done to "Il Trovatore." Wonderful. (First Avenue Screening Room; Dec. 20-26.)

Nights of Cabiria (1957)—A series of episodes



in the life of a dreamy, gullible little Roman streetwalker (Giulietta Masina). The last Federico Fellini film before his flamboyant style became overpowering, and perhaps his finest. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 26-27.)

Oh! What a Lovely War (1969)—This musical lampoon of the First World War is meant to stir your sentiments, evoke nostalgia, and make you react to the obscenity of battles and bloodshed, and apparently it does do all that for some people. With John Mills, Maggie Smith, Sir Laurence, Sir Michael, Sir John, Sir Ralph, et al. Richard Attenborough directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 24-25.)

Paper Moon—Peter Bogdanovich directs a wet story about a chumming-up between Ryan O'Neal, as a con man who victimizes new widows, and an eleven-year-old tomboy, played by the actor's real-life daughter, Tatum O'Neal. (Cinema Village; through Dec. 20.)

Papillon—Based on the book by Henri Charrière, with Steve McQueen and Dustin Hoffman. Directed by Franklin J. Schaffner. (Loews Tower East, and Loews Orpheum.)

Play It Again, Sam (1972)—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. Allen plays a Bogart nut, and most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Herbert Ross directs in a style of suitable loose-limbed laconicism. (5th Ave. Cinema; Dec. 21-25.)

Putney Swope (1969)—Robert Downey's goonish and obstreperous film, rude and pretty funny, about a weary black who gets heaved willy-nilly into the chairman's seat at an advertising agency. (St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 22.)

Robin Hood—An animated version from the Disney studios. (Music Hall.)

Room Service (1938)—The Marx Brothers in the Broadway farce about bankrupt theatrical producers holed up in a hotel room with their stranded players, fighting off famine and creditors. Unfortunately, the play fits them like a straitjacket. With Lucille Ball, Ann Miller, Frank Albertson, and Donald MacBride, grinning his great bulldog grin. Directed (lamely) by William Seiter. (First Avenue Screening Room; Dec. 19.)

Serpico—Al Pacino as Frank Serpico, the New York City policeman whose incorruptibility alienated him from his fellow-officers and turned him into a messianic hippie freak. The theme is richly comic, and the film is great fun, but it sacrifices Serpico's story—one of the rare hopeful stories of our time—for a cynical, downbeat finish. Norman Wexler (who wrote "Joe") is responsible for most of the rude, hip humor; Sidney Lumet directed, sloppily but effectively. (34th St. East, and Baronet.)

The Seven-Ups—With Roy Scheider, directed by Philip D'Antoni. (Eastside Cinema, and U. A. East; starting Dec. 21.)

Le Sex Shop—A French film written and directed by Claude Berri, with English subtitles, starring Berri as Claude, a disconsolate husband with an adored wife and two small children. He goes to work in a place called Le Sex Shop, which sells sex manuals, fetishists' gadgetry, and lovers' armory that looks like cart-horse harness. A funny picture about a man who is physically in love with his wife but haplessly goes along with the idea that progress in sex should keep up with the moon walk. (St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 25.)

Siddhartha—Conrad Rooks and an amazing amount of cheek have gone to work on mysticism, the villainy of riches, the techniques of love, the immense merit of feeling, as compared to thinking, when it comes to inner wisdom, and a few other large questions. Mr. Rooks, on location in India, produced, directed, and wrote this pretentious trash, which comes from a dreadful book by Hermann Hesse. (Art, 23rd St. Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.; through Dec. 20. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; through Dec. 25.)

Sleeper—Directed by, and with, Woody Allen. (Coronet, and Little Carnegie.)

Slither—The first feature by the advertising ace Howard Zieff is a suspense comedy with a prickly, fleahopping humor—a sort of fractured hipsterism. As the thick-witted hero looking for the fortune promised him by an embezzler, James Caan demonstrates some of the best double takes in modern movies. The plot is tired, and the picture never delivers on its promise, but the gags are sneaky and offbeat, and the cast is full of crazies. With Peter Boyle, Louise Lasser, Allen Garfield, Richard B. Shull, and Sally Kellerman, as a speed freak. From an original script by W. D. Richter. (23rd St. Cinema, and Thalia; starting Dec. 21.)

Snoopy, Come Home (1972)—Lila, a little girl who turns out to have been Snoopy's original owner, writes to him from the hospital for help, and Snoopy decides that she needs him more than Charlie Brown does. The set-piece farewell scenes with Charlie Brown are rather upsetting to children. The best thing in the picture is a small yellow bird called Woodstock, who flies upside down and bumps into things. (Guild; through Dec. 20.)

The Sting—With Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and Robert Shaw, directed by George Roy Hill. (Murray Hill, and Loews Ciné; starting Dec. 25.)

La Strada (1956)—Federico Fellini's spiritual fable sets a mood, and it remains in one's memory—even if one rejects the meaning of the fable. Giulietta Masina is the innocent waif, Anthony Quinn the brutal strong man, Richard Basehart the artist-clown. (It is unusual to remember the names of characters in movies, but Quinn's Zampano is hard to forget.) In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 26-27.)

Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams—Dun-colored earnestness about a middle-aged Manhattan housewife's coldness and unfulfillment and regrets; Joanne Woodward is less lively than in her other suffering-women roles. The screenwriter, Stewart Stern, following the structure of "Wild Strawberries," tries to equate the American woman's supposed incapacity for love with the whole American screwup of recent years but never shows the connection. Gilbert Cates directed. (8th St. Playhouse, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting Dec. 21.)

The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe—French burlesque, inky-shadowed and funny, about an unlistenable-to musician (Pierre Richard) with hectic hair suggesting Colette's. The hero is in the middle of a farce about a mini-rivalry between an intelligence chief and his deputy. Written by Yves Robert and Francis Véber, directed by M. Robert. Recommended for true quixotry. In French. (Cinema II.)

A Touch of Class—Directed by Melvin Frank, written by Mr. Frank and Jack Rose. Glenda Jackson is a young divorced English dress designer with a wit that flickers like an ant-eater's tongue and a capacity to be wounded that the film's muddled throwback to forties love-comedies doesn't manage to transmit. George Segal, showing a matching gift for sophisticated comedy, plays a flappy American. Mild, muddled fun. (St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, and Regency; starting Dec. 26.)

The Twelve Chairs (1970)—Mel Brooks shows his affection for the innocent nuttiness of earlier periods of comedy in this story about three men (Frank Langella, Dom DeLuise, Ron Moody) searching for a fortune hidden in a chair, but the whole enterprise is rather forlorn. Not bad, really—just so-so. (St. Marks Cinema; Dec. 23-25.)

The Virgin and the Gypsy (1970)—Maurice Denham is an Anglican vicar with a taste for depressing hymns; he sends one of his virgin daughters (Joanna Shimkus) into the arms of a gypsy (Franco Nero). Christopher Miles' movie is intelligent, a bit studied, true to D. H. Lawrence. (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 25.)

The Way We Were—Barbra Streisand plays a frizzy-haired Communist who's always sure she's right, and Robert Redford is a straw-haired jock from Virginia who wants to have a good time. The picture has some atrocious sequences set in Hollywood during the blacklisting troubles, but the romantic star chemistry of Streisand and Redford turns a half-terrible movie into hit entertainment—maybe even memorable entertainment. Sydney Pollack directed; from Arthur Laurents' novel. (Paramount, and New Yorker; starting Dec. 21.)

Westworld—Michael Crichton wrote and directed this sci-fi movie; it's set in Delos, a Disneyland for adults, where vacationers can play out their movie-fed fantasies by living in total environments that simulate past ages—ancient Rome, the medieval world, or the west of the eighteen-eighties. Computer-programmed humanoids satisfy the guests' vanity and lust and aggression. The idea is ingenious, and the film might have been marvellous; it isn't (the movie has the skimped TV-movie look of a too-tight budget), but it's moderately entertaining, and the leads (Richard Benjamin and Yul Brynner) are far superior to the actors in the usual sci-fi films. With James Brolin. (Juliet 2; through Dec. 20. . . . ¶ East 59th Street I, and East 59th Street II; through Dec. 24.)

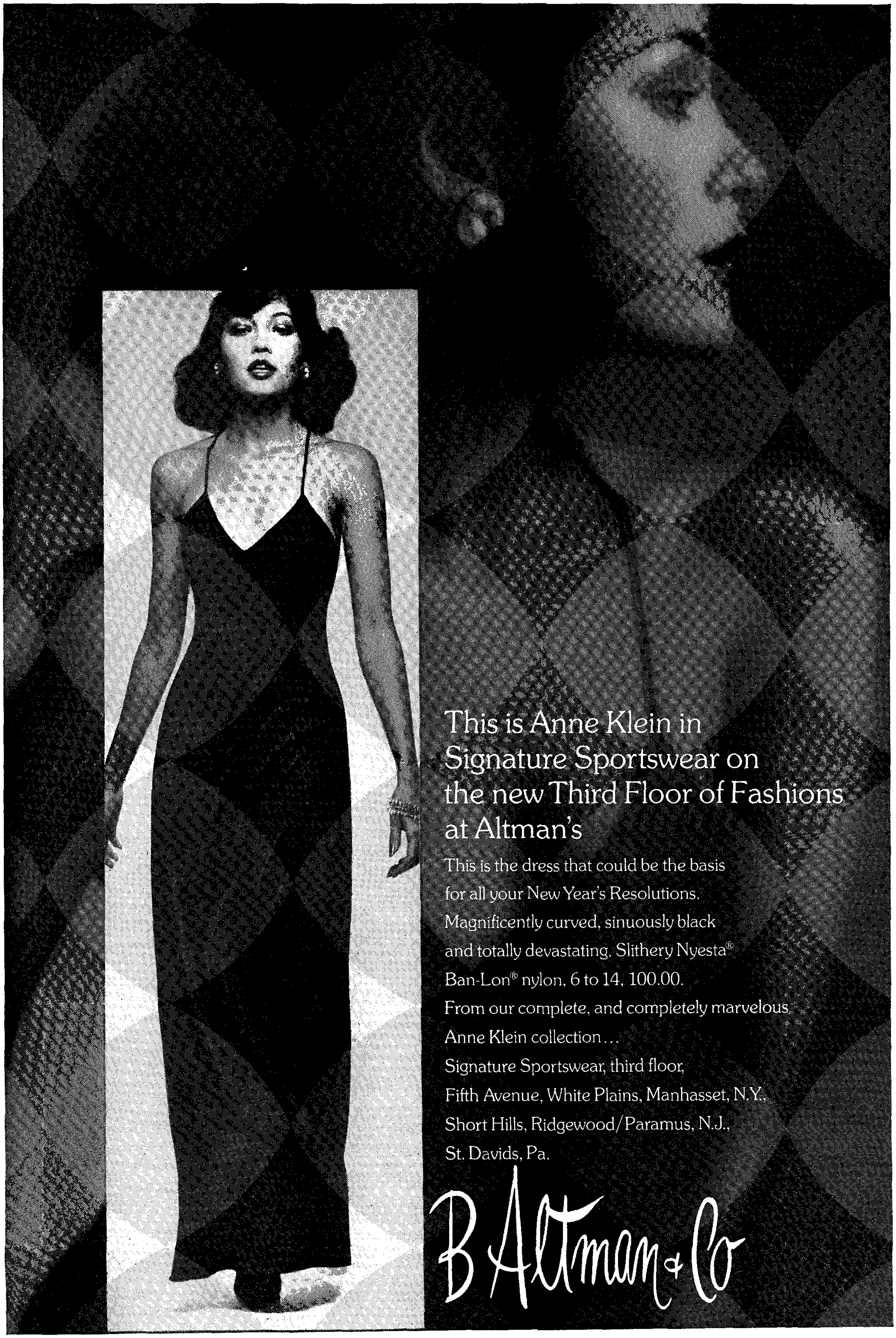
White Heat (1949)—This Freudian gangster picture, directed by Raoul Walsh, is reputed to be a masterpiece that was not sufficiently appreciated in its time; actually, its naïveté and obviousness were too glaring in 1949. Though it's fun to see tough-guy James Cagney sitting on the lap of his mother (Margaret Wycherly), the picture is so primitive it seems much older than it is. With Virginia Mayo, Edmond O'Brien, Steve Cochran, and Fred Clark. (Quad Cinema 2; Dec. 25-27.)

Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory (1971)—A fantasy with music for children that never finds an appropriate style; it's stilted and frenetic, like Prussians at play. With Gene Wilder and Jack Albertson, directed by Mel Stuart; from the Roald Dahl story. (Guild; starting Dec. 21.)

Woodstock (1970)—Michael Wadleigh's three-hour account of the Woodstock Festival, with half a million good-humored kids up there on screen. Wadleigh has a kind eye and an exuberant style; the triple-image editing is particularly effective on such groups as The Who. Jimi Hendrix makes "The Star-Spangled Banner" sound like an air raid. (Paramount; through Dec. 20.)

You'll Never Get Rich (1941)—Fred Astaire gets pressed into the military at a wretched time for getting his girl, but the show he's doing still goes on, and he manages to nab Rita Hayworth as well. Cole Porter songs. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Dec. 25.)

You Were Never Lovelier (1942)—Fred Astaire, Rita Hayworth—with Astaire pursuing her by the route of her matchmaking father, who is played by Adolphe Menjou. Quite endearing punk, with tunes including "You Were Never Lovelier" itself, "Dearly Beloved," and "I'm Old-Fashioned." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Dec. 25.)



This is Anne Klein in Signature Sportswear on the new Third Floor of Fashions at Altman's

This is the dress that could be the basis
for all your New Year's Resolutions.
Magnificently curved, sinuously black
and totally devastating. Slithery Nyesta®
Ban-Lon® nylon, 6 to 14, 100.00.
From our complete, and completely marvelous
Anne Klein collection...
Signature Sportswear, third floor,
Fifth Avenue, White Plains, Manhasset, N.Y.,
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B Altman & Co

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE'VE just received the following letter from a friend:

I was standing in line at the bank (Chase Manhattan Fourteenth Street) last Friday, and I happened to notice the amount of the check the short Puerto Rican woman in front of me was cashing: $84.06. I looked away very quickly, but the check was yellow and I noticed that there were a lot of white and black and Puerto Rican women in line holding in their hands the same yellow paycheck. And I thought, $84.06, that's not much for a week's work. Then I tried to remember what the federal minimum wage was, and remembered, and tried to multiply $1.60 by forty hours and got it wrong, and more women were coming into the bank now with these yellow checks in their hands (it was lunchtime), and I began running down the purchasing power of $84.06. It's a single session with a $50-an-hour analyst, with $34.06 left over for coffee, cakes, and the rent. And a lady I know has informed me that her pantyhose cost $2.50 the pair, and a kennel owner I know has offered me a purebred Rhodesian Ridgeback for $350, and you can buy a Pontiac Firebird for $4,385. And a house in the country . . .

But you can get a pretty good tennis racquet for $84.06, and all of a sudden I flashed on a scene in which all these ladies, white, black, and Puerto Rican, were zipping into Abercrombie's or somewhere and lashing out their $84.06s for brand-new tennis racquets. And for a minute, there in the bank line, every yellow check became in my mind a good-quality tennis racquet, all these ladies were waving good-quality tennis racquets, and what else was there to do with these tennis racquets but *beat me to death with them?* What if the Revolution occurred to all these women simultaneously? What if they put it together, figured it out, got hold of the real numbers, all at once, and then, armed with their death-dealing Bancrofts or Wilsons, and me armed only with a little card that says I'm a member of the A.C.L.U., came after me? Because my check wasn't yellow and it wasn't for $84.06, and although I am for the Revolution in principle I haven't done much about it lately in a practical way. So in order not to think about this distressing situation I thought about the palace.

The palace is quite a wonderful place, full of Eames chairs and Barcelona chairs and Pollock paintings and David Smith sculptures and other high-class cultural grid coördinates. The palace was partly designed by Breuer, but then Mies came over one day while the thing was still a-building and said something about how wouldn't it be nice if the travertine that covers the west wall ran *this* way instead of *that* way (waving his hands in the air, which is how architects do their thinking), and Breuer, who is the most modest of men, said, "Mies, just for fun, why don't *you* do part of it and *I'll* do part of it and we'll see what happens." Well, Mies liked to play, too, so he agreed, and then when Corbu visited the site *he* wanted to get in on it, and, in fact, the entire east wing is Corbu's. And then Nervi and Aalto and Neutra and Saarinen and Louis Kahn and all sorts of other people, all geniuses, got interested, contributed bits, ideas, little pieces, because none of them had ever done a palace before—I mean a real, honest-to-God palace, as opposed to a corporate headquarters. The king came out to the site every day wearing a blue hardhat and was just beside himself. I have never seen a king, even a limited constitutional monarch, take so much pleasure in anything. The wonderful part was that the whole place *worked,* it came together beautifully, none of the architects tried to upstage each other—the palace appears to be the product of a single hand. Kahn's dark-red brick towers look amazing and lovely against Mies' exposed steel (in this case, Cor-Ten, which rusts to a handsome reddish brown, rather than his usual black-painted steel—just one instance of the courtesy and tact and sweetness that prevailed). Aalto used dark woods instead of light, Le Corbusier did not insist on pilotis, and everyone wondered what Wright would have done if he had been around to participate, and Venturi jumped up and down and clapped his hands in glee and sent a telegram to Paolo Soleri, out there in the desert, and ordered forty dozen wind bells and wondered telegraphically if Soleri would be interested in doing the grand ballroom. Soleri was enchanted with the idea of doing a grand ballroom, and the next day the model arrived by air express, together with a blueprint forty feet long and so splendid in conception that everybody agreed it gave new meaning to the words "grand" and "ballroom." And the throne room, done by Simon Rodia, who did the Watts Towers, is as gaudy as Gaudí, and the royal kitchens, by Edward Durell Stone, make you want to get in there and cook your heart out.

The royal tennis courts extend for miles in every direction—grass courts set in glades and dells (each glade and dell the work of a great-grandson of Frederick Law Olmsted himself), and I suddenly shouted, right out loud, there in line at Chase Manhattan Fourteenth Street, "Tennis, everyone?" And everyone shouted back, "Yes, yes, *tennis!*" And we all set out, the white

"Dinner Friday at the Smiths', in the Hamptons. They're O.K. on heating oil. How are we on gas?"

and black and Puerto Rican women with their tennis racquets, and the clerks and tellers, too, with their racquets, and even the bank officers, in their dark suits, with their racquets, in a long straggle, or friendly mob, in the direction of the palace. The palace exists; we have only to get there—that is, walk hard enough. Peace on earth and good will toward men are beautiful ideas but insufficient—action is required. Turn left at the corner of Broadway and Thirty-third Street.

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DURING the 1964 Presidential primary campaign in New Hampshire, Nelson Rockefeller tried to appeal to voters by rushing up to them, thrusting out his hand, and crying "Hi! I'm Nelse Rockefeller!" Finally, one of his aides pointed out to him that Yankees seemed to recoil from such a bold approach, and suggested that the Governor might campaign in a quieter style to better effect. Rockefeller turned to the man and demanded, "What do you want me to do, change my personality?" The Governor's resignation has led just about everyone to conclude that he is again, or still, running for President. And, according to reports, his campaign style still reflects his ebullient personality. What is different about him now is something far more elemental—his view of man and society, which he has recently altered to fit the standard conservative form. A few weeks ago, one of his aides was quoted as saying that the Governor, in his repeated quests for the Presidency, had tried the liberal way without success, and that now he is "going to try it our way." That way—it is clear from the Governor's latest political speeches, which are sprinkled with lines like "Get the cheats and chisellers off the taxpayer's back"—is designed to win the conservative and reactionary support that he always lacked in the past. Presumably, he has concluded that he needs this support if he is to become President. And if anything is clear about Nelson Rockefeller it is that he wants to be President.

In a way, it is fitting that Rockefeller has resigned as governor, for he no longer resembles the man—compassionate, farsighted, concerned, and ready to stand up to personal abuse to defend his beliefs—whom the people of New York elected four times to serve them. The question is: What does Mr. Rockefeller resemble now? And the answer seems to be that he resembles a shadow, the persistent ghost of a man who would not give up his dream at any cost. The spectacle is depressing—in part because Rockefeller is essentially an honorable man, and, more important, because it shows that one of the nation's few promising leaders hasn't learned anything from the sad and humiliating events of the past year. In the course of wooing his party's right wing, he has refrained from criticizing President Nixon, and even from expressing any opinion on the sickening tale known as Watergate. And while Rockefeller's silence does not mean that he endorses what happened, neither does it mean that he appreciates the compelling need to revive America's faith in itself, and to do that not through the public-relations creation of a new "image" but through a modest regard for the truth. By prostrating himself before the same people who booed him and hooted at him and tried to force him off the podium at the Republican National Convention in 1964, he has, in effect, said to them, "You were right." And by seeking their support he has implicitly allied himself with them in the view that Watergate is merely an observable manifestation of what is ordinarily concealed in political life. Of course, before one can become President one has to get nominated, and apparently Rockefeller has concluded that the Republican nomination—indeed, the Republican Party today—lies in the hands of the right wing. Every candidate for every public office in the land, including the Presidency, has to decide, first, how far he will go to get nominated and, second, how far he will go to get elected. Mr. Nixon was prepared to do anything to be nominated, elected, and reëlected to the Presidency, and he ended up with Watergate. Mr. Rockefeller's repudiation of all that he has stood for during a lifetime of high public service suggests that he is willing to go pretty far to reach his goal. To be sure, nothing about the Governor suggests that he is in any way corrupt. A principal lesson of Watergate, however, is that there is no greater menace to the Republic than a man who wants above all else to be President.

Mr. Rockefeller was a good governor, and, given the right circumstances, he would probably be a good President. Those circumstances depend largely on the course he follows in the next couple of years. As he puts Albany behind him and devotes his attention, on the one hand, to telling those at Party dinners and rallies across the country what they want to hear and, on the other hand, to his duties as chairman of the National Commission on Critical Choices for America, perhaps he will come to see that the most critical choice America faces is the one he faces—the choice between political expediency and honest leadership.

Addict

WE talked with Anne Zoltan last week about hamburgers. Anne Zoltan is a Hungarian-Australian novelist who has written a novel called "Annie," a terrifically funny and intelligent and well-written book that is about the sexual experiences of a young woman and is also about a search for pure light and about several tortuous forms of human silliness. Undescribable book, really. Uncategorizable. Miss Zoltan is a hamburger addict.

"The first hamburger I ate in my whole life," said Miss Zoltan, who is a very attractive woman, "was a Big Mac a few weeks ago in Menlo Park, California. My publishers bring me to this country. So we are driving to the Stanford Research Institute and it is late and I am hungry, and someone says, 'We could always have a Big Mac.' What is? It is *fantastic*. I have never experienced before the absolutely perfect comforting food. The teeth sink right through. There is the edge of oiliness, but not too much, the great mixture of tastes of relishes and Secret Sauce. I'm sure it's Secret Sauce, because something this good is always made with Secret Sauce. Only in America! You Americans have nice appetites—you don't feel puritanical about food, you must have haste and yet be satisfied. Result: the hamburger. It is like childhood food. It is like ice cream in the middle of the meal. I have a theory. Someone should get a cart and sell the tastes of childhood in little jars. A cart like that would do very well.

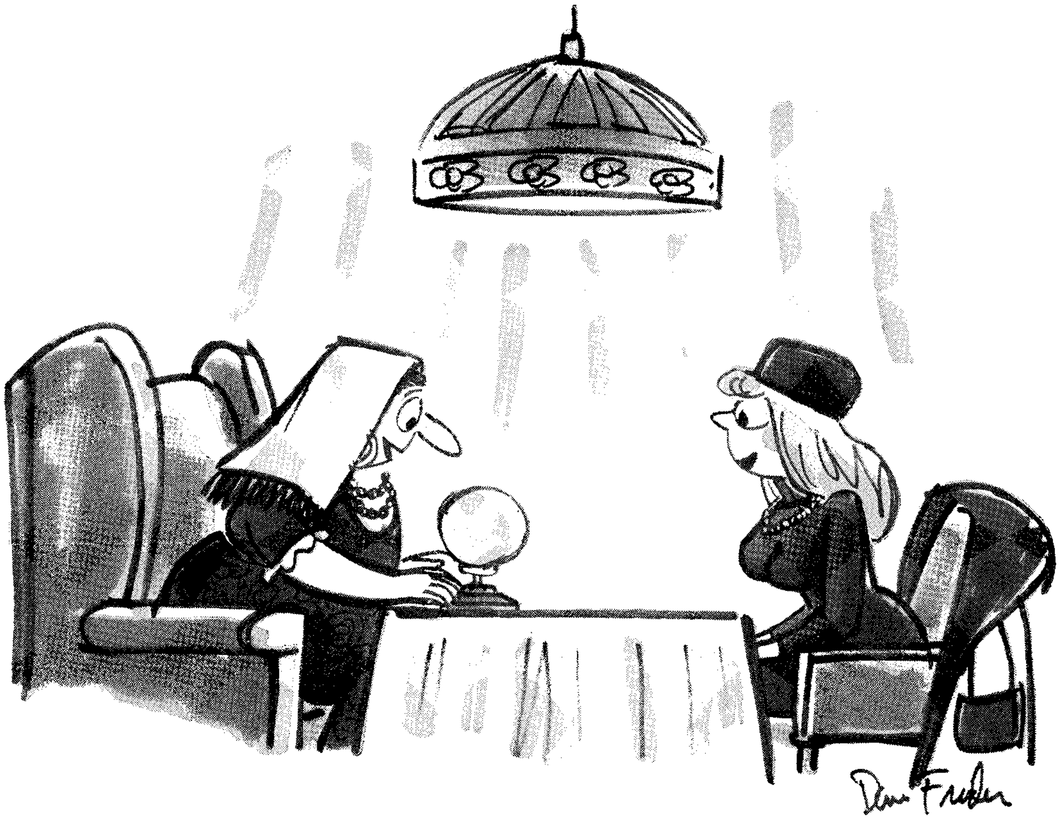
"So, I'm hooked. Once you start eating hamburgers, you can't draw back. We drove all over California, and I averaged two and one-half every day. At least. I can say the Jumbo Jack at Jack-in-the-Box and the hamburgers at A. & W. are also pretty good, but these lack the same addictive quality. Maybe I'm imprinted on the Big Mac, because it's the first one I had. At the A. & W., I was unable to finish the third hamburger ordered for me. My publishers were very distressed. Then I confessed. I had gone out very early in the morning and had hamburger."

Inventive

THERE was a Non-Inventive party at the Metropolitan Museum last week to celebrate the opening of a show at the Costume Institute involving Inventive Clothes. We went. The party came in two sections—"Dinner" and "After Dinner"—and we went to both. "Dinner" was especially Non-Inventive. Vast numbers of trustees (trustees, certainly, of the Metropolitan Museum, but probably of other places, too) were in attendance. We found one person who was wearing some Inventive Clothes. She was a very pretty Venezuelan girl in a leather hat. She was looking at a big Christmas tree in the Medieval Sculpture Hall, which is where people attending Dinner first gathered. The very pretty girl said that her name was Laura Alvarez, that she had just arrived in New York from Paris, where she had been living, and that she admired the Christmas tree very much. "Everything in America is perfect," she said. "They are technics here. Japan is working on it, but in America everything is perfect."

At Dinner itself (that is, over some actual food), we talked with Mrs. Henry Parish, the interior decorator. She told us that business in the interior-decorating line was good. "I know there's a slump, you know there's a slump, but *they* don't know there's a slump," she said.

After Dinner, we looked at the show. It was extraordinarily well done. There were clothes from 1909 to 1939, by Poiret, Callot Sœurs, Vionnet, Chanel, and Schiaparelli, displayed on remarkable mannequins that were, variously, black, shiny white, and silver. All the mannequins were contorted in Inventive ways, and many had strange stockings pulled over their faces. The clothes had a sense of intelligent artifice, and impeccable craftsmanship, and, from time to time (in a Schiaparelli design using a sketch of Cocteau's, for example), a sense of humor. We ran into a friend of ours, a girl with frizzled hair, who looked fine (and almost Inventive) in a dress by Halston, and



"You're going to meet a shortish, stockyish, but attractive man. Goodness, it's Henry Kissinger!"

went around the show with her. "Do you get the idea," the girl with the frizzled hair said, "that there might be a better way to do it than to be poor in 1973? I mean that *rich* in 1923 would have been more like it?" Our friend looked intently at a sequinned dinner-theatre ensemble by Chanel, from 1926. "I like the sequinned ones," she said. "What did sequins use to be made of, I wonder. Sequins now are made of plastic. I always like the sequinned numbers. Sequins can be quite sexy, if you know what I mean." Our friend looked at one of the mannequins that had a stocking pulled over its head. "It's clever what they've done with the heads," she said. "It's *sick*, I grant you that, but it's clever."

We talked with Diana Vreeland, the distinguished woman who put the show together. She spoke with considerable enthusiasm of the cut of a dress by Vionnet. "Cut on the bias, of course," Mrs. Vreeland said. "She knew how to do it perfectly. It hangs on the body to perfection and there isn't a single seam."

Depravity

MORE clothes design. Limousine-loads of famous Hollywood stars turned up for the opening of a new night club, the Blue Angel, the other evening. Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward, Dyan Cannon, Richard Benjamin, Paula Prentiss, and Anthony Perkins all sat at one table, along with Berry Berenson, who recently became Mrs. Perkins, and Rex Reed, the journalist, who, if not precisely a star, is at least an interstellar gas particle. Elliott Gould and Jennifer O'Neill sat at other tables, as did such quasi-stars as Earl Wilson, the B'way columnist; Andy Warhol, the art manufacturer; Robert F. Wagner, the statesman; and Patricia Lawford, the Kennedy. They and about a gross of other people were there because they had been invited by their close personal friend Donald Brooks, the clothes designer, and because they had been promised that the entertainment would be "elegantly depraved."

The Blue Angel is on East Fifty-fourth Street, in the room formerly occupied by the Casino Russe. The Blue Angel is named after an infinitely superior club that operated a block uptown between 1942 and 1964 and that was itself named after a movie. Heavy borrowing also characterized the show that the Hollywood stars and the other friends of Mr. Brooks saw at the new Blue Angel. The show is called "Zou," a made-up French word that translates roughly as "ka-razee." It was directed by Peter Jackson, who also directed the version of "Zou" that has been scandalizing *tout Paris* for four years at the Alcazar. Mostly, the members of the cast pose as famous women, such as Marlene Dietrich, Maria Callas, Marilyn Monroe, and Mae West. They wear elaborate costumes or, less often, skimpy costumes. Sometimes they sing, but usually they just move their lips while a record of the woman whom they are imitating is played over an amplification system. Some of the members of the cast are women and others are merely female impersonators. From the success of "Zou" in Paris, one must conclude that large numbers of French people find the sight of a very stout man wearing a wig and a dress and mouthing the words of a Shirley Temple song to be somehow interesting or amusing.

The basic problem seems to be a depravity gap between Paris and New York. Evidence has been accumulating for some time that Parisian wickedness is not what it used to be, particularly in comparison to New York wickedness. In Paris, it would seem, a man who dresses as a woman is still something of a *choquérou*. In New York, men who dress as women have organized themselves into pressure groups, like taxi-drivers, and candidates for the City Council solicit their votes.

"Zou" ended with a spirited version of the cancan. The cancan, like the Dreyfus Affair, has over the years lost much of its ability to excite the stronger passions. When the show was over and the houselights came up, it became evident to everyone in the room that Paul Newman and everyone else at his table had left some time before.

Mice

THE New York City Ballet strike ended just in time for the company to start rehearsals for the twentieth annual production of "The Nutcracker." That's the ballet that everyone takes kids to at Christmastime. We dropped by the State Theatre on the first afternoon of rehearsals. Someone handed us a list of the rehearsals in progress. It said:

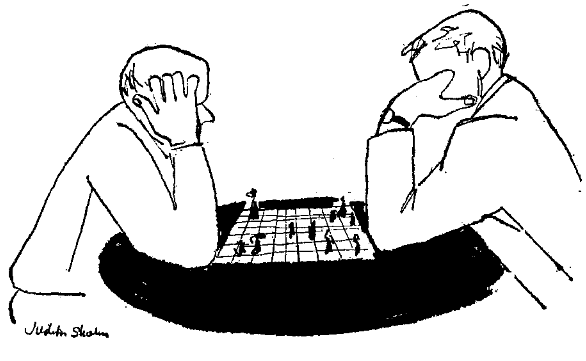
12:15-2:00	Snow
2:00-3:00	Spanish
3:00-4:30	Mice
4:00-6:00	Flowers

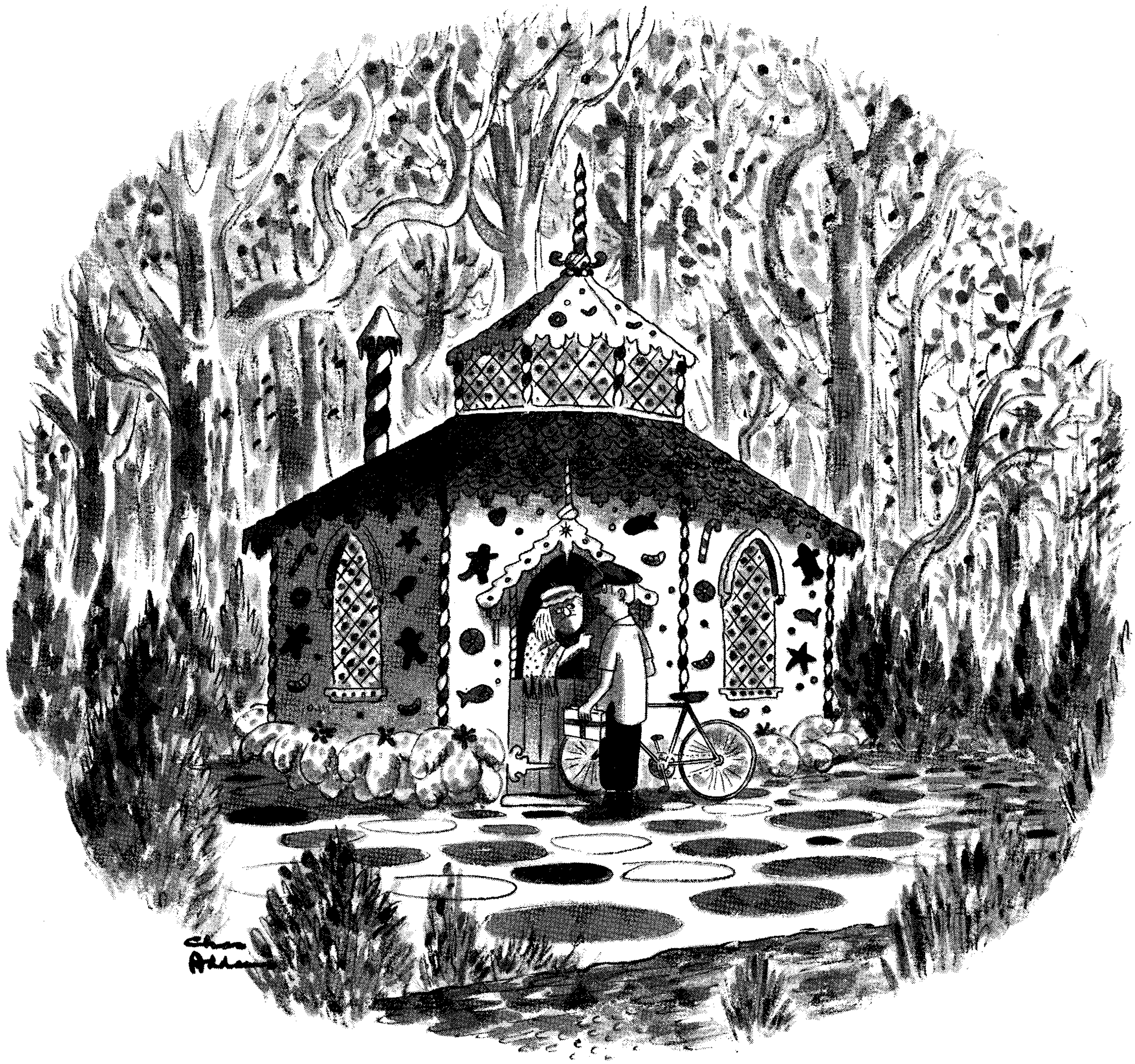
We opted for mice, which turned out to be a battle between big mice played by men and toy soldiers played by little girls. The soldiers had been rehearsing for weeks and marched around with precision. The mice stood in a clump. They held up their hands in a pawlike way and looked embarrassed. A group of soldiers dropped to the floor and pretended to shoot some mice. "Now, who's going to get hit?" asked the rehearsal coach. "How about Danny?" The coach dragged a reluctant youth to the center of the room and showed him how to fall over and be a wounded mouse with his legs in the air. The scene ended with the mice overpowering the soldiers and carrying them away. The soldiers giggled as they got hauled off. And afterward one mouse said, "I don't mind the rehearsals. But when we run around fast I'm always afraid I'm going to trip over that miserable tail."

Bear

RIGHT after the mouse triumph, we walked two blocks north to Juilliard, where the Juilliard American Opera Center was rehearsing "The Bartered Bride," the delightful old comic opera from Czechoslovakia by Bedřich Smetana. The conductor, Peter Herman Adler, is a man who loves comic operas and is currently producing two new ones for N.E.T.—"Rachel, la Cubana," by Hans Werner Henze, and "Queenie Pie," by Duke Ellington. We found him shouting at a chorus of Juilliard students who were playing Bohemian peasants having a good time in front of a rustic inn called U Medvěda (At the Bear). "No wooden Indians," said Mr. Adler. "Everybody look enthusiastic!"

Rhoda Levine, the stage director, dashed onstage to straighten things out. "*First* you see the guy who's playing the bear run away from the circus," she told the chorus. "*Then* you see the wedding





"*Western Union. Candygram.*"

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ceremony and forget the bear, because you're going to have a party. *Then* you kneel and give thanks to God on high, and *at the very end* you throw flowers and confetti. Flower people, throw *after* you get up from the kneel."

Cometose

> Astronomers said . . . that its brilliance was much less than had been expected. —*Report in the Times on the first sighting of the comet Kohoutek at the Valongo Observatory, Rio de Janeiro.*

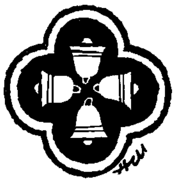
ANOTHER party. Two hundred and fifty souls went to a party at the South Street Seaport at 5 A.M. on Sunday, December 9th, to look at the comet Kohoutek. This was odd, because (1) rain and fog blanketed the metropolitan area at that moment, and (2) the comet Kohoutek was not visible to the naked eye in New York on that date. The previous morning, when the sky was only overcast, three thousand people had turned up for a similar party at the Seaport.

The Sunday party was this kind of party: It was held in a room on a Seaport ferryboat called the Robert Fulton. The room is painted white and has two stories of casement windows and a checked-linoleum floor and leafless trees in pots hung with tinsel. A floating lobby. Coffee, Drake's Coffee Cakes, Manhattan clam chowder, and comet-Kohoutek T-shirts were for sale. Dr. Kenneth Franklin, of the Hayden Planetarium, said that on the sixth of January Kohoutek, Venus, and Jupiter will all be very close together in the evening sky. A singer named Miss Dorothea Joyce sang a song called "The Comet Song." Dr. Franklin said that Kohoutek will return in about a hundred thousand years. A fat woman in a fur coat with a musical note in silver pinned to it said to us, "I called up Information this morning to get the number of the Seaport, and the operator said to me, 'What the hell's going on down there? Everybody's been calling up for that number since 2 A.M.' "

READY, AIM, FLEE!

TO the best of my recollection, which is porous, I think I originally met the firebrand Mark Silver in connection with a yeasty publication named *Mickey Finn*, which a handful of idealists projected back in 1927 in the Village. In those days, it was almost impossible for people wielding brush or pen to forgather down there without founding a magazine, and this one was evolved by a group of us who customarily ate in a restaurant opposite the Jefferson Market Courthouse. By and large, we were an unprosperous lot, barely managing to scrape along on contributions to *Life*, *Judge*, and *College Humor*, and the prospect of having our own forum—an American version of *Simplicissimus*, as we conceived it, where we could discharge our bile at the Establishment—excited us. The immediate task, we agreed, was to enlist a few more kindred spirits in the enterprise, and we busily set about inviting whatever talent we could recruit to a meeting at which the style and purpose of *Mickey Finn* would be clarified.

Of the dozen folk who showed up at the meeting, at least half were unashamedly, aggressively political—writers and artists whose work appeared in *The New Masses*, the *Daily Worker*, and the *Freiheit*—and they formed a very cohesive body. While the rest of us were bombinating away, proclaiming that the journal would tilt at social pretense, greed, and hypocrisy, they listened woodenly, now and again exchanging contemptuous smiles. Then one of their number, a shock-headed, pugnacious character who introduced himself as Mark Silver, the *Daily Worker* columnist, spoke up. The evils we deplored were piffling; our real target, he announced, would have to be the capitalist system. Into the hush that followed there intruded the sound of hackles rising. So the Brillo boys figured to turn our sheet into a propaganda organ, did they? The battle lines were drawn, and we smote them hip and thigh. The dispute became really acrimonious when the choice of an editor was broached.



"Who needs an editor?" Silver asked derisively. "Pin the cartoons and articles on the wall and let the majority decide which ones to print. That's the democratic way."

The hubbub this evoked had hardly subsided when a nattily dressed stranger arrived at the meeting. An advertising executive who had offered to promote backing for the venture, he was en route to the opera and was wearing a dinner jacket. The effect of his garb on the radical splinter group was volcanic. Its members rose to their feet outraged, surveyed him disgustedly, and stalked out. The advertising man, obviously appraising us as a bunch of losers, shrugged and followed suit. That sealed the fate of *Mickey Finn*.

OVER the next couple of years, I saw occasional mention of Mark Silver in the press—once concerning an agitprop play he had written that had a brief run, and again as author of a novel dealing with the plight of immigrants on the lower East Side. The book proved a best-seller, enabling him, according to an interview I read, to buy a chicken farm somewhere in Pennsylvania. I suppose it was petty of me, but I conjured up a vision of ten thousand Rhode Island Reds, in Russian smocks, pinning their eggs on the wall so that they might democratically choose those to be sent to market. In any case, I didn't give it very much thought, and I certainly never dreamed that my future would be intertwined with Mark Silver's.

I was quite mistaken. Late in the autumn of 1932, my wife and I were living in a so-called club hotel in the East Fifties managed by her brother, Nathanael West, then an aspiring novelist, who had turned the place into a sort of Fort Zinderneuf, a refuge for writers from the rigors of the Depression. At one time, so many literati were domiciled there on his largesse that the lobby took on the aspect of Yaddo or a book-and-author luncheon. For example, burly pipe-smoking poets with thick orange neckties—nobody has ever ascertained why poets affect cravats with the texture of caterpillars—stood around swapping metres; the girl at the newsstand, if asked for the sports final, was likely to gaze at you unseeingly and reply with a quatrain from Emily Dickinson. One evening, as I was descending in the elevator, the operator halted the car between floors and swung around with a determined gleam in his eye. I thought he was about to glom my wallet, but when he spoke it was in the rich Stanislavskian cadences of a Group Theatre actor. "Excuse me, sir," he said deferentially. "The housekeeper told me you wrote something for Broadway or Hollywood, I forget which. I'm scripting a play, too—on a Biblical theme—but I got stuck in the second act, in the obligatory scene. Could you recommend a good book on construction, or would you advise me to go back to the Bible?"

I advised him, and thereafter used the stairs. To return to Mark Silver, however, it was during this period that I began to detect glowing references in my brother-in-law's speech to Bucks County, Pennsylvania, where he had recently spent several weekends. His eclogues on its Arcadian peace, its flora and fauna, and its architecture verged on rhapsody, and inevitably it developed that he had seen a wonderful buy—an eighty-three-acre farm embodying all these features. This was, it turned out, the farm Mark Silver had bought, apparently as a homestead for an indigent brother and his family, who strove to raise chickens there with signal unsuccess; and now, to compound his troubles, Silver was enmeshed with a tigress in New York who was threatening a breach-of-promise suit. To help him escape to Mexico, which he deemed the ideal expedient, he was willing to sell the property for a token down payment and illimitable easy installments. In West's view, it was the biggest steal since the theft of the Mona Lisa from the Louvre.

The house was uninhabited and in rather sorry condition when my wife and I inspected it a few days later; judging from the pots on the stove and cutlery encrusted with verdigris, Silver's kinsfolk had departed as abruptly as the crew of the Mary Celeste. Also, a tour of the outbuildings disclosed that the family, after the poultry debacle, had turned their hand to carpentry. Dozens of modernistic plywood bookcases, smeared with bronze radiator paint and weird tropical colors, stood piled in the sheds. Long after we acquired the place, as we seemed destined to, these monstrosities harassed me; whenever I tried to chop them up for kindling, the springy wood repelled the axe and perforated me with splinters. I eventually made a gigantic bonfire of them, nearly burning down the barn in the process.

Throughout our first year of ownership, we often pondered the mystery of the Silvers' precipitate flight without reaching a solution. Then we began to hear tantalizing rumors about some drama that had occurred on the farm—some near-fatal episode involving Mark Silver and a famous New York playwright. Nobody was sure of the details—who the playwright was or exactly what had happened—but there had been gunplay, it was said, and the real facts had been hushed up. Ultimately, I managed to piece the story together, and though the principals never revealed it in their lifetime (and could hardly do so afterward, save on the Ouija board), the truth can at last be told.

THE affair commenced one Sunday morning as a real-estate agent named Mrs. Grundig was piloting Mr. and Mrs. George S. Kaufman up the Delaware Valley to show them a couple of farm properties. It had taken considerable persuasion for Kaufman, a stubborn city dweller, to agree to the junket; as they rode along, he accused his wife, Beatrice, of suffering from a milkmaid complex like Marie Antoinette's, adding that he loathed the out-of-doors, that rural living was full of pitfalls, and that nobody had ever incurred a hernia lifting a sandwich in Reuben's. His wife, however, was enraptured with the countryside. The greenery worked on her like adrenalin, and the farther they progressed into the bush the more ecstatic she became, until Kaufman, despite himself, began to thaw. He surreptitiously took a deep breath, and, to his surprise, the fresh air did not produce the convulsions he had expected.

Meanwhile, up at the Silver farm in the rolling hills beyond Erwinna, a curious demonstration was going on in the yard. To an audience composed of his brother, his sister-in-law, and their five children, Mark Silver, a man who could not open an umbrella without puncturing someone's lung, was explaining the intricacies of handling a shotgun. Why he was doing so is inexplicable. The class war he was constantly ululating about in his column was not that imminent, nor could he have hoped to convert his listeners into Nimrods, rich as the region was in game.

"Now, people," he said, balancing the weapon on his palms, "pay close attention. This is what we call a sixteen-gauge shotgun. Note the double barrels."

"Double barrels," his nieces and nephews dutifully echoed.

"These little iron things sticking up along the barrels," he continued, "are the sights—to help you aim, as you'll see later. But first, the part back here. That's called the breech, and the wooden end, which fits against your shoulder, is the stock. Now, watch what happens." He slid the gun onto his forearm and jerked open the breech. "This is known as 'breaking' the gun. You all understand everything so far?"

"Yes—yes!" the youngsters chorused. "Go on, Uncle Mark!"

At that point, roughly, the car bearing the Kaufmans and Mrs. Grundig was passing through an especially bucolic patch of landscape a quarter of a mile distant from the Silver farm. A turbulent creek, along whose banks several cows peacefully grazed, bisected a meadow edged by fields of ripening grain. Off in the distance stood a quaint covered bridge, a clump of weeping willows, and a hay wain that any fool knew had been designed by Constable. Beatrice Kaufman was spellbound. "Oh, George, have you ever seen anything so divine?" she said.

"Lovely," he said grudgingly. "But it could get pretty lonesome out here. No newspapers, nobody to play cards with. I'm no bird-watcher—"

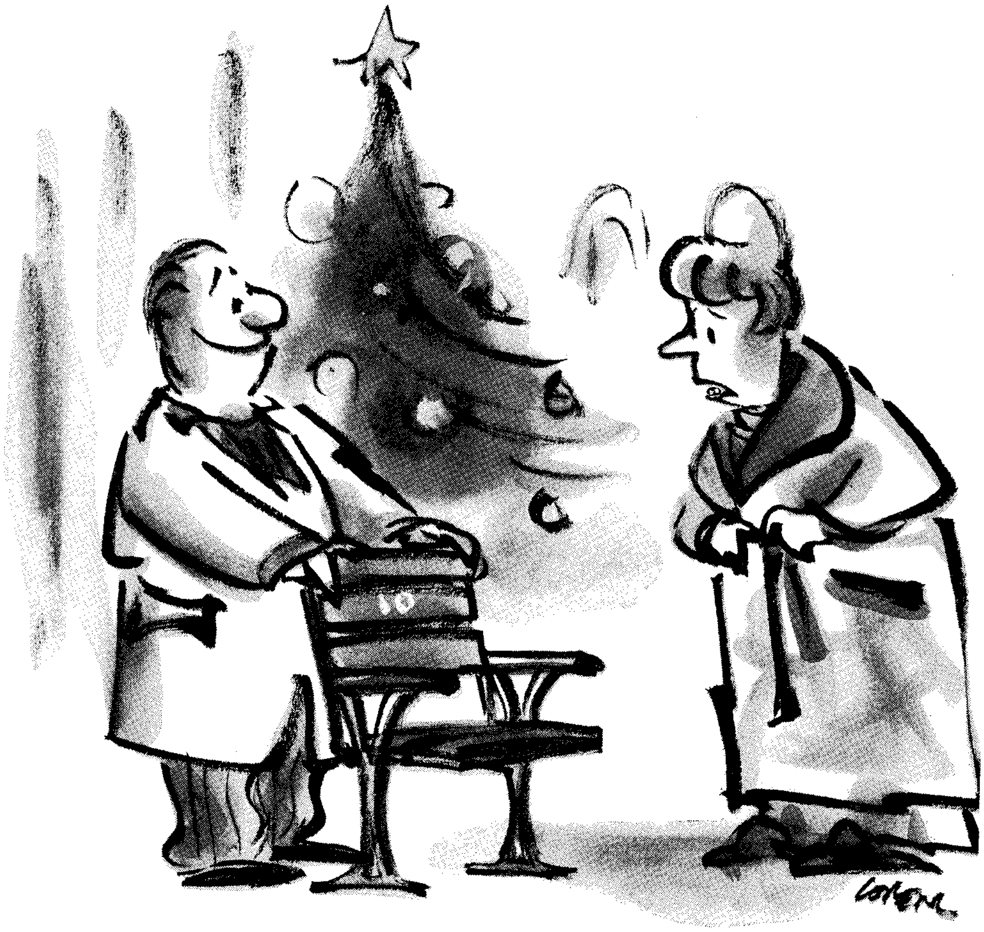
Stuff and nonsense, his wife interrupted crisply. Given such idyllic surroundings, all their intimates would flock down weekends, would rush to acquire homes close by; Moss Hart, she reminded him, was avid for a country retreat near any they might discover. Sensing that Kaufman was starting to capitulate, Mrs. Grundig loosed her sales pitch. The Silver property they were approaching was, admittedly, unimproved. Nevertheless, its potential as a showplace, a gentleman's estate combining privacy and beauty, was unmatched in her experience. Within five minutes, she promised, their dazzled eyes would behold as breathtaking a scene as mortal man had ever looked upon.

Simultaneous with her prediction, the circle of relatives large and small absorbed in Mark Silver's lecture up at the farm watched in awe as he fumbled forth two stubby cardboard cylinders rimmed with brass.

"Now, you know what these are, of course?"

"Bullets!" one of the older boys sang out.

"*Shells*," his uncle corrected. "Shotgun shells. And here," he went on, inserting them into the appropriate chambers, "is where we load them. The next step is to close the breech, like so." He locked the mechanism smartly. "O.K., we're ready for business. I lift up the gun and hold the stock firmly against my shoulder. Remember what I told you about these little irons on the



"That's Christmas '73? A grandstand seat from Yankee Stadium?"

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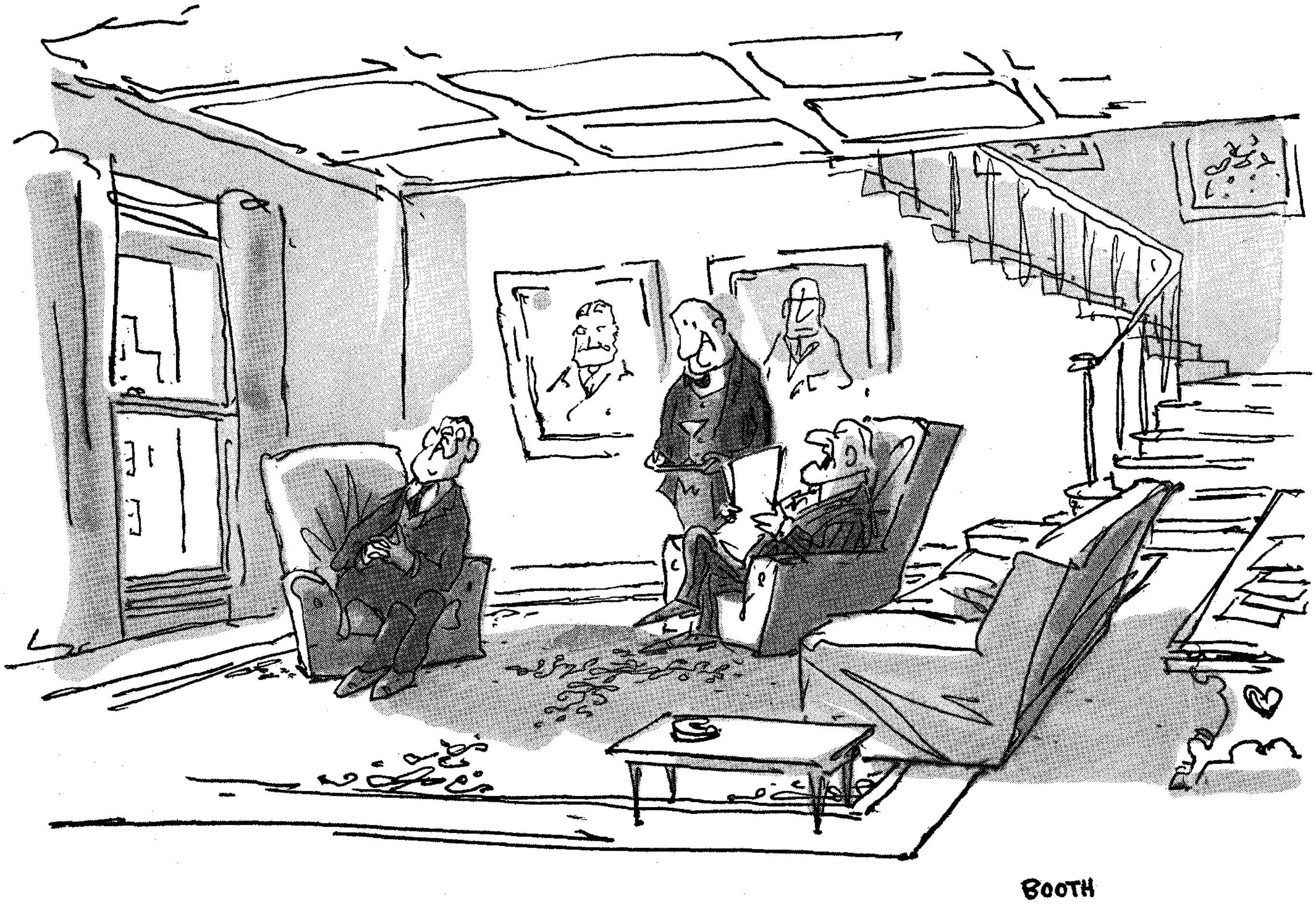

"Claypoole has his up days and he has his down days. Today, he seems to be tipping over."

• •

top here—the sights? The idea is you line them up with whatever you're aiming at." He squinted along the barrels to illustrate, then lowered the weapon. "Before you fire, though, I better explain about this jimjick here, the trigger. A lot of crazy people think that all you do is grab the gun, point it, and pull the trigger—boom! No sirree—there's more to it than that!"

Only the Prince of Darkness himself could have arranged the timing, for, coincidental with these words, Mrs. Grundig's car lurched off the county road into the farm's private lane and began ascending the steep wooded hillside surmounted by the Silvers' fieldstone house. By now, Beatrice Kaufman was well-nigh speechless with delight. This view was just what she had always dreamed of, she exulted—a noble expanse of tilled earth and woodland, sun glinting on faraway barns and silos, and, tying it all together, the ribbon of the majestic Delaware.

"Wait till you see the barn here, Mr. Kaufman," Mrs. Grundig was chattering. "You could turn it into the most beautiful studio."

"I wasn't planning to produce any movies," he countered.

"Then make it into a guesthouse," she advised. "There's room enough for servants' quarters, a six-car garage—even a bowling alley."

Before he could ask where the pinboys would come from, his wife had a question. "Is anyone living here at present, Mrs. Grundig?"

"I'm not sure," said the agent, "but we'll know in a minute. The place is right over this next rise."

Mark Silver again braced the shotgun against the curve of his shoulder, canted its barrels downward, and, raising his voice to make it distinct, issued a final injunction to his kin. "Bear in mind," he stressed, "you don't *pull* the trigger—you squeeze it. A long . . . slow . . . squeeze. Just like this."

Suiting the action to the words, he squeezed. There was an apocalyptic, shattering roar mingled with shrieks of terror as the assemblage scattered. For a moment, a pall of dust and smoke obscured the spot, and when it dispersed, Irving Silver, Mark's brother, lay revealed on the grass. He was clutching his left instep, where the charge had struck it, and was howling inconsolably. Such, then, was the tableau that greeted the Kaufmans as they disembarked, thunderstruck by the explosion: a dishevelled fellow with a shotgun frozen over his recumbent victim, six bystanders of assorted sizes caterwauling in the shrubbery. Hypnotized, they saw Mark Silver slowly react like the great Jewish tragedian Jacob Adler to the enormity of his deed. He emitted a heartrending cry, flung aside the shotgun, and raced up the lawn toward Kaufman, who shrank back ashen-faced at his approach.

"Cain and Abel!" Mark Silver bellowed, smiting his forehead. "Woe is me! I have slain my own brother!"

Swifter than Ford Sterling and his Keystone Cops, the callers leaped back into their car and went hurtling down the lane, hell for leather. How long the Silvers lingered is uncertain, but they let no grass grow under their feet. As for Kaufman, it was donkey's years before he could be induced to revisit Bucks County. "Yes, I know that neck of the woods," he was wont to observe grimly. "I'd stay away from it if I were you. The fratricide is something terrible. It's like a page out of the Old Testament." —S. J. PERELMAN

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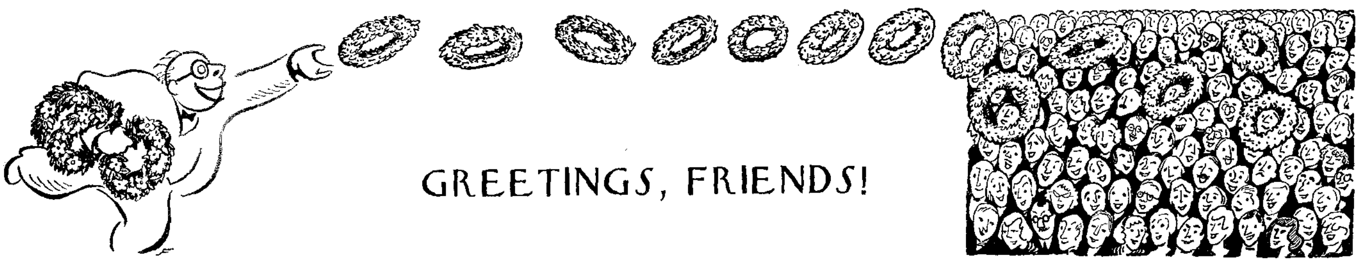
The president of Catamount Ski Area, Inc., in Egremont, Mass. said Monday that financial reorganization of the corporation would in no way affect ski operations, though lack of snow remains a problem.—*Lakeville (Conn.) Journal.*

Only for the faint of heart.



GREETINGS, FRIENDS!

At this point in time (to coin a phrase),
We celebrate the holidays,
Though one might justly wonder what
Could make *these* holidays so hot;
The annal of this gruesome year
Gives no discernible cause for cheer.
Nevertheless, since antique times
We've rung these annual Christmas chimes,
And goodness knows we can't stop now.
So *Slainte! Prosit!* and "Here's how!"
To better days! To hopes that glisten!
To a year that's brighter than this'n!
Come, bid the waits alert their choir;
Hang the stockings by the fire
And fill them with the choice *cadeaux*
We've brought to gladden Ross Perot,
James Geraghty, Kenny Noe,
And the Bridges brothers, Jeff and Beau.
Maestro, kindly strike up the band
For Ellis Larkins and Paul Strand;
Strum the harp for Grace Knowlton,
Gelsey Kirkland, and Guy Bolton,
For John Lindsay and his Mary,
And Shirley Verrett, the famed canary!
We cherish Emerson Fittipaldi
And Abe Beame, our new alcalde;
We give the cymbals a lusty clash
For Andrei Sakharov and Samuel Dash,
And we agitate the glockenspiel
To show our love for Patricia Neal.
These frantic rhymes might well be called a
Yule salute to Alan Alda,
Josephine Premice, Thomas McGuane,
Robyn Smith, and Rita Shane,
And could we include a mild huzzah
For a Hong Kong tycoon named Run Run Shaw?
We grasp the hand, and that right gladly,
Of L.A.'s Mayor Thomas Bradley;
We'll frolic in a get-together
With lissome Sacheen Littlefeather,
And we'll hold a New Year open house
For a valiant lady, Anna Crouse,
The while we yodel a Christmas hymn
For an up-and-coming Crouse named Tim.
Christmas cheer to Titus Chan
From minnesinger Sullivan,
Who then will try to minnesing
For Penny Tweedy and Billie Jean King—
Not forgetting to doff the hat
To Penny's Secretariat!
Let's warble a carol for Senator Weicker,
Senator Mondale, Douglas Kiker,
Bob Woodward, Gordie Howe,
Carl Bernstein, and Angela Mao.
Merry as the storied grig,
We'll join with Mr. Fezziwig
To foot it in a Christmas jig
With John Marcham, Diana Rigg,
Matina Horner, Martin Scorsese,
And Daphne Shih and her daughter Daisy.
We'll celebrate, with fond malarkey,
For Admiral Gene and Lucille Markey,
And tootle on the dudelsack
For the Harrises—Heidi, Jones, and Jack.
An ardent beam from this well-wisher
At Richard Barber, Avery Fisher,
Frederick Wiseman, Simone Beck,
And our Christmas comet, Kohoutek.
New Year blessings on Robert Breer
And Israel's Premier Golda Meir.
Wassail and stuff to Irving Anker,
Sam Shepard, and Albert Shanker,
To Mason Reese, the TV gamin,
And Bette Midler, Idi Amin,
Dorothy Stickney, Redd Foxx,
And that public hero Archibald Cox.
Now bear in mind that we must pick a
Lavish gift for Judge Sirica,
And shower affectionate bouquets
On Henry Aaron and Willie Mays,
On Sam Ervin, the eminent chairman,
John Chancellor, the intrepid airman,
Maurice Sendak, Anaïs Nin,
Robert De Niro, and Mean Joe Greene.
Let the welkin ring hurrah
For Rusty Staub and Tug McGraw!
A benison on Michele Lee,
Bob Cromie, and Frank McGee.
Join our revelry, Gladys Knight,
With Ron House and Diz White;
Patricia Carbine—darling Trish!—
Meet Kenneth Noland and Gordon Lish,
And Peter Prescott, Martin Sheen,
Mari Gorman, and Rosina Lhévinne.
Gather round as we raise a glass
To Harthorne Wingo and Günter Grass.
Butler, kindly pass the port
To Madeline Sherwood and Margaret Court,
And spike the punch with a belt of Pernod
For Penn State's genial Joe Paterno.
Join the party, please, John Portman;
Come, be festive! Have a snort, man!
Top o' the morn from this grizzled bard
To Hunter Thompson and George Peppard!
Cups of *glögg* (lest the day turn snowy)
For good Jim Roach and David Bowie;
A pair of warm mittens for Kevin O'Connor.
For Patty Cake? Love and bananas upon her!
Love and encores for Nadezhda Pavlova,
Ditto Vittorio Terranova,
And a holiday leer at Giuseppe Morelli
From Cloris Leachman and Patsy Kelly.
In fine, here's looking at you, friends,
As this preposterous year ends;
Fröhliche Weihnachten, liebe Kinder—
And Heaven send us a mild winter!

—Frank Sullivan

THE MARVELLOUS GIRL

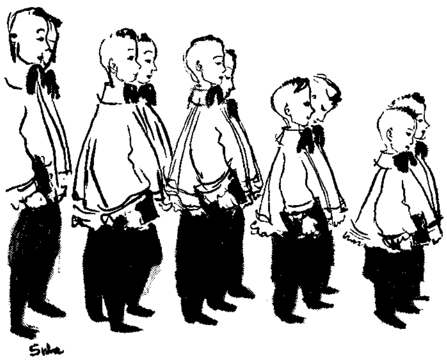
THE official ceremony was coming to an end. Under the weeping chandeliers of what had once been the ballroom of the mansion now occupied by the Institute, the faces of the large audience yellowed and aged as they listened to the last leaden speeches and made one more effort of chins and shoulders to live up to the gilt, the brocaded panels of the walls, and the ceiling, where cherubs, clouds, and naked goddesses romped. Oh, to be up there among them, thought the young man sitting at the back, but on the platform the Director was passing from the eternal values of art to the "gratifying presence of the Minister" and "Lady Brigson's untiring energies" and the "labors of Professor Exeter and his panel in the exhibition on the floor below." When he was named, the Professor took a thin gold chain from his pocket and played with it in delight and smirked at the audience. The three chandeliers gave a small united flicker, as if covering the polite yawns of the crowd. The young man sitting at the back stared at the platform once more and, with his hands on his knees, his elbows out, and his eyes on the nearest door, was getting ready to push past the people sitting next to him to be the first out. To get out also ahead of his wife, who was on the platform with the speakers. By ill luck, he had run into her before the meeting. He was trapped into sitting for an hour or so, a spectator of his marriage, which had come to an end. His very presence there seemed to him an unfair return to one of those patient suicides he used to commit, day after day, out of drift and habit.

To live alone is excellent for talking to oneself but leaves one exposed to accident. He had been drawing on and off all day in his studio, and not until the evening had he realized that he had forgotten to eat. Hunger excited him. He took a bus down to an Italian restaurant. It was one of those places where the proprietor came out from time to time to perform a private ballet. He tossed pancakes almost up to the ceiling and then dropped them into a blaze of brandy from the pan—a diversion that helped the young man with the girls he sometimes took there. The proprietor was just at the blazing point now when two women came into the restaurant in their winter coats and stood still, looking as if they were on fire. The young man quickly gulped down the last of a few coils of spaghetti and stood up and started wiping his mouth. The older, smaller woman of the two was his wife, and she was wearing a wide hat of black fur that made her look shorter than he remembered her. Free of him, she had become bizarre and smaller. Even her eyes had become smaller, and, like mice, they saw him at once, and she gave him an alert and busy smile. With her was the tall, calm girl, with dark-blue eyes, from their office at the Institute—the one she excitedly called "the marvellous girl—the only one I have ever been able to get on with."

More than two years had gone by since he and his wife had lived together. The marriage had been one of those prickly friendships that—to *his* astonishment, at any rate—never succeed in turning into love but are kept going by curiosity. It had become at once something called "our situation"—a sort of duet played by a pair of annoyed bodies on ill-strung lutes. What kept them going was an exasperated interest in each other's love affairs. But even unhappiness loses its tenderness and fascination. They broke. At first they saw each other occasionally, but now rarely—except at the Institute, where his drawings were shown. They were connected now only by the telephone wire that ran under the London pavements and worried its way under the window ledge of his studio. She would ring up, usually late at night.

"I hope it's all right," she would say wistfully. "Are you alone?"

But getting nothing out of him on that score she would become brisk as a child and ask for something out of the debris of their marriage, for if marriages come to an end, paraphernalia hangs on. There were two or three divans, a painted cupboard, some rugs rolled up, some boxes of saucepans and frying pans, lamps. Useful things, stored in the garage under his studio. But, as if to revive an intimacy, she always asked for some damaged object; she had a child's fidelity to what was broken—a lampshade that was scorched, an antique coal bucket with one loose leg, or a rug that had been stained by her dog, Leopold, whose paws were always in trouble. To the young man, Leopold's limp had come to seem the animal's response to their hopeless sexual life. The only sound object she had ever wanted—and she had got into a temper about it—was a screwdriver that had belonged to her father, whom she detested.



Now, in the restaurant, she put up a friendly fight from under that hat.

"I didn't know you still came here," she said.

"I come now and again."

"You must be going to the opening, at the Institute."

"No," he said. "I haven't heard of it."

"But I sent you a card," she said. "You must go. Your drawings are in the exhibition. It's important."

"Three drawings," said the girl warmly.

"Come with us," his wife said.

"No, I can't. I'm just going to pay my bill."

A lie, of course. She peered at his plate, as if hoping to read his fortune, to guess at what he was up to. He turned to the girl and said with feeling, "Are you better now?"

"I haven't been ill," said the girl.

"You said she'd been in hospital," he said to his wife.

"No, I didn't," she said. "She went to Scotland for a wedding."

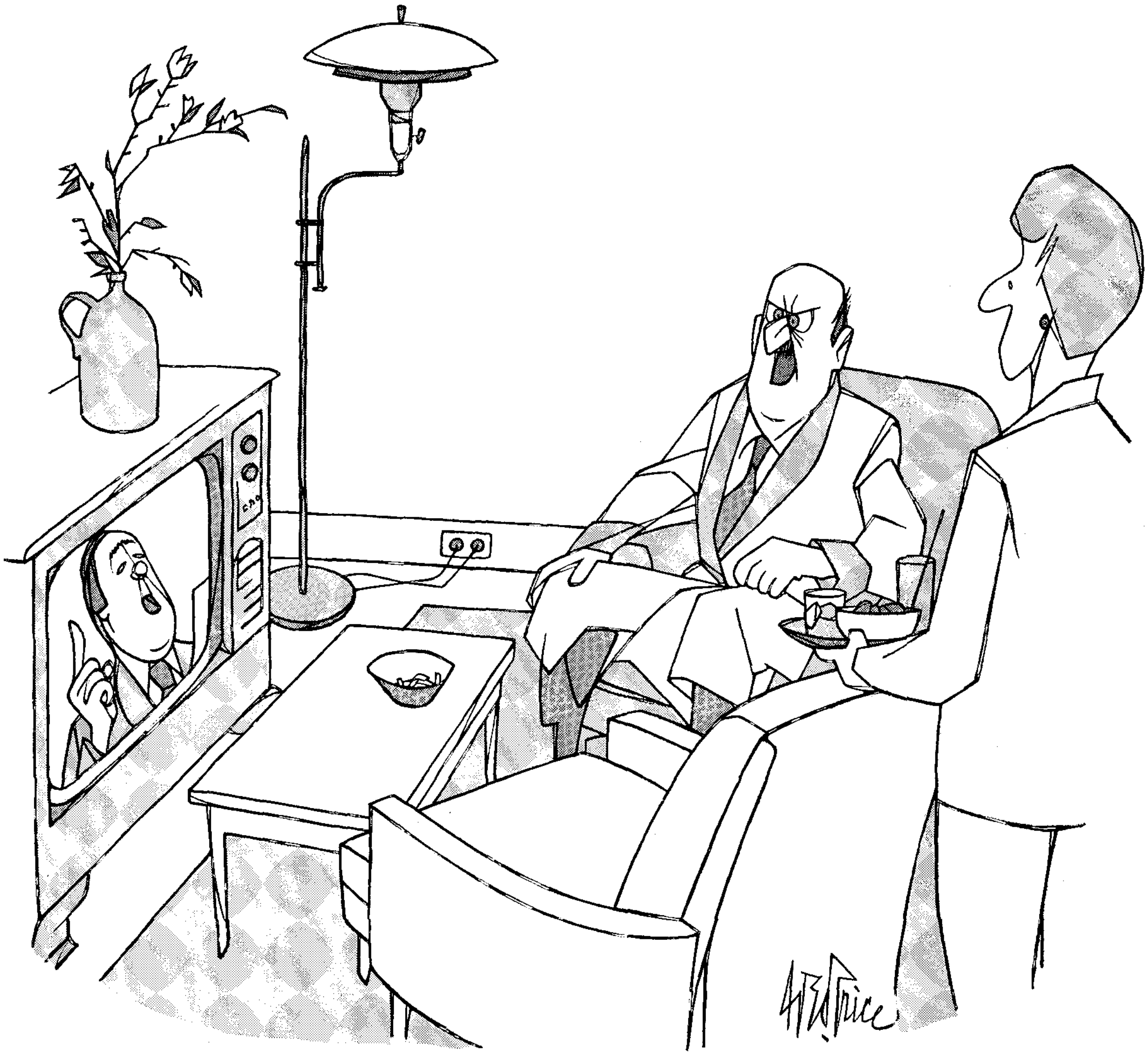
A quite dramatic look of disappointment on the young man's face made the girl laugh and look curiously at him. He had seen her only two or three times and knew nothing much about her, but she was indeed marvellous. She was not in hospital, she was beautiful and alive. Astounding. Even, in a bewildering way, disappointing.

The waiter saved him and moved them away.

"Enjoy yourselves," said the young man. "I'm going home."

"Goodbye." She turned to wave to him as she followed his wife to the table.

It was that "goodbye" that did for him. It was a radiant "goodbye," half laughing; he had seen her tongue and her even teeth as she laughed. Simply seeing him go had brought her still face to life. He went out of the restaurant, and in the leathery damp of the street he could see her face following him from lamp to lamp. "Goodbye, goodbye," it was still saying. And that was when he changed his mind. An extraordinary force pulled his scattered mind



"It's another inane reply to another damn-fool editorial."

together; he determined to go to the meeting and to send to her, if he could see her in the crowd, a blinding, laughing, absolute goodbye forever, as radiant as hers.

Now, as he sat in the crowded hall, there was no sign of her. He had worn his eyes out looking for her. She was not on the platform with his wife and the speakers, of course. The Director, whose voice suggested chocolate, was still thanking away when suddenly the young man did see her. For the light of the chandeliers quivered again, dimmed to a red cindery glow, and then went out, and, as people gasped, "Oh!," came on strongly again. One or two people giggled. During that flash, when everyone looked up and around, there was a gap between the ranks of heads and shoulders, and he saw her brown hair and her broad, pale face, with its white-rose look, its good-humored chin, and the laugh beginning on it. She turned round and saw him as he saw her. There are glances that are collisions, scattering the air between like glass. Her expression was headlong in open, conniving joy at the sight of things going wrong. She was sitting about ten rows in front of him, but he was not quick enough to wave, for now—*plonk*—the lights went out for good. The audience flopped en masse into the blackness, the hall sank gurgling to the bottom of the sea, and silence washed them out. Then a door banged outside, a telephone rang, feet shuffled, and a slow, animal grunting and chattering started everywhere and then broke into irreverent squeals of laughter. Men clicked on their lighters or struck matches, and long anarchic shadows shot over the walls. There was the sudden heat of breath, wool, fur, and flesh, as if the audience had become one body.

"Keep your seats for a moment," the Director said from the darkness, like God.

Now was the time to go. Like a curtain coming down on a play, the darkness had abolished the people on the platform. For the young man, they had become too intimate. It had seemed to him that his wife, who sat next to her old lover, Duncan, was offering to the audience too lavish a sight of the new life she was proposing to live nowadays. Duncan was white-faced and bitter, and they were at their old game of quarrelling publicly under their breath. She was tormenting him openly by making eyes at the Professor, who was responding by making his gold chain spin around faster and faster. The wife of the Director was studying all of them and preparing to defend her husband in case the longing in those eyes settled on *him*.

How wrong I was about my wife's character, the young man thought. Who would have believed that such wistful virginity could become so blatantly rampant. The young man said, "Pull yourself together, Duncan. Tell her you won't stand any more of it. Threaten her with Irmgard."

Darkness drowned all this. It was not the darkness of the night outside. This darkness had no flabby wet sky in it. It extinguished everything. It stripped the eyes of sight; even the solid human rows were lumped together invisibly. In the dark, one was suddenly naked from the boots upward. One could feel the hair on one's body growing, and under the chatter one could hear men's voices grunting, women's voices talking fast, breath going in and out, muscles changing, hearts beating. A few people stood up. Surrounded by animals like himself, he, too, stood up—to hunt with the pack, to get out. Where was the girl? Inaccessible, unknown, but invisible, now near. Someone had brought a single candle to the desk, at which the Director stood like a spectre. He said, "It would seem, ladies and gentlemen, that there has been a failure of the . . . I fear the . . . hope to procure the . . ."

There was a rough animal laugh

CLOSEOUT
ANY TREE
50¢

CLOSEOUT
ANY TREE
50¢

from the audience, and, all standing up now, they began to shuffle slowly for the doors.

"Get out of my way! Please let me pass!" the young man shouted in a stentorian voice, which no one heard, for he was shouting inside himself. "I have got to get to a girl over there. I've got to say goodbye to her for the last time."

The crowd stuck out their bottoms and their elbows, broadened their backs, and grew taller all around him, saying, "Don't push."

A man, addressing the darkness in an educated voice, said, "It is remarkable how calm an English crowd is. One saw it in the blitz."

The young man knocked over a chair in the next row and then in the next, shoving his way into any gap he could find in the clotted mass of fur and wool, and muttering, "I've only spoken to her three times in my life. She is wearing blue and has a broad nose. She lives somewhere in London—I don't know where. All I know is that I thought she was ill, but it turns out that she went to a wedding in Scotland. I heard she is going to marry a young man in Canada. Think of a girl like that—with a face as composed as a white rose, but a rose that can laugh—taking her low voice to Canada and lying at night among thousands of fir trees in a continent of flies and snow. I have got to get to the door and catch her and say goodbye."

He broke through four rows of chairs, trod on feet, and pushed, but the crowd was slow and stacked up solid. Hundreds of feet scraped. Useless to say to them, "A fox is among you. I knew when I first saw this girl that she was to be dreaded. I said just now in a poetic way that her skin is the color of a white rose, but it isn't. Her hair has the gloss of a young creature's, her forehead is wide, and her eyebrows are soft and arching. Her eyes are dark blue and her lips warm and helpless. The skin is really like bread. A marvellous girl—everyone says so—but the sure sign of it is that when I first saw her I was terrified of her. She was standing by an office window, watching people in the street below and talking on the telephone and laughing, and the laughter seemed to swim all over her dress, and her breasts seemed to join in, and her waist, too, and even her long young legs that were continuing the dance she had been at (she was saying) the night before. It was when she turned and saw me that my sadness began.

"My wife was there—it was her office—and she said to me in a whisper, 'She is marvellous, isn't she? The child enjoys herself, and she's right. But what fools girls are. Sleep with all the boys you like, don't get married yet—it's a trap, I keep telling her.'

"I decided never to go to that office again."

THE crowd shuffled on in the dark. He was choking in the smell of fur coats, clamoring to get past, to get to the door, angrily begging someone to light one more match—"What, has the world run out of matches and lighters?"—so that he could see her, but they had stopped lighting matches now. He wanted to get his teeth into the coat of a large broad woman in front of him. He trod on her heels.

"I'm sorry," he wanted to say. "I'm just trying to say goodbye to someone. I couldn't do it before—think of my situation. It didn't matter to me, but there was trouble at the office. My wife had broken with that wretched man Duncan, who had gone off with a girl called Irmgard. When my wife heard of it, she made him throw Irmgard over and then she took him back, and once she'd got him she took up with the Professor—you saw him twiddling his gold chain. In my opinion, it's a surprise that the exhibition ever got going, what with the Professor and Duncan playing Cox and Box in the office. But I had to deliver my drawings. And so I saw this girl a second time. I also took a rug with me—a rug my wife had asked for from the debris. Oh, yes, I've got debris.

"The girl got up quickly from the desk when she saw me. I mean *quickly*. She was alone, and my sadness went. She pointed to the glass door at the end of the room. 'There's a committee meeting,' she said. 'She's in there with her husband and the others.'

"I said—and this will make you laugh, Mrs. Whatever-Your-Name-Is, but please move on—I said, 'But *I* am her husband.'

"With what went on in that office, how could the girl have known? I laughed when I said this, laughing at myself. The girl did not blush; she studied me and then she laughed, too. Then she took three steps toward me, almost as if she was running—I counted those steps—and came near enough to touch me on the sleeve of my raincoat. Soft as her face was, she had a broad, strong nose. In those three steps she became a woman in my eyes—not a vision, not a sight to fear, but a friendly creature, well shaped.

" 'I ought to have known by your voice—when you telephone,' she said.

"Her mistake made her face shine.

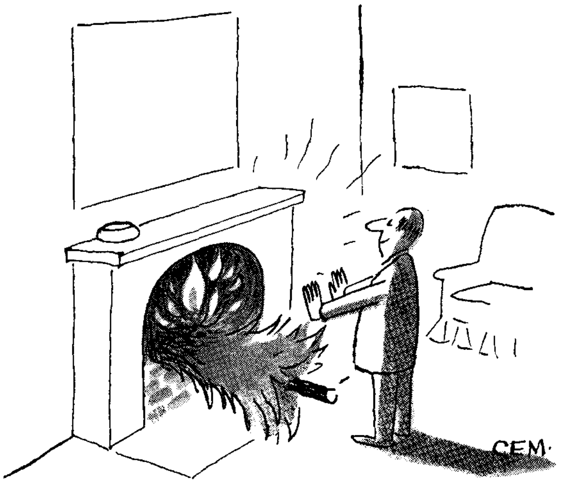
" 'Is the parcel for the exhibition?' she said.

"I had put it on a chair.

" 'No, it's a rug,' I said. 'It weighs a ton. It's Leopold's rug. I've got to go. Just tell her, "It's Leopold's." Leopold is a dog.'

" 'Oh,' she said. 'I thought you meant a friend.'

" 'No. Leopold wants it, apparently. I've got a lot of rugs. I keep them in



the garage at my studio. You don't want a rug, do you? As fast as I get rid of them, some girl comes along and says, "How bare the floor is. It needs a rug," and brings me one. I bet when I get back I'll find a new one. Or I could let you have a box of saucepans, a Hoover, a handsaw, a chest of drawers, fire tongs, a towel rail. . . .'

"I said this to see her laugh, to see her teeth and her tongue again, and to see her body move under its blue dress, which was light blue that day. And to show her what a distance lay between her life and mine.

" 'I've got to go,' I said again, but at the door I said, 'Beds, too. When you get married. All in the garage.' She followed me to the door, and I waved back to her."

To the back of the fur-coated woman he said, "I can be fascinating. It's a way of hiding yourself. I wish you'd go and hide yourself and let me pass. I shall never see her again."

Until this night, he had not expected to see her again. He had started on a large design, which he called "Cornucopia." First it was a small comic sketch of a dustbin that contained chunks of the debris in his garage—very clever and silly. He scrapped it and made a large design, and the cornucopia was rather like the girl's head, but when he came to drawing the fruits of the earth they were fruits of geometry—hexagons, octagons, cubes, with something like a hedgehog on top—so he made the vessel less like a girl's head. The thing drove him mad the more he worked on it.

September passed into October in the parks, and once or twice cats on the glass roof of the studio lost their balance and came sliding down in a screech of claws, in the hurly-burly of love.

One night, his wife telephoned him.

"Oh, God. Trouble," he said when he heard her plaintive voice. He had kept out of her way for months.

"Is it all right? Are you alone?" she said. "Something awful has happened. Duncan's going to get married again. Irmgard has got her claws into him. I rang Alex—he always said I could ring—but he won't come. Why am I rejected? And you remember that girl—she's gone. The work piles up."

"To Canada?" he said.

"What on earth makes you say that?" she said in her fighting voice.

"You said she was."

"You're always putting words into my mouth. She's in hospital."

"Ill," he said. "How awful. Where is she?"

"How do I know?" she said. "Leopold!" And now she was giggling. "Leopold's making a mess again. I must ring off."

"I'm sorry," he said.

Ill! In hospital! The picture of the girl running toward him in the office came back to him as he stood in his studio, and his eyes were smeared with tears. He felt on his arms and legs a lick of ice and a lick of fire. His body filled with a fever that passed and then came back so violently that he lost his breath. His knees had gone as weak as string. He was in love with the girl. The love seemed to come up from events thousands of years old. The girl herself, he thought, was not young but ancient. Perhaps Egyptian. The skin of her face was not roselike or like bread but like stone roughened by centuries. "I am feeling love," he said to himself, "for the whole of a woman, for the first time. No other woman exists. I feel love not only for her face, her body, her voice, her hands and feet but for the street she lives in, the place she was born, her dresses and stockings, her bus journeys, her handbags, her parties, her dances. I don't know where she is. How can I find out? Why didn't I realize this before?"

IN the auditorium, and now squeezed like a rag in the crowd, he got to the doorway, and there the crowd bulged and carried him through it backward, because he was turning to look for her. Outside the door there was an ambitious landing, and part of the crowd was cautiously taking the first steps down the long sweep of the staircase. There was a glimmer of light here from the marble of the walls, and the man with the educated-sounding voice gripped his arm and said, "Mind the steps down," barring the young man's way. He fought free of the grip and stood against the wall. "Don't be a damn fool," said the educated man, waving his arms. "If anyone slips down there, the rest of you will pile on top of him." The man now sounded insane. "I saw it in the war," he said. "A few at a time! A few at a time!" he screamed. The young man felt the man's spit on his face. The crowd passed him like mourners, indecipherable, but a huge woman turned on him and held him by the sleeves with both hands. "Thornee! Thornee! Where are you? You're leaving me," she whimpered. "Dear girl," said a man behind her, "I am here." She let go, swung round and collided with her husband, and grabbed. "You had your arms round that woman," she said. They faded past. The young man looked for a face. Coming up the stairs, pushing against the procession going down, a man came sidling against the wall. Every two or three steps, he shouted, "Mr. Zagacheck? Zagacheck? Zagacheck?" The man came nearer, and suddenly his mouth bawled into the young man's face with a blast of heavy, spiced breath:

"Mr. Zagacheck!"

"I am not Mr. Zagacheck," said the

young man in a cold, clear voice, and as he said it the other man was knocked sideways.

A woman took the young man's hand and said, "Francis!" and she laughed. She had *named* him.

It was the girl, of course.

"Isn't this wild? Isn't it marvellous? I saw you. I've been looking for you," she said.

"I have been looking for you."

He interlaced his fingers with her warm fingers and held her arm against his body.

"Are you with your wife?" she said.

"No," he said.

She squeezed his hand. She lifted it and held it under her arm.

"Are you alone?" he said.

"Yes."

"Good," he said. "I thought you'd gone." Under her arm he could feel her breast. "I mean for good—left the country. I came to say goodbye."

"Oh, yes," she said, and rubbed herself against him. "Why didn't you come to the office?"

He let go of her hand and put his arm round her waist. "I'll tell you later. We'll go somewhere."

"Oh, yes," she said.

"There's another way out. We'll wait here and then slip out by the back way." He could smell her hair.

The crowd pressed against them. And then he heard his wife's voice, only a foot away from him. She was saying, "I'm not making a scene. It's you. I wonder what has happened to the girl."

"I don't know and I don't care," a man said to her. "Stop trying to change the subject. Yes or no? Are you?"

The young man stiffened. This is the test, he thought. If the girl speaks, the miracle crashes.

The girl shook his arm from her waist and gripped his hand fiercely. They clenched, sticking their nails into each other, as if trying to wound. He heard one of the large buttons on his wife's coat click against a button of his own coat. She was there for a few seconds; it seemed to him as long as their marriage. He had not been as close to his wife for years. Then the crowd moved on, the buttons clicked again, and he heard her say, "There's only Leopold there." In a puff of smoke from her cigarette, she vanished.

The hands of the girl and Francis softened, and he pressed hard against her. "Now," he whispered. "I know the way."

They sidled round the long wall of the landing, passing a glimmering bust. "Mr. Zagacheck," he said, and they came to the corner of a corridor, long and empty, faintly lit by a tall window at the end. They almost ran down it, hand in hand. Twice he stopped to try the door of a room. A third door opened.

"In here," he said.

He pulled her into a large, dark room, where the curtains had not been drawn—a room that smelled of new carpet, new paint, and new furniture. There was the gleam of a desk. They groped to the window. Below was a square, with its winter trees and the headlights of cars playing upon them and the crowd scattering across the roads. He put his arms round her and kissed her on the mouth, and she kissed him. Her hands were as wild as his.

"You're mad," she said, "this is the Director's room," as he pushed her onto the sofa, but when his hands were on the skin of her leg she said, "Not now."

"When did you start to love me?" he said.

"I don't know. Just now. When you didn't come. I don't know. Don't ask me. Just now, when you said you loved me."

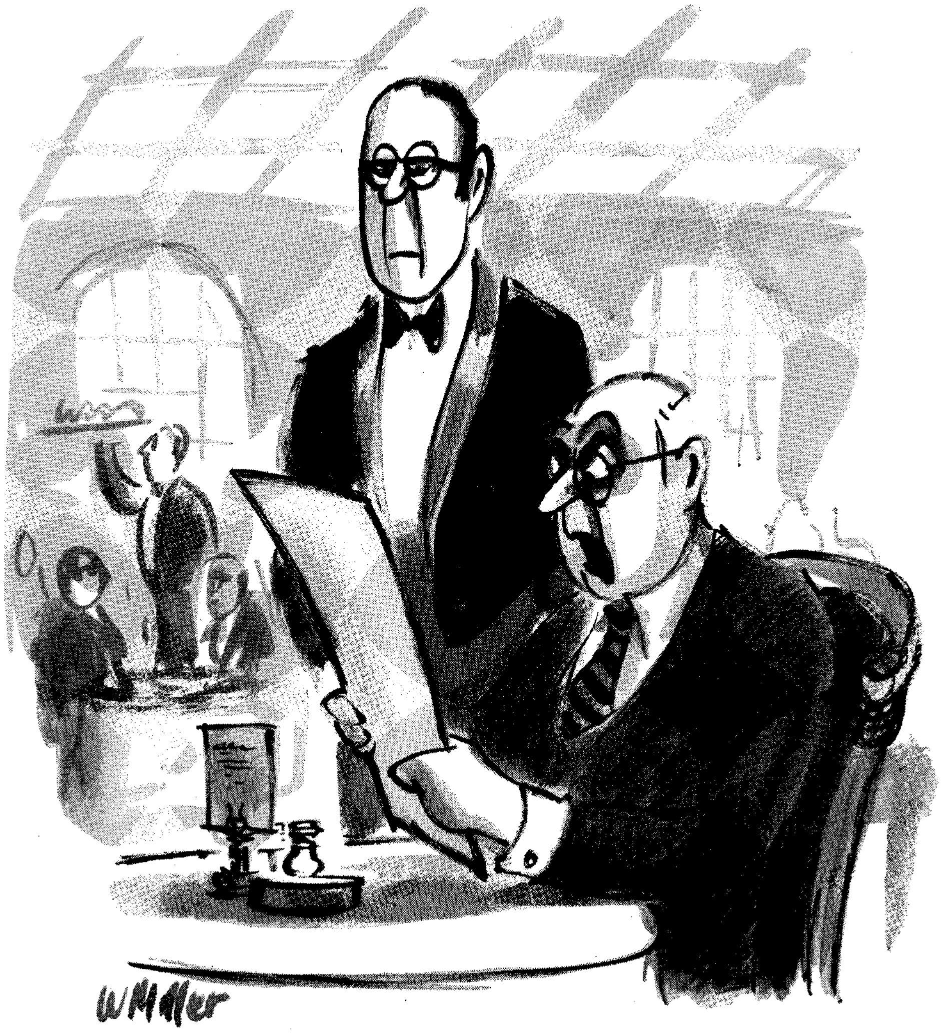
"But before?"

"I don't know," she said.

And then someone in the building repaired the lights. A lamp on the desk lit up, and they got up, scared, hot-faced, hot-eyed, hating it.

"Come on. We must get out," he said. And they hurried from the lighted room to get into the darkness of the city.

—V. S. PRITCHETT



"That's the Executive Lunch? A pig's foot and a bottle of beer?"

•

A CHILD'S NATIVITY

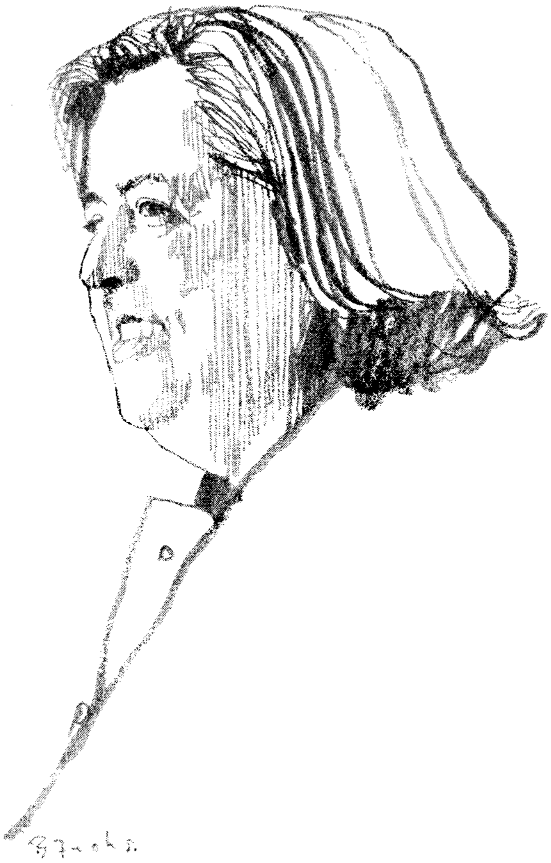
Struck dumb at arm's length,
The crayon Madonna regards
As if with aversion
Her terrific baby,
A three-foot man
She holds only in her hands.
He stares like guns.

Angels are falling
Under a sharp star,
Alleluias
Issue from their heads.
Enormous thin sheep
Intent as wolves
Surround Him.

—JOHN N. MORRIS

PROFILES

INFINITE PAINS



Sarah Caldwell

ALTHOUGH opera is always presented in theatres or opera houses, theatre people tend to think of it as a loud and static art form without many redeeming theatrical features. And for the most part they are right. The big opera companies of the world are run like enormous repertory theatres, with breakneck schedules (a different opera every night), frequent changes of cast, and practically no full rehearsals. Because singing stars are well trained in their operatic repertoires and can jet from one musical capital to another, they fit into already rehearsed casts like spare parts into a machine. It is only in an occasional new production that the theatrical side of opera gets the sort of polishing it ought to have. Part of the problem is financial, since rehearsals are expensive, and opera has always been a money-losing proposition. But the main part is simply a matter of time. The heavy schedules of most big opera companies make extended rehearsal, except for new productions, virtually impossible. Too many operas are tumbling over each other on the way to performance, and only a few can be given more than a quick runthrough before they are performed. What is called "blocking" is often the only preparation—planning the geography of the stage, making sure that the singers are in their proper places at the proper times and don't bump into one another—plus perhaps a single dress rehearsal. The music, of course, takes care of itself. The major singers come well prepared, and so do the conductor, the orchestra, and the chorus. They can go through their parts without much special coaching. But the stage director is limited to a few general arrangements, mostly of a perfunctory nature. Under the circumstances, it is no wonder that singers simply stand and deliver, making semaphoric gestures and doing most of their acting through vocal inflection.

There are, however, exceptions to this rule. Some of the opera houses of Germany and Austria, endowed by the state and therefore less limited as to rehearsal time, manage to keep up a certain standard of theatricality. And a few companies—a very few—manage to give opera all the dramatic polish that the most exacting theatre buff could wish for. One of these is the East Berlin Komische Oper, which, with almost unlimited rehearsals under the famous director Walter Felsenstein, presents performances honed so fine that some viewers find them almost too mechanically perfect. Another is the Santa Fe Opera, in New Mexico, which rehearses every one of its summer-season productions for at least three weeks. Still another is the Opera Company of Boston, which limits its productions to four or five each season, and which is presided over by Sarah Caldwell, an *immensely* energetic woman regarded by many as the finest operatic stage director in America.

Miss Caldwell's productions often attract audiences and critics from thousands of miles away. Each production contains a number of surprises, and many are performances of rarely heard works, or works heard for the first time in this country. Each is done under what any other director would consider impossible conditions. For one thing, Miss Caldwell has never had a proper opera house to work in; the old Boston Opera House was torn down the very year that she started her company, and her productions usually take place in old movie houses. She has a way of turning this disadvantage into a blessing, however. Using the stage boxes, various sorts of ramps, and other paraphernalia, she can fill a movie theatre with a tremendous pageant. Her inventiveness is boundless, and nobody has ever found a Caldwell production dull. On the other hand, no Caldwell production ever achieves its sensational character at the expense of the music. She is perhaps the most reverent of all operatic directors where the score is concerned, and nowadays she generally conducts it herself, with the eloquence of a born operatic maestro.

Her continual triumphs are all the more remarkable in a city like Boston, which has never been much of an opera town, and which is probably the only city of its size in the United States that lacks an opera house. There is a theory that Boston's dislike of opera arises from a deep Puritan tradition. The city has one of the world's finest symphony orchestras; Puritans are supposed to regard symphonic music as holier than opera, because of the latter's connection with the theatre and its associations with sin. For whatever reason, opera has never been a proper Bostonian's favorite art form, and Miss Caldwell, along with all her other difficulties, has had to cope with this attitude. But ever since 1957, when she founded the Boston Opera Group (later—as of 1965—the Opera Company of Boston), she has been thriving on difficulties. As one admirer recently remarked, "Sarah could probably put on stunning operatic performances in a brewery if she had to"—and, indeed, she *has* put them on in gymnasiums and hockey rinks. Bostonians flock to her performances with quite un-Bostonian fervor. Perhaps someday they will even build her a new Boston Opera House.

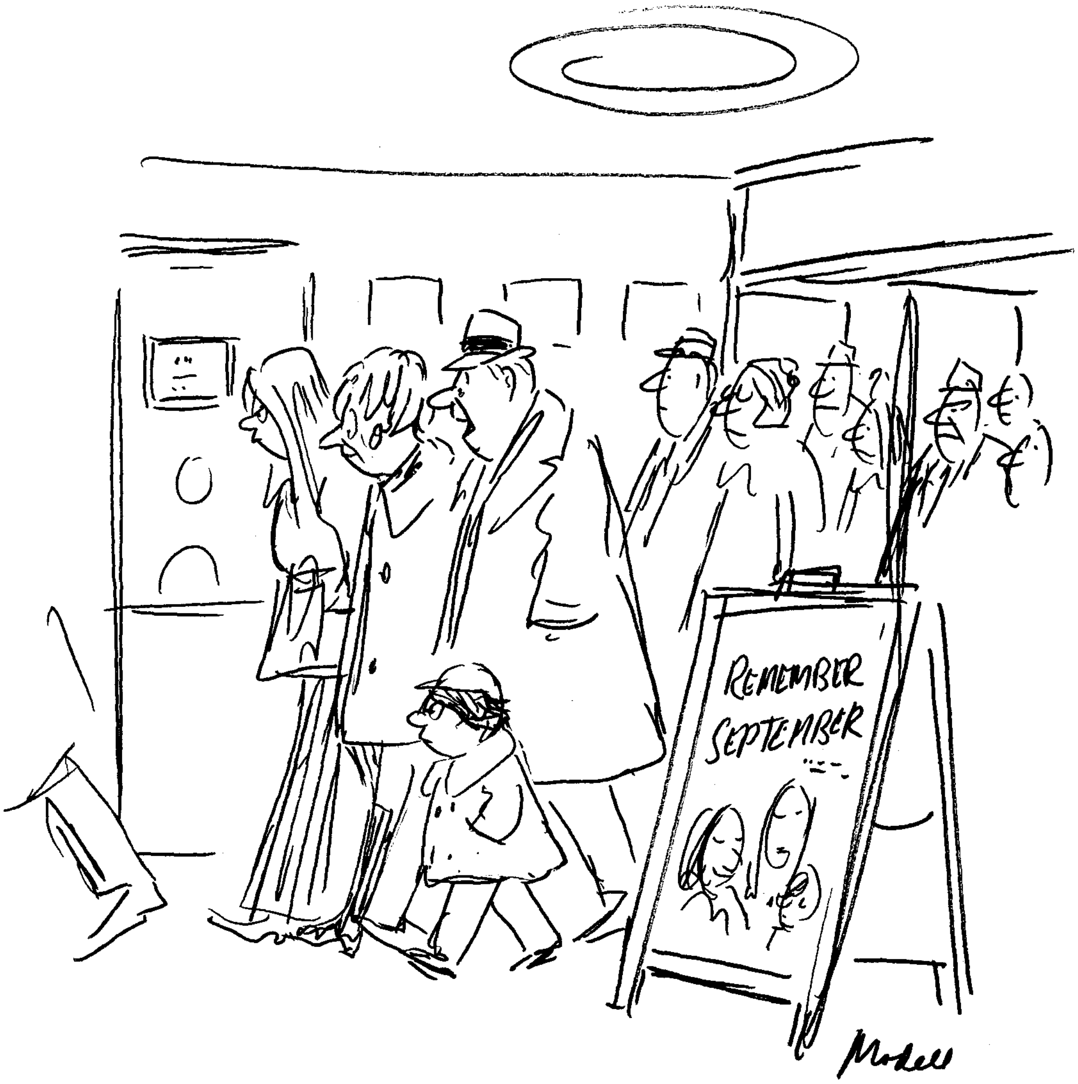
The Sarah Caldwell phenomenon is based on a number of things besides her own indomitable enthusiasm and admirable craftsmanship. Her budget is low compared to those of the country's leading opera houses—six hundred thousand dollars last year, as against the Met's twenty-four million. She hires the most luminous of operatic stars for the principal roles and then fills in the other parts with less celebrated—and cheaper—performers. Canny arrangements with the unions ("Would you rather have Boston with no opera at all except during the Metropolitan's annual one-week visit?") permit her to mix the highly skilled and famous with the comparatively unskilled. On the other hand, her chorus is a very dependable group, which she uses year after year, and her orchestra, which once consisted of members of the Boston Symphony, is now an independent and youthful organization devoted almost solely to operatic work. Miss Caldwell's principal secret is her ability to inspire enthusiasm in those who work with her, and to convince them that the extra time she demands will be reflected in performances that they can take great personal pride in. Many of the world's leading operatic figures feel that they have deepened their characterization of a given role through having worked with her. For her part, she thinks that great singers like the weeks of rehearsal she demands, and that they take away something to use in future performances.

In her appearance and manner, Miss Caldwell reminds one of a gentle locomotive. She stands about five feet five and weighs in the neighborhood of two hundred pounds, and carries herself with remarkable agility for such a large woman. Her energy is boundless. She has been known to rehearse her cast half the night and then roll herself up in a piece of carpet and go to sleep in the aisle of the theatre. Her habits of dress are correspondingly offhand. She wears an old print dress summer and winter, covered in cold weather by an overcoat that looks like a bathrobe. In winter, she wears boots indoors and out; in summer, sneakers. Her gray-streaked hair is parted slightly to one side and then functionally combed back, and during rehearsals she wears horn-rimmed glasses, through which she peers at scores, the stage, and the orchestra. Her voice is a deep contralto (it has even been described as a baritone), and when she is conducting a full stage rehearsal she often makes a megaphone of her hands and roars at the people onstage. Despite all this, Miss Caldwell is a very feminine woman. Her manner at more intimate rehearsals is invariably gentle, humorous, and infinitely patient. She addresses the singers who are working with her as "ladies and gentlemen." She often takes suggestions from them, and makes her own suggestions in the form of questions ("Shouldn't we all look up at this point?") or as tentative proposals ("I think it would be better if you stood over there"). She practically never loses her temper, and when she does the only evidence of it is a slightly reddened patch in the middle of each cheek. Most of the time, with her bulky figure dressed any which way, with her spectacles askew and her hair hanging straight around her face, she could be taken for the theatre's janitress rather than its director. Only when she has finished rehearsing does she get her hair set, in anticipation of a curtain call at the end of the performance, and this, she claims, is to please her mother, with whom she shares a Boston apartment.

ACTUALLY, it is inaccurate to describe Miss Caldwell as an operatic stage director. Sarah Caldwell *is* the Opera Company of Boston. She herself conducts most of its performances. She sits in on all the meetings of the company's board of directors and helps raise money to cover its budget. She decides which prominent singers to hire, and what operas to produce. She is, in short, Boston's all-purpose operatic impresario. Her fame as a stage director has spread far beyond the city; only last October she appeared in that capacity at the New York City Opera. She works easily with other conductors, and has a special admiration for Julius Rudel, of the New York City Opera. In short, she can do everything connected with the production of an opera except sing it, and when she functions merely as a stage director she is using only a fraction of her talents.

These talents approach genius, and consequently, as the old saying has it, consist of infinite pains. She begins by learning the score of the opera in question at the piano. (She is a good enough pianist for this task, though not good enough to coach singers herself.) Then she immerses herself in a study of everything that has ever been written about the opera—the circumstances in which it was composed, the style of the period, the composer's notes and correspondence concerning it, any variations in tradition as to its performance (those that received the composer's approval during his lifetime, and those that have been added by subsequent producers), the general history of the period of composition, such variations in the manuscript as have turned up from time to time, and so on. By the time she has finished all this, she has become an encyclopedia on the subject. Her next step is to work with her designers, usually Herbert Senn and Helen Pond. This involves much more than merely turning out a stage set or two. She often takes Mr. Senn and Miss Pond to Europe to examine the background of the opera and to hear different performances of it. She is meticulous about details. In Paris, preparing for a production of Charpentier's "Louise," she got up in the early hours and insisted on taking Mr. Senn and Miss Pond to a marketplace near the top of Montmartre to watch the sun rise, as it rises in the opera. Both she and her designers ransacked the Paris libraries for material about "Louise," and found that Charpentier had written sheaves of notes about it, including detailed—and very useful to Miss Caldwell—biographies of every character in it. Her research is not always this elaborate, of course, but it is always intensive. Once it is done, she must decide which singers she wants for the principal parts and what language the opera is to be sung in. (She herself is fluent in German, French, and Italian.) On the latter point, there is generally not much debate: she sticks to the original. Often she will go back to the language in which an opera was sung at its première, even though it attained its fame in another language. (A recent example of this was her production last season of Verdi's "Don Carlos," which was written for the Paris Opéra and was originally sung in French. Miss Caldwell not only insisted on doing it in French but carefully examined the score used in the first Paris performance. There she perused some marginal notes by Verdi himself, and also came upon a lot of musical material that had been discarded in most subsequent productions. She put it back again, and did the opera as Verdi had conceived it.) Once these preliminary decisions have been made, Miss Caldwell begins holding a series of conferences—with her board of directors about expenses, with her designers about the geography of the stage, with her electricians about the lighting, with her prop man about where props are to be placed, and so on. Then she is ready for sessions with her performers, who come to Boston eager and willing to spend all the time on rehearsals that she may require. At first, these sessions consist merely of discussions—not about musical matters but about characterization, the general tone of the opera, and how each character fits into the whole. Then comes the coaching of each singer in his role—a process in which a pianist helps by playing the orchestral score while the singer sings his part. "After that, the flurry of concentration begins," Miss Caldwell says. "Up to this time, it has been a pleasant and leisurely experience, but now everything is in dead earnest." The process that follows differs markedly from that used by most other stage directors. She takes her dramatic cues not from the libretto but from the music. After each singer has been rehearsed separately, all the members of the cast are brought together and rehearsed as a unit. Unlike most of her colleagues, Miss Caldwell never starts by blocking a scene. "I don't like to do that," she said recently. "It leads to concentration on mechanical problems and kills spontaneity. From the very beginning, I focus on character and on musical matters. The text provides clues, of course. In the legitimate theatre, you can time things easily. Not so in opera. In opera, the inflection of the words and music suggests what one does." On another occasion, she said, "I'm no Svengali. I never try to force a preconceived notion of a role on any artist. I work with what the artist already has, and try to arrive at the character as reflected through his or her own personality, letting the artist achieve the best that he can at that moment of his career." Thus, Sarah Caldwell productions of the same opera but with different casts would be altogether dissimilar, because of differences in the artists' personalities. "One person must be responsible for the style of a production, but the most interesting part of this profession is collaboration," Miss Caldwell continued. "Every chorister must feel responsible for a separate characterization. A chorister is an important artist. The idea is to stimulate each person onstage to his best efforts. Opera represents an extraordinary level of achievement, and opera singers, despite rumors to the contrary, are highly intelligent people. An opera singer *has* to be intelligent. Otherwise, considering the competition, he would never get anywhere. The idea that I mold artists like clay is nonsense. I simply sit down with the singer and help him save time. Of course, chamber music represents a high order of achievement, too. But chamber music involves the best efforts of only a few players, who rehearse together. An opera singer has to create a whole dramatic life. He has to sing, dance, and do many other things. It's no wonder operatic artists are occasionally nervous."

The spectacle of Miss Caldwell during a rehearsal is an interesting one. She is a master of the English language and always makes remarkably articulate comments. She employs an assistant, who wanders around the stage area taking notes and seeing to it that orders are carried out precisely. ("All assistants expect to be stage directors themselves someday," she remarked to a reporter during one of these rehearsals, and when things are in full swing she sometimes allows her assistant to take over.) Almost invariably, there will be a number of children looking on from crannies of the auditorium. Some are children of the Opera Company trustees, some belong to members of the cast, and others have simply wandered in off the street. Miss Caldwell refers to them as "the knothole gang," and from time to time she employs a few of them as supernumeraries. A Boston critic once complained, "Is it absolutely necessary for Miss Caldwell to use children in every performance?" The knothole gang was as outraged at this slight as any prima donna would have been. "Did you see what that sour s.o.b. on the *Herald* wrote?" one of them exclaimed to her the following day. Miss Caldwell is also lavish in her use of animals. She feels that they add flavor to a production, and at one time or another she has used ponies, dogs, cats, bears, horses, monkeys—and even Peruvian llamas. During her production of Arnold Schoenberg's "Moses and Aaron," which she presented for the first time in America, she was a bit too lavish with animal life. There is an orgy scene in "Moses and Aaron," and she thought that some animals would



"The trouble with these shows for the whole family is that they don't do a darn thing for any one of us."

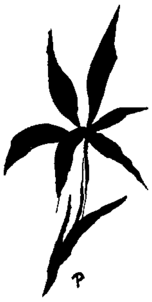
add a pagan flavor to it. "I had engaged some sheep and goats and a calf from a theatrical-animal supply house, but I hadn't thought about where they were to be kept," she said. "The only possible place was under a ramp in front of the stage. But during the final rehearsals the animals bleated and bawled to such an extent that the music could hardly be heard." Osborne McConathy, a former horn player with the Boston Symphony, who at that time conducted many of Miss Caldwell's productions, was presiding in the pit as patiently as he could, but eventually he could take no more. "It's either me or the animals," he told Miss Caldwell. Miss Caldwell gave in, and though the production may have been a bit less colorful, it was at least audible on opening night. Proper audibility is almost an obsession with her, in fact, and one of her chief crusades is concerned with the mechanical amplification of voices in opera houses. Up to now, critics have frowned on amplification, because it makes small voices sound large and so does away with a certain sporting aspect of opera, which attracts fans interested in comparing not only the agility and altitude of great voices but also their volume. Miss Caldwell thinks that the critics are to blame for the absence of amplification in places like the Metropolitan Opera House, where it is banned as a matter of tradition except for certain deep-stage effects. She feels that this imposes unnecessary hazards on singers and requires unnecessarily difficult feats of vocalism, discouraging any but the loudest voices from competing in some of the major operatic centers. She takes the position that as long as the audience is not aware of it, amplification is just fine. "A teeny boost is good when you have to perform in a large house," she has said.

Sometimes Miss Caldwell will rehearse an opera for a couple of months—adding the principal (and expensive) singers toward the end—and her highly personal methods of direction involve her in an intimacy with singers that few other directors experience. "Human communication is of the essence," she said recently. But there have been times when human communication has been difficult. The designer of her production of Luigi Nono's "Intolleranza"—a dissonant and noisy work involving scenic projections and taped music, among other things—was a Czech, Josef Svoboda, and his assistant spoke only Czech and German. The chief electrician was Irish-American. The projections, which were complicated, were in the hands of a man who spoke Russian. The production was immensely complex, involving closed-circuit television and a tape recorder, which broke down. Nono himself spoke English, but of the most rudimentary sort. He was able to come to Boston in the first place only because Miss Caldwell and a committee of distinguished American composers had intervened in his behalf with the State Department. (He is a devout Marxist.) On the second day of rehearsals, he disappeared. He came back fuming. He had been to see the students at Harvard. "It's a damn capitalist lie that all Harvard students are Com-

"Ben is the first dog we've ever had that really—you know—worked out."

munists!" he complained, genuinely disappointed in the younger generation of Americans. "There are only nine or ten Communists in the whole student body!" "It was a wonder the thing ever reached the stage," Miss Caldwell said the other day. "For five days, everybody concerned misunderstood everybody else." But critics all over the United States commended Miss Caldwell's courage in presenting the work—its première in this country—and some of them even liked it.

EVERY summer, Miss Caldwell flies to Europe to do research and to see and hear other people's opera productions. For years, she has been a constant attendant at Walter Felsenstein's Komische Oper, in East Berlin. She regards Felsenstein as the greatest opera director in the world today. Since the East German government subsidizes him, he often rehearses an opera for almost a year before presenting it. (Oddly, Felsenstein lives in capitalist West Berlin, commuting to his job every day.) Miss Caldwell thinks that Felsenstein's company represents the perfect fusion of music and drama. But not all her colleagues agree with her. John White, managing director of the New York City Opera, points out that Felsenstein has no good singers, simply because no good singers will sign up with him for the amount of time he requires. (Fortunately for Felsenstein, his auditorium is of a size that allows small voices to sound large.) Beverly Sills, who over the years has become a close friend of Miss Caldwell's, also disagrees with her on this issue. Miss Sills thinks that the performances at the Komische Oper are stultified and mechanical as a result of all that rehearsal. No spontaneity is possible in a Felsenstein production, she maintains, and she considers Miss Caldwell a much finer opera director than Felsenstein. But Miss Caldwell sticks to her opinions. One of the things that impress her about Felsenstein's direction is the fact that he not only rehearses every detail over and over but brings the cast together after each performance for a critical session, at which the singers figure out what, if anything, went wrong. But Felsenstein is not Miss Caldwell's only hero. She expresses great admiration for the American choreographer Jerome Robbins and for Peter Brook, who has directed many productions for Covent Garden, along with his work in the London theatre, and for Giorgio Strehler, who has directed at La Scala and at Salzburg, and who, she says, has produced some stunning performances.



Practically all of Miss Caldwell's productions in Boston are cliff-hangers. There is never quite enough money. The various auditoriums she uses are never quite adequate. There is never, despite everything, quite enough rehearsal time. She has been known to keep restaging a work until four o'clock in the morning of the day of the first performance. She refers to these crises as "the perils of Sarah." One production of Donizetti's "The Daughter of the Regiment" had to be done in the gymnasium of Tufts College, but by the time she got through with it nobody in the audience imagined that he was not in an opera house. Miss Caldwell had built a whole city on one wall of the gym. Miss Sills, who was doing the title role, had to dress in the men's locker room and make her entrances by walking down the aisle, because there was no other way to get to the stage. Miss Caldwell had distributed colored cards to certain members of the audience and told them, "When Miss Sills walks up the aisle at the end, please hold up your card." When Miss Sills made her exit, waving to everybody, they held up their cards, and the result was a French flag, much appreciated by the audience seated across the gym floor. For a production of Smetana's "The Bartered Bride" she used projections of Emperor Franz Josef, Bismarck, and episodes in Czech history; imported Emmett Kelley to play a clown; and made the opera into a political allegory, with Mařenka (Mary Costa) and Jeník (James Atherton) as the spirit of Czech nationalism, while the buffoon, Vašek, represented conformity with the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

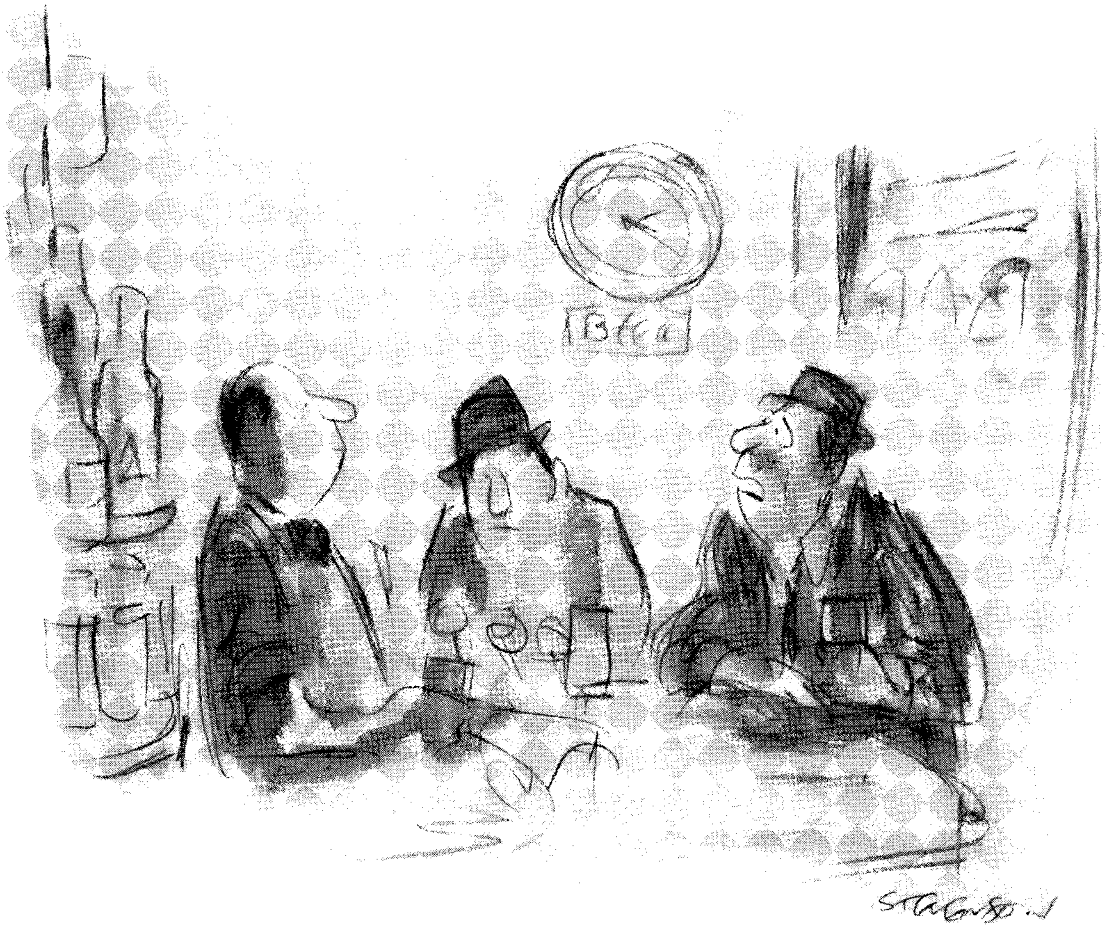
But these were all comic spectacles. Perhaps her most elaborate production was the first American performance of Berlioz' "Les Troyens," in Loews Orpheum Theatre, on Washington Street. It lasted five hours, and had a nine-hundred-pound Trojan Horse, a realistic Troy, which crumbled excitingly, a tremendous array of platforms, singers singing from the stage boxes, a waterfall cascading down the stage for the Royal Hunt and Storm sequence, a statue of Pallas Athene in a temple built into a stage box, and a parting scene between Dido and Aeneas in which Aeneas's ship sailed, ever-diminishing, into the distance. For this one, she was casting up to the last minute and rehearsing late into the night. The final cost of the production was about two hundred thousand dollars—about half of what the Metropolitan Opera spent on *its* recent production. Apropos of her production, she remarked to Stephen Rubin, a *Times* reporter, "I'm not sure that unlimited resources are necessarily tolerable. I think that one has to have certain limitations in order to live." Her other productions have included, besides the American premières of Nono's "Intolleranza" and Schoenberg's "Moses and Aaron," the original version of Mussorgsky's "Boris Godunov;" Robert Kurka's "The Good Soldier Schweik;" Gunther Schuller's "The Fisherman and His Wife;" Rameau's "Hyppolyte et Aricie;" Bartók's "The Miraculous Mandarin" and "Bluebeard's Castle;" Bellini's "I Puritani;" Rossini's "Semiramide;" the Brecht-Weill "Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny;" Stravinsky's "The Rake's Progress;" Verdi's "Don Carlos," in the original French; plus such oddments as Jacques Offenbach's "Voyage to the Moon" and such staples as "Louise," "Otello," "La Bohème," "Tosca," "La Traviata," and "Lucia di Lammermoor." Coming up, at this writing, are Massenet's almost never heard "Don Quichotte," a production of "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" with Beverly Sills and including all kinds of material usually omitted from the opera, and the American stage première of Prokofieff's "War and Peace." Among the singers who have appeared in her productions are such operatic stars as Miss Sills, Joan Sutherland, Marilyn Horne, Régine Crespin, Renata Tebaldi, Maralin Niska, Boris Christoff, Thomas Stewart, Giorgio Tozzi, Nicolai Gedda, Donald Gramm, Stewart Burrows, and Peter Glossop. On January 26, 1972, Mayor Kevin White of Boston presented her with a plaque and described her as "Boston's Barnum"—a somewhat oblique compliment but a deserved one.

In recent years, Miss Caldwell has frequently been invited to stage operas in other cities. Last year, she did Hans Werner Henze's "The Young Lord" with the New York City Opera, Julius Rudel conducting, and made quite an amusing spectacle of what is essentially a rather weak score, introducing the usual number of animals (including a llama) and turning the piece into a hit. The title role is that of an ape, and Miss Caldwell insisted that Kenneth Riegel, who sang it, visit the Central Park Zoo to see how apes move. Her version of Richard Strauss's "Ariadne auf Naxos"—a hit with both critics and public—was recently on view at the New York City Opera, and she will shortly go to Houston to stage and conduct "La Traviata" for the Houston Grand Opera. Back in 1967, she also escaped from Boston with a troupe called the American National Opera Company, a travelling group supported by the National Endowment for the Arts and intended to take the place of the Metropolitan's National Opera Company, which had toured with young singers but had folded after a couple of years. Miss Caldwell's touring company also folded, after one season, but during that season she managed to present very interesting productions of Alban Berg's "Lulu," Puccini's "Tosca," and Verdi's "Falstaff."

The Opera Company of Boston is still a rather insecure outfit, though Miss Caldwell has a devoted board of directors, headed by Laszlo Bonis, a former professor of engineering at M.I.T. and a great opera enthusiast. (Bonis is at present working on a "lighting organ," one of Miss Caldwell's pet projects. It will have a keyboard from which she can control the color and intensity of light at any point on the stage.) Robert E. Reilly and F. Weston Prior, both experienced businessmen, are the managing director and the director of development, respectively. "The year before we got going," she has recalled, "I took the summer off to raise money. We managed to raise five thousand dollars, and we printed a brochure, with letters contributed by Boris Goldovsky and Mme. Serge Koussevitzky. We got together a board of directors of thirty people, most of them from solid, wealthy old New England families. Finally, I talked to some fund-raising companies in New York, and we blew our five thousand dollars on a fund-raising campaign. Six weeks later, we had sixty-five thousand dollars. We felt a bit sinful about it." About one-third of the company's annual budget comes from ticket sales, one-third from private and public foundations, and the remainder from contributions. Among the more generous foundations are the Ford, the National Endowment for the Arts, and the Gramma Fisher Foundation, of Marshalltown, Iowa.

SARAH CALDWELL, who is much too forthright to make any secret of her age, is forty-five years old. For the past few years, she has lived with her mother in a cluttered apartment in Boston. The clutter consists mainly of scores, books about opera, and models of stage sets, and it has recently become so formidable that she has had to rent a separate studio for auditions and preliminary rehearsals. Now the clutter is beginning to pile up in the studio, too. All of Miss Caldwell's waking life, and a good deal that should be spent asleep, is devoted to opera. "I try to make every one of the twenty-four hours count," she has said, and she does enormous amounts of reading—usually history or biography related to opera. She has virtually no social life, though she will go out occasionally in order to help raise funds. She did not start out to be an opera director. Indeed, she was born in the rather unoperatic town of Maryville, Missouri. But the family soon moved to Kansas City, where she lived until she was eleven, silently worshipping Karl Krueger, then the conductor of the Kansas City Philharmonic. At the same time, she attended all the performances—everything from Shakespeare to drawing-room comedy—of the Kansas City repertory theatre, where the comedian Guy Kibbee was a member of the company. Her parents were divorced when she was a small child, and her mother later married Henry Alexander, a professor of political science at the University of Arkansas, in Fayetteville, where Sarah also lived for a time. (A stepbrother, George Alexander, grew up to be a pitcher, briefly, in the New York Yankees' farm system.) Almost from infancy, Miss Caldwell was taught the violin, and very seriously from the age of four. She studied it for a time at Hendrix College, in Conway, Arkansas, but her stepfather was eager for her to pursue things other than music, so she attended the University of Arkansas, and later the University of Iowa, as a psychology major. In the mid-forties, still intent on a career as a violinist, she went to Boston to study with Richard Burgin, the concertmaster of the Boston Symphony, but she continued her studies in psychology at Boston University, too. She also attended the New England Conservatory of Music. Soon the art of opera began to attract her. The New England Conservatory had a very interesting opera department, run by Boris Goldovsky, the distinguished pioneer of opera-as-theatre, and Miss Caldwell got more and more caught up in its doings. In the late forties, she became Goldovsky's assistant. She wrote scripts for his intermission talks at the Metropolitan Opera, and

she participated in the first television broadcast of a full-length traditional opera—"Carmen," done by the Columbia Broadcasting System. Goldovsky directed it. He became her teacher not only in directing but in conducting. "He is an extraordinary man, and he has been a tremendous influence on me," she remarked recently. Indeed, she worked for Goldovsky as prop girl, chorus director, orchestra conductor, and stage director for more than eight years. During the summer layoffs, she went to Tanglewood, where she trained the chorus for Tchaikovsky's "Pique Dame," and worked on many unusual operas, among them Vaughan Williams' "Riders to the Sea," Mozart's "Idomeneo," and Britten's "Albert Herring." It was Koussevitzky who recommended her for a position on the Berkshire Music Center faculty, and it was her work there during the next five years that prompted Boston University to appoint her head of its opera-workshop department. Summers she now spent in Europe, first in Paris, where she became fascinated with the Comédie Française. But the Paris Opéra was at a fifty-year low ebb at the time, and since her object was really to study opera production, she soon moved on to Germany—first to Hamburg, where she had friends, and later to East Berlin, where she began to study Walter Felsenstein's methods of rehearsal and performance.



"My whole life has been a shortfall."

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Back at Boston University and Tanglewood, she continued her operatic directing and her teaching. "At that time," she says, "people thought that we who believed in opera as theatre were followers of some new strange religion." She frequently went to New York to attend the Broadway theatres, and she heard many performances at the Metropolitan, which did not impress her greatly—though she diplomatically concedes that "there are many ways of enjoying opera." A former student of hers at Tanglewood remembers the Sarah Caldwell of the nineteen-fifties as an odd figure: "Every week, opera scenes were put on by the Berkshire Music Center opera department. The students made their own sets, out of spit and baling wire, and constructed their own lighting systems. It was unusual to have a woman in charge. There was no women's lib at the time, of course, and perhaps this fact—combined with her size and her rolling, sailor's walk—contributed to the illusion that she was a sort of clown. She was the butt of many jokes—sometimes cruel ones. But she had tremendous drive—worked twenty-four hours a day. Goldovsky had a sharp tongue and was a witty man. By comparison, Sarah seemed earnest and humorless. But she worked tirelessly. Everyone went for drinks and celebrations to a place called the Log Cabin, outside Lenox. She never appeared there. Mention of her name was good for a quick, easy laugh. Nobody thought at the time that someday she would be a famous director. As a conductor, she presented an outlandish figure—screaming, singing, and so on."

Miss Caldwell, whose conducting technique has certainly improved since those days, now has hopes that Boston will someday build a proper opera house in which she can exercise it. She has definite ideas about how such a house should be constructed, and she will demonstrate them to anyone with the help of a few match folders. Her plans call for several theatres of different sizes, to accommodate different types of opera, including one big—but not too big—auditorium. "Eventually, I'm sure, we will have government subsidy, and smaller auditoriums will become practicable," she says. The plans do not include much in the way of elaborate stage machinery. "I would rather spend money on people than on machinery," she says. Whether or not this opera house is built, she is not wasting time waiting for it. She goes right on doing the best she can without it—and her best is very good, as even the city of Boston has noticed by now.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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In one unusual provision, the C.A.B. permitted two airlines, in effect, to divide two markets between them. United was permitted to suspend service between Washington and San Diego, leaving American to serve this route. In exchange, United agreed to stop flying between Hartford and Los Angeles, leaving this route to American.—*The Times.*

Fair exchange is no robbery.

OUR LOCAL CORRESPONDENTS

A RUMOR IN THE AIR

NEW YORK, the aggressive forerunner in so many ways, was the last state in the Union to acquire an official state bird, and it was not until May 18, 1970, that Governor Rockefeller signed a bill elevating the eastern bluebird (*Sialia sialis*) to a select group of twenty-nine species representing the forty-nine other states. Seven Eastern states share the cardinal, the bird most heavily favored; six Western states have the meadowlark; and five in Dixie claim the mockingbird. New York shares the eastern bluebird with Missouri. A second bluebird, the mountain bluebird, is the choice of another pair of states—Idaho and Nevada. There is no confusing the two birds, however. The eastern bluebird is a lowland dweller with a reddish breast and a cheery warble, while the mountain bluebird's feathers lack any touch of red. Normally, the mountain bluebird stays at altitudes greater than a mile and is, except at dawn, a remarkably silent creature.

State birds are usually selected for their historical associations, economic value, beauty of song. Alabama, for example, chose the flicker because its yellow, black, and red feathers were the colors worn into battle by various of the state's contingents in the Civil War. Utah's California gull rendered crucial service to the earliest Mormon settlers during the first spring after their arrival; it devoured hordes of locusts that were eating the first crop of grain as it sprouted. And South Dakota's ring-necked pheasant—not a native, in fact, but a bird of Asiatic origin—annually draws to the state thousands of hunters, who leave there large quantities of money.

Ordinarily, state birds are adopted by acts of legislatures or gubernatorial proclamation. A few, however, have become official by tradition or other means. The brown pelican, the largest state bird, whose wingspread can be an awesome nine feet, is considered Louisiana's state bird because it adorns the state seal, approved in 1902. This is also the method by which the bald eagle has come to be the official bird of the United States. In 1782, Congress voted to put the eagle in the country's great seal.

Action on state birds has typically been initiated by a state's Federation of Women's Clubs, aided and abetted by conservation groups and public-school authorities. The nineteen-twenties and thirties were an especially active time—thanks in large measure to Mrs. Katherine B. Tippetts, of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, in Washington, D.C. At her suggestion, women's clubs in states lacking an official bird placed the names of favorite birds on informal ballots, which were distributed as widely as possible, particular attention being paid to the schools. "The state bird itself is really less important than the thought and discussion involved in its selection," Mrs. Tippetts has said. A number of states had already set aside a Bird Day for avian study and appreciation, and the state-bird vote was commonly announced on Bird Day.

New York's first Bird Day was on April 2, 1915, an occasion that in due course (as environmental study broadened) was incorporated into Arbor Day and Wildlife Day, and in recent years has become simply Conservation Day. On April 13, 1928—that year's Bird Day—it was revealed that the bluebird had won an informal referendum held under the direction of Mrs. Charles Cyrus Marshall, of the New York State Federation of Women's Clubs. Runner-up was the robin, honored today as the state bird of Connecticut, Michigan, and Wisconsin. Official action usually follows the popular vote within a year or so, but the bluebird languished as New York's unofficial bird for forty-two years, the longest unofficial-state-bird tenure on record. A decisive move to correct this situation was made in the spring of 1969, when Mr. and Mrs. Allen Christopher, of Marathon, in Cortland County—excellent bluebird terrain—asked their assemblyman, George M. Michaels, of Auburn, to do something about getting legislation passed to make the bluebird's status official. Mrs. Christopher and her husband, who run a home-and-garden-supply store, are active amateur ornithologists and had just attended a convention of the Federation of Bird Clubs of the State of New York, held in Marathon, where the long-standing neglect of the bluebird had been noted with more than a little asperity. Michaels explained that it was too late to introduce a bill in 1969, but promised to do so the following year.

MADISON
FIRE DEPT.
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True to his word, at the next session Michaels set the machinery in motion. In the Senate, he got Senator Tarky Lombardi, of Syracuse, to handle the bill, which became S.6245. It was passed on February 18th, by a vote of forty-nine ayes and no nays, seven senators being absent or excused. Final legislative action took place on March 2nd in the Assembly. Mr. and Mrs. Christopher had seats in the chamber when Michaels, wearing a bluebird pin on his lapel, rose to introduce the measure. At first, he had difficulty making himself heard over a barrage of cheeps and twitters from both sides of the aisle, but, having surmounted this difficulty, Michaels launched into his endorsement and, to applause from the chamber, introduced Mrs. Christopher, noting that three of her forebears had served in the Assembly. "Ladies and gentlemen," Michaels said, "in order to make Mrs. Christopher's happiness complete, I implore you to give this bill your unanimous support."

All did not go quite as smoothly as it had in the Senate, however. An opponent materialized. Seymour Posner, Democrat of the Bronx, rose and said, "Mr. Speaker, I have some grave misgivings about the particular bill." He pointed out that city dwellers, of which he was one, knew the sparrow and knew the pigeon. "But I think it is premature to talk about the bluebird," he said, "because, very frankly, the bluebird is not a bird that is well known. Who has seen a blue jay—bluebird, whatever they are— who has ever seen a bluebird except on greeting cards, and people who live in rural America? People who live in the lower East Side and West Side and North Side and South Side—how are we going to go along with a bird we never saw?" Despite Posner's antagonism, however, the bill passed—a hundred and forty-four to one—and in due course was sent along to the Governor. Those present two months later at the signing report that he affixed his signature rapidly, with no outward show of emotion.

Assemblyman Posner had a point. It is, as a matter of fact, highly unlikely that most people who live in this city will ever see a bluebird, unless they journey to the American Museum of Natural History, where there is a mounted specimen of our state bird in a display entitled "Birds of the New York Area." The reason a city dweller and a bluebird are unlikely to meet is a matter of habitat. City residents tolerate crowding, noise, pollution, and the substitution of concrete for greenery. The bluebird, which is slightly larger than a sparrow and has a poor, round-shouldered posture when perching, prefers quiet and rural surroundings. It is, in effect, a bird of another era. In the vanished Currier & Ives landscape of an America of long ago, when the ice was going from the lake and patches of snow still lay in the forest the bluebird was one of the first to greet the plowmen venturing into their fields. A nineteenth-century poet described its coming as "a rumor in the air for two or three days before it takes visible shape." Its back the purest blue, matching the cloudless sky, its red-brown breast the color of the awakening earth, the bluebird was the gentle symbol of spring for a gentler land. Three hundred and fifty years ago, it reminded the Pilgrims of the chunky robin redbreast they had left behind in England, and they called it the blue robin.

Central Park in autumn used to provide a good chance of glimpsing a bluebird in Manhattan. Fairly sizable numbers on occasion were seen there migrating southward on soft, sunny days. (Hence the expression "bluebird weather.") In the spring, bluebirds migrate farther to the west and were rarely seen in Central Park. They cannot be called common anywhere these days, and they have been put on the Audubon Society's "Blue List" of birds whose future seems endangered. Drastic scarcity was authoritatively noted in the winter of 1961-62 by Dr. Douglas James, of the University of Arkansas, perhaps the country's foremost bluebird scholar. He wrote that the abundance then was less than twenty per cent of normal, the lowest ever recorded in the annual nationwide Christmas bird census of the Audubon Society. (Most bluebirds fly south in winter, but quite a few have normally been observed right through the winter in all but the most northerly areas in this country and Canada.) The severity of several winters and cold early-spring storms in the Northeast along the migration routes during this period had apparently wiped out the last bluebirds known to nest in New York City. Before that, several pairs had regularly raised young each year in the woods of LaTourette Park, in the center of Staten Island, the adults cruising out over its golf course for insects, which they took either on the ground or on the wing. (Army worms, tent caterpillars, cutworms, and other pests are staples of their diet.) Bluebirds once nested in Central Park, but Richard Edes Harrison, the cartographer and conservationist, cannot recall any Manhattan nesters in the thirty years or more he has been birding here. Nor have any been spotted recently by members of the Linnaean Society in any of the other boroughs. John Bull, of the staff of the American Museum of Natural History, compiler of the authoritative "Birds of the New York Area," agrees with this assessment.

Wm Hamilton

"Your race horses, your wines, your philanthropy to Ivy League colleges, your works of art—really, Teddy, you're practically Japanese."

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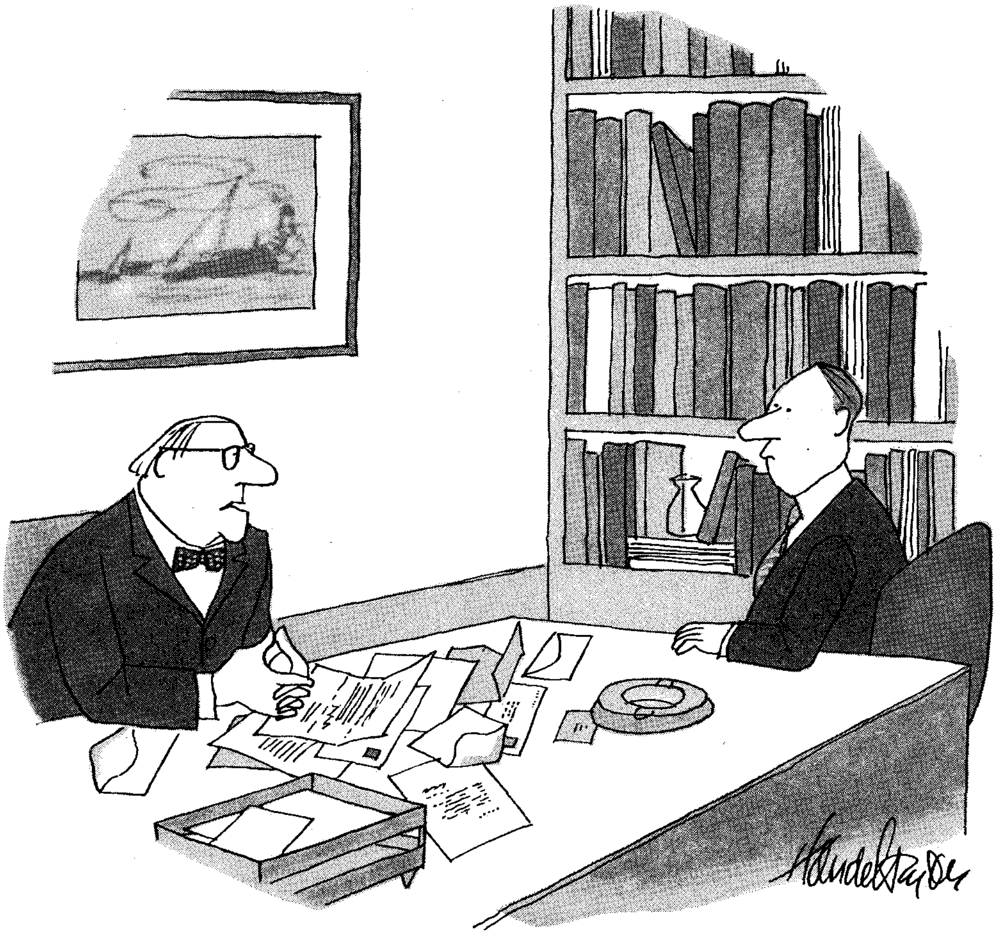
If anybody could help me find a bluebird in the city of New York, I had been told, it would be Dr. Theodore L. Kazimiroff, a dentist who is the official historian of the Bronx and an expert on the city's wild places. I called Dr. Kazimiroff one spring day, and he seemed optimistic. "There are even bluebirds on Hunter Island in the winter," he said. "I think they come down from Westchester to spend the cold months there. Usually, they're to be found in a place called Sumac Grove. It has lots of berries and seeds they like to eat in the winter. Come up tomorrow, and we'll go over to Hunter Island and see if we can find any of the people who saw bluebirds last winter."

Hunter Island, which is not an island at all but a peninsula, is the most northeasterly section of Pelham Bay Park—itself the most northeasterly section of the city, and its second-largest park (after the Jamaica Bay Wildlife Refuge). I met Dr. Kazimiroff at his office, and we went to Hunter Island in his car. On the way over, he told me, "I used to see nesting bluebirds on the Huntington estate, in the southern section of Pelham Bay Park, every year a while back. The remains of an old orchard gave them the nesting holes they love to live in. If only people buying places today with old orchards or shade trees wouldn't



"You have a pretty good case, Mr. Pitkin. How much justice can you afford?"

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be so all-fired eager to fill the holes in them, then the bluebirds would have a better chance. Now they're gone from the Huntington estate. We've got the Tallapoose garbage dump instead." Dr. Kazimiroff sighed.

In a moment or two, however, his good cheer returned. "The people we are going to see today are perhaps the truest nature lovers in all of New York City—the real, simon-pure enthusiasts," he said. "They come out to this remote park day after day the year round to little community camps they have built—a camp with people of predominantly German ancestry here, one of predominantly Greek ancestry there, and so on. They spend their time in the woods listening to the wind sough through the trees, or along the shore hearing the waves of Long Island Sound lap against the rocks. They are people of very modest means, but they love nature and they have hearts of gold."

We left his car at the Orchard Beach parking lot and started north along a deserted road to Hunter Island, whose trees were visible in the distance. After a while, we came to a one-story red brick building, which, according to Dr. Kazimiroff, had replaced the Hunter mansion, a magnificent colonnaded regal manor house that was built in 1840 and was sold to the parks department in 1887. "Presidents and royalty came to the mansion in its day," Dr. Kazimiroff said. "It had a fabulous art collection, including Titians and Rembrandts, that was eventually sold at auction." In front of the brick building at several wooden tables sat a number of plainly dressed men and women, eating from brown paper bags or playing card games. Dr. Kazimiroff recognized three or four, and greeted them in German. Then Dr. Kazimiroff left the road and took a narrow path leading into the trees. Soon it brought us to a camp that was frequented, Dr. Kazimiroff told me, largely by persons of Russian background, and was near the Sumac Grove he had mentioned. The camp consisted of a crude wooden shelter or two, apparently for refuge from rain, some tables, old beach chairs, and an outdoor grate. Half a dozen men and a woman were present, all of them rather square in build and with broad Slavic faces. Dr. Kazimiroff and the campers hailed one another vigorously in Russian, and then, speaking partly in English and partly in Russian, he inquired about the presence of bluebirds around the camp during the past winter, making clear that he did not mean the large blue bird that is the blue jay but the smaller blue bird with the red breast that is the bluebird. The group's leader said firmly that the bluebird had been there all winter but that none had been seen recently.

"What did I tell you!" Dr. Kazimiroff exclaimed. "Now they've gone back to Westchester."

ASSUMING Dr. Kazimiroff was right, I set about tracing the Hunter Island bluebirds—or, at least, some members of the tribe—to their nests. Parts of Westchester, I knew, are still bluebird country. It retains sizable patches of open grassy space, hillside meadows, abandoned fields, and margins of thin woods, all of which bluebirds like. I lived in Chappaqua for a number of years, and used to see them there often, even in winter. So after my trip to Hunter Island I asked the Sawmill River Audubon Society, whose membership is largely centered in Pleasantville and Chappaqua, to help me locate examples of our state bird. A note in the Society's bulletin brought plentiful news of them. The closest to the city was in Silver Lake Park, adjoining White Plains, some twenty miles to the north, where a nest had been discovered. Other members told of regular sightings that, because of the season, presumed domesticity. Paul Frese, conservationist of the Westchester park system, reported a number of pairs in the Ward Pound Ridge Reservation, including some that had wintered over. And bluebird families occupied boxes elsewhere in the Pound Ridge section. Some had successfully raised two broods of four fledglings each by early July. Boxes are important to the bluebird, because it is strictly a hole-nesting bird that cannot make its own shelter. Thus, it depends on natural cavities or boxes with openings of up to an inch and a half in diameter, to keep out big, unruly invaders like starlings. With the present vogue for filling tree cavities and eliminating old trees, bluebird-lovers who wish to have the birds near them must largely depend on putting up boxes to attract them.

A great advocate of this practice, and perhaps the foremost bluebird-lover in the entire state, is Mrs. Fujiko Matsumoto, who had lived in Chappaqua during some of the same years I did. The space in front and back of her house there, bristling not only with boxes but with feeders as well, often seemed to be

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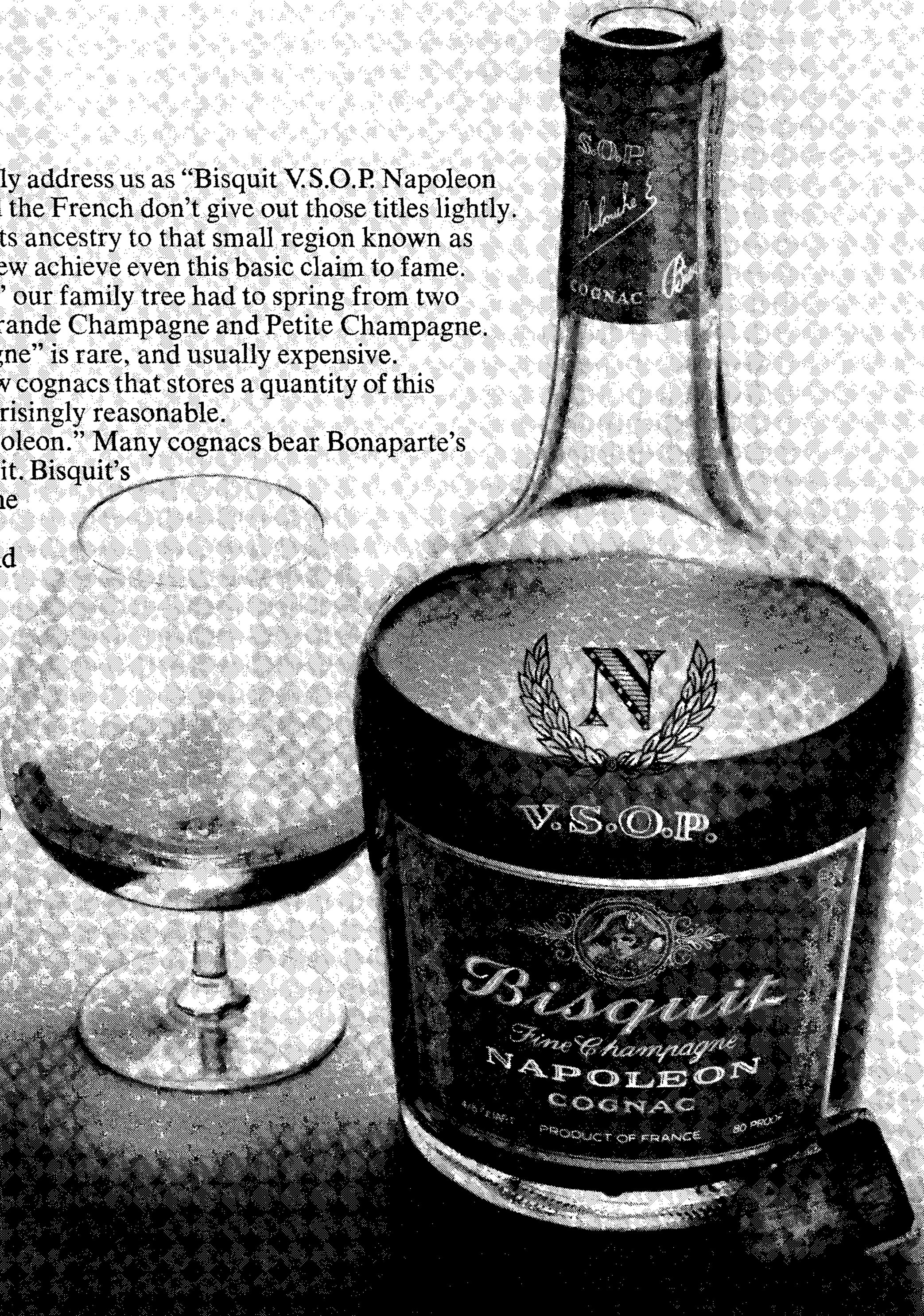

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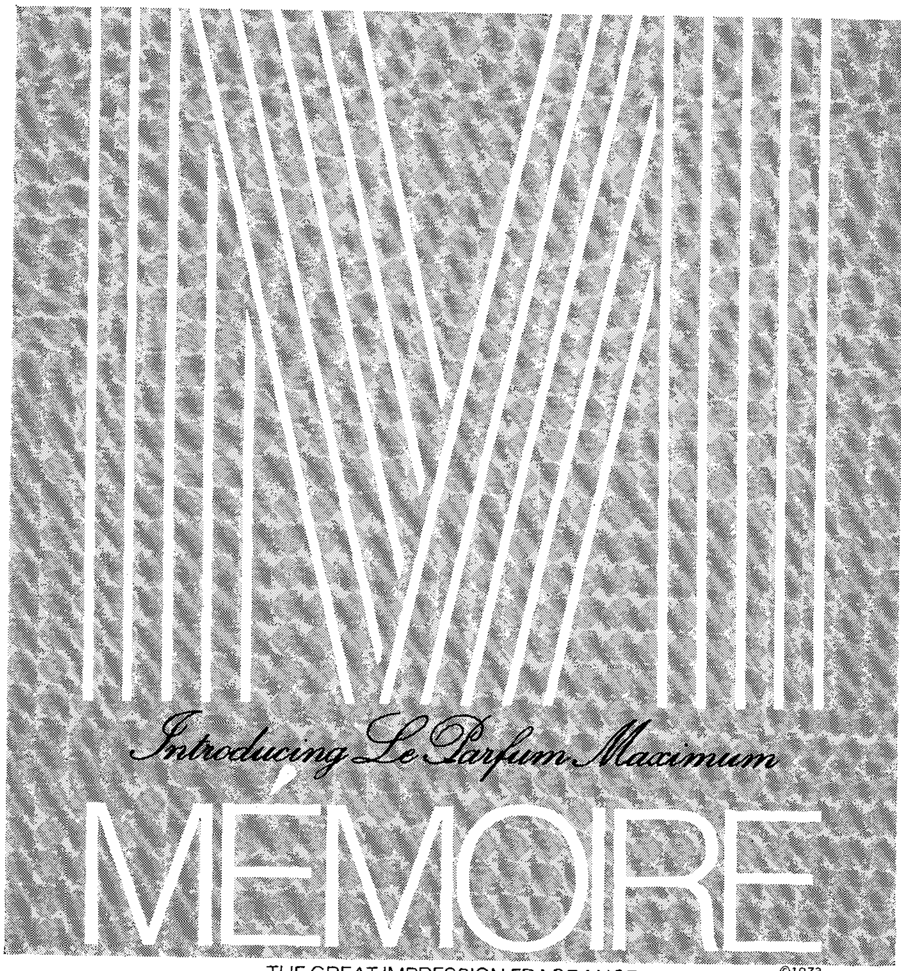
swarming with bluebirds. Her reputation was such that in 1962 the magazine *Audubon* published an article on her and her year-round devotion to the birds. She took particular pains to see that their food did not freeze during the winter, and the cuisine was four-star—chopped beef heart, canned dog food yellow cornmeal, chopped cheese, suet and mealworms that she raised for the purpose in her cellar. The diet may have been responsible for the fact that in 1954 one pair produced four broods in a single season. The feat, the magazine observed, had been pronounced "highly unusual" by a "stunned" ornithologist at the American Museum of Natural History. Mrs. Matsumoto's husband, Javius, an electrical engineer, had rigged up a way of keeping squirrels and other unwanted marauders out of the feeders by giving them a shock.

When the Matsumotos moved from Chappaqua, in 1967, the rumor was that they left because the town was becoming too crowded for bluebirds. This was not quite the case, Mrs. Matsumoto told me in her present home, in Pawling, forty miles to the north, when I called on her there one day. "It's true that the town was becoming crowded. We had no bluebirds the last two years. But my husband was going to retire anyway, and we wanted more rural surroundings." Pawling provided them and bluebirds, too. The Matsumotos were looking at some land there on a meadowed hill one autumn day in 1966 when a flock of migratory bluebirds settled into some trees on it. They bought the land immediately. "I knew we'd be happy here then, and we have been," she said.

I walked with Mrs. Matsumoto to examine a bluebird house on the open lawn. The small roof had been painted white by her husband to reflect sunlight and render those within more comfortable, but the nest was empty now. Mrs. Matsumoto told me that the second brood had flown a few days before. "They are back in the trees at present," she said. "Their parents may still be feeding them." The nest was a typical one, merely a mattress of dried grass stems piled into the box. The parents had started their second brood in it the first week in June and had departed in early July, the whole process having taken about a month. The eggs, light blue in color, of which there may be from three to six but are usually four, take twelve to fourteen days for incubation. Seventeen to eighteen days later, the young exit from the hole in a flippety-floppety flight of from fifty to seventy-five feet. The fledglings have



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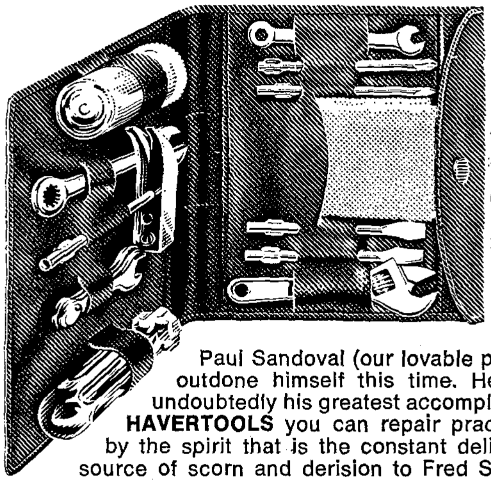

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spotted breasts, like young robins. Both robins and bluebirds are thrushes, although the bluebird is not famous as a singer. The male's song is a mellow, gurgling *chewery, chewery*, repeated in what is one of the lowest-pitched voices of any North American songbird. Another deep voice is that of the Baltimore oriole (Maryland's state bird), but, of course, none of the songbirds can go as low as a real basso profundo like the great horned owl (nobody's state bird). Some female bluebirds also sing, but very softly. Mrs. Matsumoto told me that each evening the male had been coming out of the trees and returning to the box to try to persuade the female to start a third brood.

On my way back to the city, late in the afternoon, I stopped in Chappaqua, where, at the top of Mountain View Road, according to reports, there were bluebirds to be found. Sure enough, it was true. From among the tall trees that crown the site came a male's unmistakable sweet whistle. The more sombre-colored female appeared first, alighting on an upper branch of an oak over the road where I stood beside my car. Then the male followed, still singing. He perched on a telephone wire high over the road, assuming his characteristic stoop-shouldered posture, and the evening sun caught his ruddy breast and made it ruddier still.

The pair may still be there. I well remember, during my winters in Chappaqua, looking out on sunny days after heavy snows, when dripping icicles hung from gutters on my house, and seeing flocks of four or six bluebirds hover and daintily sip the water drops hanging at the ends of the crystal spears. The quick flutterings of bright blue and red against the piled white snow were a delight.

—EUGENE KINKEAD

•

Anyone interested in more detailed instructions for preparing the dishes presented at the November series of nutrition workshops should contact an area extension office, said Extension Agent Virginia Vaupel.

"Our weekly workshops are designed to introduce new ideas in the kitchen—not make you experts," she said.

Young brides watching sour dough bread made for the first time—or gluten extracted from flour and whipped into gluten steaks—or a block of tofu created from dried soybeans and made into a casserole—couldn't be expected to go home and duplicate the process, said Mrs. Vaupel.—*Pasco, Kennewick, Richland (Wash.) Tri-City Herald.*

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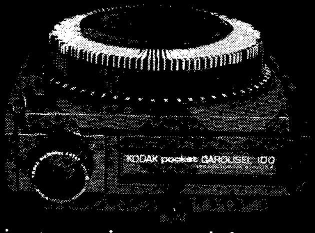

THE THEATRE

STARS IN YOUR EYES

IN saying that the revival of "The Pajama Game," at the Lunt-Fontanne, affords a modestly pleasing evening, I feel duty-bound to add that the modesty of its pleasingness may be a function of my recalling so vividly, after almost twenty years, the exceptional charm and vitality of the original production. Audiences attending the musical for the first time will not have an army of delectable ghosts to stare down and strive in vain to dismiss. (Ghosts by their nature are so refined as to be undismissable, passing with ease through the stoutest door one can press shut against them.) Nor will contemporary audiences remember, as we veterans of '54 cannot help doing, the happy shock of hearing a Niagara of marvellous new songs pouring out over the footlights. Much of the score of "The Pajama Game" has become part of the counted-on furniture of our minds and serves, such is the mystery of the power of popular music, to reassure and console us as we continuously reinvent the past according to our needs. The richness and variety of that score may be measured by the fact that "The Pajama Game," "Hey There," "I'm Not at All in Love," "I'll Never Be Jealous Again," "Once a Year Day," "Hernando's Hideaway," and "7½ Cents" are but a third of the total number of songs in the show. Richard Adler and Jerry Ross (who died in 1955, at the tragically early age of twenty-nine) wrote their songs together—that is, each contributed to both the lyrics and the music—and this rare form of collaboration is perhaps the reason that their lovely handiwork gives the impression of having always existed and therefore of having been all simply and effortlessly come upon, rather than composed.

In its first incarnation, "The Pajama Game" was admired for dealing with an authentic subject; its plot concerns not only boy-meets-girl but also a slowdown in a pajama factory in a small town somewhere in the Middle West, and although the bickering between the union on the one side and the head of the factory on the other is largely farcical, at bottom lie questions of social justice that people in those early audiences could nod their heads in virtuous cognizance of. That plot, like the plots of most musicals, has grown tiresome with age, and we are grateful to be sped from song to song without much stress placed on the story line. The present company is—a trifle too conscientiously—an equal mixture of blacks and whites; all the more astonishing, then, that the dialogue should have been tinkered with to call gratuitous attention to the fact that our hero, a white man (Hal Linden), is falling in love with a black woman (Barbara McNair). Cab Calloway plays with zest the role of Hines, the time-study expert, and Sharron Miller plays the sexy, promiscuous secretary whom Hines solemnly vows never to feel jealous of again. The greatest disappointment of the present production is the sets, by David Guthrie. Because the cast is so large and, one supposes, so expensive, the producers must have decided to cut financial corners on the scenery; no doubt to his dismay, Mr. Guthrie's budget has led him to devise a system of rather woebegone-looking flats, hung on wires and altogether lacking in the unction and opulence that lift one's spirits on Broadway. George Abbott, who, with Richard Bissell, wrote the book of the show, has directed with the same crisp authority that he manifested in his direction back in 1954. Time's winged chariot is bouncing down the wrong track in pursuit of Mr. Abbott; he is eighty-six and would be ashamed to shoot his age in golf.

THE revival of O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh," at the Circle in the Square-Joseph E. Levine Theatre, risks odious comparison not only with the original production, in 1946, but with the Circle in the Square revival, in 1956, and with the current version by the American Film Theatre. At best, the work is radically imperfect, and the wonder from one moment to the next—and, indeed, from one hour to the next—is not that it can be made to play well but that it can be made to play at all. It is divided into four not very shapely acts and runs for four hours and fifteen minutes. O'Neill supervised the rehearsals of the first production and overruled the many objections to its length voiced at the time by close friends and professional associates; he felt that sheer duration, however irritating, was needed to give scale and weight to the message he had to impart. Alas, he was more impressed by the profundity of his message than any of the rest of us need be. That men who have failed in life are happier living with unrealizable dreams than they would be if they had to live with the dreadful truth about themselves is not a dictum on a very lofty level of intellection, but then reasoning, to say nothing of philosophizing, was far from being a strong point with O'Neill. His views on the nature of life were scarcely more worthy of close scrutiny than those of the alcoholic misfits with whom he so eagerly identified himself ("the best friends I ever had") and with whom he pretended to have suffered common hardships. It was not so, of course—the sharing was but seeming, since his despised father was nearly always good for a handout when O'Neill's plight threatened to grow desperate. In ways that it would take an essay to explore, O'Neill manages to convince us that he is a great writer when, most of the time, he is not even a very good one. "Long Day's Journey Into Night" is a masterpiece, but "The Iceman Cometh," which O'Neill wrote with unusual ease and rapidity just before "Long Day's Journey," is much beneath it both in content and in theatrical effectiveness. In a single dreary setting—the back room of the bar in Harry Hope's hotel on the lower West Side—seventeen miserable creatures lounge about and drink, pass out, wake, drink, and nourish one another with an exchange of familiar abuse. They are waiting for Hickey, a salesman who comes to Harry's to enjoy an occasional fearful bender and who brings with him money, funny stories, and what amounts to respect for the "inmates"—he likes them just as they are, drunken failures that they are. But something has happened, for when Hickey arrives this time he is sober, hortatory, and at once murderous and Christlike. A Hickey who would change them is a

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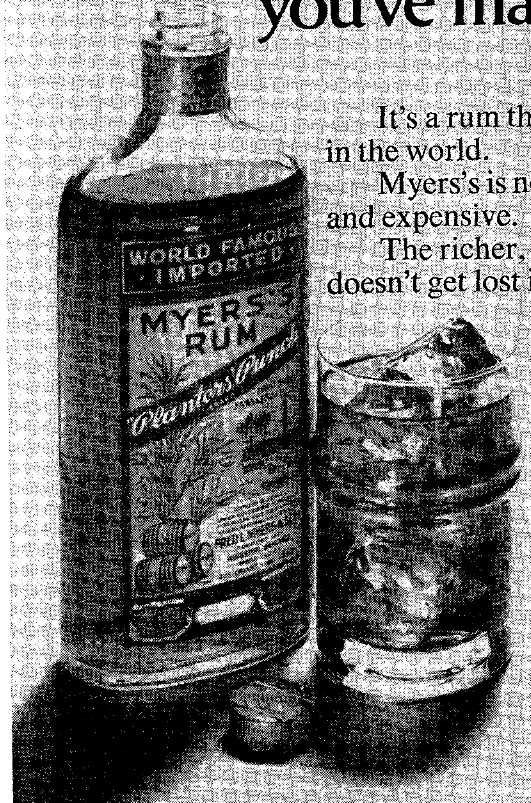

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Hickey they cannot afford to embrace; the only one among them who might have consented to become his disciple is himself an outsider and a Judas, doomed to serve as his own executioner. The inmates welcome the death of their would-be savior, Hickey; they turn back with relief to the pipe dreams that lie waiting for them in a bottle of booze.

In a realistically sleazy setting by Clarke Dunham, the director, Theodore Mann, patiently moves his many pawns from table to table, as if from square to square, and intermittently one or another of the pawns brings the play to vigorous life. I especially admired Michael Higgins as Larry Slade, a disillusioned syndicalist-anarchist; Tom Aldredge as James Cameron, a tuberculous former war correspondent; and Joseph Ragno as Rocky, the night bartender. Sad to say, I did not admire James Earl Jones as Hickey. Mr. Jones is a big man, whose presence onstage emanates dignity, self-control, and a tragic fortitude. Able actor that he is, he may nevertheless be unable to portray with conviction a cheap, flashy, glad-handing, whoremongering, small-time wreck of a sweet-talking con man, which is what Hickey is supposed to be. A difficult role, made all the more difficult because O'Neill *would* turn his New York salesman into Christ, as, earlier, he had made his Yankee Brahmins into Greek kings; Mr. Jones fails in the role without loss of stature.

—BRENDAN GILL

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WHICH COUNTRY CLUB D'YA BELONG TO?

[*From the Phoenix* (*Ariz.*) *Arizona Republic*]

Cardwell took charge the minute he hit the door. He looks and acts the part of the tough warden, talking to convicts in language which would make a sailor blush.

But staff and the convicts got the message. The country-club atmosphere at the Arizona State Prison was over. The convicts can't have guns, knives, stolen TVs, dope kits, and hot plates in their cells any more.

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MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. (NYT)—Approximately three dozen copies of the novel, "Slaughterhouse Five," were burned in Drake, N.D., recently on orders of the local school board.

Acting on the complaint of a sophomore student, the board held a special meeting on Tuesday, and agreed with the girl that the book was propane.—*Middletown* (*N.Y.*) *Times-Herald Record.*

Well, if you're going to burn books, it makes sense to start with the propane ones.

MUSICAL EVENTS

Schumann's Faust

HAVING an orderly cast of mind, Pierre Boulez likes to build his New York Philharmonic programs around some central theme. Two years ago, Liszt was singled out for special attention—proving, it appears, somewhat unpalatable in bulk; last year Haydn and Stravinsky shared the honors. The programs of the current season were again planned around a pair of contrasting subjects: the concertos of Mozart and Goethe's "Faust" as reflected in music. One of the finest of the innumerable "Faust" scores, Liszt's Symphony, was omitted from the scheme, having been performed in 1971; and two of the chosen works, Wagner's "Faust" Overture and Berlioz' "La Damnation de Faust," were lost to us by the Philharmonic's ten-week strike. Thus, there remained only two treatments of the subject, both on a large scale and both infrequently heard: the Eighth Symphony of Mahler (due in February) and Schumann's "Scenes from Goethe's 'Faust,' " of which three performances have just been given in Avery Fisher Hall.

For a long time, I used to keep an eye open in vain for this Schumann rarity, my interest having been aroused by the high praise meted out to it by Ernest Newman in his early "Faust in Music" essay, which was included in his "Musical Studies" of 1905. That curiosity is now assuaged; so far as I am concerned, Schumann's "Faust" may once again slumber on the shelf. In addition to the New York performance, I have also heard one or two English revivals, notably a much admired concert during the 1972 Aldeburgh Festival, at which Benjamin Britten conducted and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau and Heather Harper were numbered among the singers. That was a strong cast; but so, too, was the company assembled in New York by Boulez. The truth is that not even the best of advocates can disguise the weakness and monotony of Schumann's long score.

To do the composer justice, he never intended his desultory "Faust" music for performance as a whole. The isolated scenes, written over a period of nine years, mostly in reverse order and late in his career, constitute no sort of unity. After an overture that bears a close family resemblance to other minor-key orchestral movements among his output, we have three episodes depicting Faust and Gretchen in the garden, her anguished prayer before the image of the Mater Dolorosa, and the scene in the cathedral with the Evil Spirit at her back; these are fair specimens of Schumann's lyrical and quasi-dramatic styles, but they limn Goethe's characters with a halting and uncertain hand. The music was admirably sung by Judith Blegen as Gretchen, Hermann Prey as Faust, and John Shirley-Quirk as the Evil Spirit.

The best music in the score, as Bernard Shaw once perceptively noted, comes in Part II, especially in the treatment of the midnight scene for the Four Gray Women, the blinding of Faust by Sorge (Care), the digging of his grave by the Lemures, his belief that the noise of their spades signifies the progress of his grand scheme of land reclamation for the betterment of humanity, and the resultant cry of exultation and content ("Verweile doch, du bist so schön!") that leads at once to his death. Here, and here alone, does Schumann come within hailing distance of Goethe's conception; and here Mr. Prey, Phyllis Bryn-Julson as Sorge, the most potent of the *graue Geschwister*, and the rest of the vocal and orchestral ensemble were truly impressive.

Although many critics have stressed the musical superiority of Part III, devoted to the transfiguration of Faust and to Goethe's final episode, it is hard for us today, with Mahler's treatment of the same text in our heads, to respond very ardently to Schumann's conception. Mahler's score, whatever its inequalities, really does range the heights and sound the depths of Goethe's visionary universe, whereas Schumann has little to bring to the poet's grandeurs and immensities but his own sweet, serious, domesticated nature. His music for these sublime pages is irretrievably cozy: the wildest and strangest of landscapes have been observed from a comfortable window seat. The various solo episodes fluctuate between the well-known picturesque world of Schumann's Lieder and the world of the early Wagner, who was at that time (1844-49) Schumann's neighbor in Dresden. Some of this music, notably Doctor Marianus's "Höchste Herrscherin der Welt!," is quite beautiful in a placidly aspiring sort of way that recalls Wagner's Wolfram von Eschenbach. The concerted music, however, continually drops into a rhythmic squareness that makes "Tannhäuser" seem a veritable "Sacre du Printemps."

MICHAEL TILSON THOMAS, conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall, had also adopted a "thematic" approach in planning his program, which consisted wholly of transcriptions. The art of transcription, taken for granted until the present century, has been under a cloud in our time, from which it is now beginning to emerge. Most of Mr. Thomas's program, however, involved a serious waste of the magnificent orchestral instrument that he had brought along with him. First we had Cage's "Suite for Toy Piano," of 1948, a rather charming piece in the Satie-like vein that Cage cultivated at that time, which still sounded good, although less pointful, in Lou Harrison's orchestral version of 1964. Then came one of music's landmarks, Monteverdi's "Lamento d'Arianna," absurdly blown up by Carl Orff's heavy orchestral accompaniment, which only distracted attention from the singer, Rose Taylor. The Westminster Choir was also on hand, to sing the same piece in Monteverdi's own madrigal transcription—which is not, however (as Mr. Thomas twice informed us in his spoken commentary), the source from which the solo version has had to be deduced; on the contrary, the "Lamento" was published as a solo with figured bass in 1623, during the composer's lifetime. The first part of the concert ended with a real, though insignificant, novelty, in Ravel's orchestration of three pieces (Nos. 1, 16, and 20) from Schumann's "Carnaval." Why Diaghilev should have commissioned this effort (if he did, for doubt exists) when he already had in his possession a complete, though composite, score for his highly successful ballet of four years earlier remains a mystery; in any case the music sounds far better on the piano than in either orchestral version.

Not until after the interval, in Schoenberg's orchestration of Brahms' G-Minor Quartet for Piano and Strings, Opus 25, did the Boston players have a chance to show their mettle. Especially in the second of its four movements, which Schoenberg tactfully converted into a thoroughly genuine-seeming orchestral intermezzo

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such as we find in the Brahms symphonies, their performance under Mr. Thomas's careful beat was authoritative and enchanting. The revamped work itself is a mixed bag. Schoenberg, who was not prone to self-doubts, thought so highly of his work that he once called it Brahms' "Fifth Symphony;" but most of the music, with its close and typically Brahmsian connection between form and instrumentation, sounds much better in its original shape. As for Schoenberg's finale, with tambourine, glockenspiel, xylophone, and other such condiments freely stirred in with the heavy hand of a paprika-crazy cook, it becomes a hefty, coarse thing in comparison with the sparkling original as played by such artists as Artur Rubinstein and the Guarneri—or, to judge by favorable report, the group who played this same quartet twice during the next few days for the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center. Two of the three reasons for his transcriptions listed by Schoenberg in a letter about them to the San Francisco critic Alfred Frankenstein (that the original is seldom played, and always very badly played) no longer really apply, however much we may applaud the other one—"I like this piece." I like it, too; but far better as Brahms left it. If Schoenberg had said that there were thousands of misguided folk who go to hear orchestras but won't venture near a chamber concert, and that he was aiming at *them*, he would have been on safer ground.

OTHER events, which in these pre-Christmas days have come thick and fast, must perforce be treated in more cursory style. The Metropolitan Opera put on a "Bohème" with three débutants, and with an old favorite in the tenor lead. Leif Segerstam, a young Finnish conductor who knows his way around Puccini's tricky score, secured a performance that was effective but ran to some extremes of tempo. Enriqueta Tarrés made a likable Mimì with a clear soprano of no great warmth or fullness of tone. Maralin Niska, like most Musettas of today, concentrated on outrageous impact rather than allure in the second act, but the high B's of the waltz song lie comfortably within her range and don't have to be forced, which is unusual. Franco Corelli received a hero's welcome for his Rodolfo, which was ardent and confident but wanting in sweetness of tone and delicacy of phrase. Jerome Hines did well as the philosopher Colline, and it may have been the conductor's choice of speed that made his Coat Song unduly ponderous. The best singing and most natural acting came from Matteo Manuguerra as Marcello.

BY the time the Concert Artists Guild had completed its cycle of Britten's three Church Parables, at St. Stephen's Church on West Sixty-ninth Street, with "The Prodigal Son," it had become clear that this was an outstanding achievement on the part of all concerned, not excepting the composer and his librettist, the late William Plomer. During the tenuous "Curlew River" I had wondered whether the experience of hearing all three pieces in succession, with their identical musical structure based on a processional plainsong that is sung at the beginning and end of each score, might not prove too much of a good thing. But "The Burning Fiery Furnace" derives a particular charm from the use made of the haunting first phrase of its medieval hymn, "Salus aeterna;" and "The Prodigal Son" showed itself to be the warmest and most moving of the series, as well as the most varied and the richest in musical invention. Its sole flaw is that neither composer nor librettist has provided any plausible symbol of luxurious urban iniquity; but at this performance Brian Coogan's dazzling trumpet breaks spoke volubly for the Tempter's wiles and Diann Jerzurski's viola feelingly conveyed the nadir of the prodigal's misfortunes, while the spectator's heart was duly melted by the return of the "pastoral" B-flat-major tonality at the moment of the erring son's unexpected welcome by his father. There were admirable performances by Gary Glaze as the prodigal son, Philip Booth as the father, and Joseph Frank as the Tempter, within the telling designs of Peter Wexler and production of Nathaniel Merrill. Nor must the musical direction of Lee Schaenen be overlooked; these pieces, for all their improvisational air, are quite hard to bring off in performance.

THERE is only one thing amiss with the pleasant interior of the Juilliard Theatre, where the American Opera Center has staged four productions of "The Bartered Bride" with alternating casts: the orchestra pit is a tightly enclosed oblong box, which made Smetana's delightful score sound thin, through no fault (I felt sure) of the Juilliard Orchestra or of its conductor, Peter Herman Adler. Direction (Mr. Adler), staging (Rhoda Levine), sets (Michael Fish), and costumes (Jan Skalický) were agreeably unpretentious; so was Todd Bolender's choreography, although I wish he could persuade his dancers to shed those typical ballet smiles, which look so unrustic. The first cast (the one I saw) was especially notable for the performance of David Hall, a natural comedian, in a part which can be trying: that of the stuttering booby, Vašek. Hero, heroine, and marriage broker (George Livings, Judith Haddon, and Michael Li-Paz, respectively) were all well in the picture, though all three have voices that are on the small side. The opera itself is as enchanting as ever, with its zest and pungency and easy melodic flow.

LASTLY, it says much for the art of Alicia de Larrocha, and for the city that perhaps appreciates her better than any other, that she could fill Avery Fisher Hall to overflowing on a Sunday afternoon with a program devoted entirely to the piano music of Granados. No one else in our time plays this music with such sparkle and clarity, such infectious delight, such subtlety of rhythm, such unfailing beauty of tone. She has a way with these romantic melodies that is all her own; she teases them, as they must be teased; but she is never merely capricious or affected. She is a marvel.

—DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

ROCK, ETC.

Believing Bette Midler, Mostly

ON the second night of her engagement at the Palace, I finally caught up with Bette Midler. Through one of those series of mishaps and mismanagements which begin to assume a no doubt illusory cosmic importance, I had been missing Midler concerts regularly, starting with her first, breakthrough performance at the Bitter End, and since I had bought a new turntable instead of a TV set I couldn't even watch her on Johnny Carson. I had had to skip her last local extravaganza, the fabled New Year's show, because of a prior commitment to a friend—a motive Bette would appreciate. The result was that Midler, the sort of figure that is inevitably pronounced a "legend," had become for me a legend in the ultimate sense—a vivid presence in my fantasies without ever having been one in the flesh.

It didn't seem to matter. I loved her first album, "The Divine Miss M," even though I wasn't supposed to—

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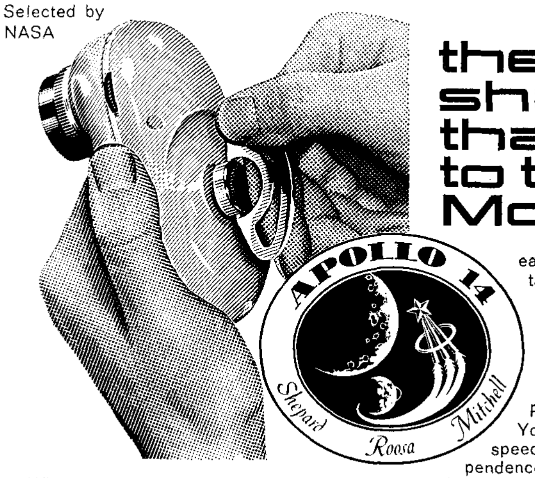

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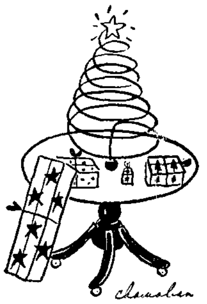
friends and critics agreed that you couldn't appreciate the record unless you'd seen the act. But I'd heard enough about her to grasp what she was trying to do, which was, in essence, to explore the whole idea of theatre: what it meant to be a performer, what it meant to be a fan, why all of us were a little of both. Listening to her versions of "Leader of the Pack" and "Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy," I would remember how a high-school friend and I had pepped up a long subway ride by regaling our captive audience with all four parts of the Quartet from "Rigoletto," or how my cousin and I used to drive our parents crazy by imitating Jerry Lee Lewis and Gene Vincent and Elvis for hours on end. My attitude toward my "material" was generally ambiguous—the same admixture of love, aspiration, and mockery (toward it and myself) with which I had once dressed up in my mother's clothes. That kind of ambiguity is characteristic of the sensibility we call camp, but camp is, I think, only a special case of the general human inclination to express emotional conflict by adopting roles that are—deliberately or unconsciously—excessive, awkward, even ridiculous. We all need to pretend, to fool around, in order, paradoxically, to reveal ourselves. By playing roles, we can protect our "real selves" from a hostile society; by playing them with a special flair, individualizing them with small elaborations, undercutting them with irony, choosing whom we care to imitate or make fun of and whom we want for our audience, we can obliquely express our identities.



Women, homosexuals, and other oppressed people have always understood the potency of that compromise. Bette Midler, a Jewish woman whose early fans were gay, seemed to me to embody it. In particular, having fun with roles—and, beyond that, with the idea of role—was her solution to the dilemma of the female performer: how to avoid being suicidally vulnerable (like a long line of victims from Billie Holiday to Janis Joplin) without becoming invulnerably trivial (like the Pointer Sisters) or simply dull (like the ladies a brilliant female songwriter of my acquaintance calls "all those laid-back women in long skirts"). Using other people's and other eras' forms, making sure we heard the innocence or the silliness or the melodrama, Midler communicated her need to love and be loved, but without stripping herself naked. My favorite cut on the album was "Chapel of Love." There was something about the way Bette sang "Gee, I really love you and we're gonna get married" that made me want to hug her. On one level, she was indulging her joy in a simpleminded, happy rock-and-roll song. On another, she was saying "Gee, I really love you." And I believed her; I even believed in marriage.

At the Palace, I realized that all that spiritual stuff was the easy part. The real test of Bette's genius was whether she could make me believe in palm trees and cricket noises, feather-duster fans, the Harlettes in their chorus-girl outfits, and—oh, *God,* as Bette would say—Hawaiian dancing girls. Although I thought I was prepared, the overblown production jolted me into exactly the reaction it was calculated to elicit: What *is* this? Then I remembered that Bette Midler grew up in Honolulu, and I wondered—as I'm sure I was meant to—at how the schlockiest elements of our popular culture always relate in some way to some person's real life. I wondered, and began to believe.

I enjoyed the show a lot. I dug Bette's freneticism and her crazy hair and her loud voice and her avidity for every dramatic stance from Joe Cocker's to Lotte Lenya's. I loved what I thought of—probably without her permission—as political touches: her "really *gross* lyric" about ba-a-ad sex with a pickup; the way she changed the words of "I Shall Be Released" to "They say every woman needs protection,/They say every woman's got to fall." I laughed at her cracks about the Harlettes ("This one is so meticulous you can eat off her, she won't mind") and about the audience ("I hope that's not the Quaalude crowd up there, 'cause the orchestra hates it when people fall over on them"); I even laughed at her Nixon jokes and her impression of Betsy Ross. "Chapel of Love" was the high point of the concert, as of the album, stimulating the tenderest audience high since the "You are forgiven!" chorus of the Who's "A Quick One."

And yet I had reservations. It was obvious that the Divine Miss M had not emerged as Bette Midler, Superstar, without strain. As an ambitious artist in every sense, she was facing familiar contradictions: how to remain "the last of the tacky women" and preserve her special relationship with her "real" fans while playing the Palace at fifteen dollars top; how to make the mass audience love her while resisting subtle and not so subtle pressures to pander. Her uneasiness and her need to assure herself of our complicity came through in a running putdown of the celebrity-ridden opening-night crowd. She gasped with mock incredulity at the ticket prices: "Twelve dollars! You could have bought five gallons of gasoline for that." All this embarrassed and offended me. Bad taste may seem a weird criticism to make of a performer like Midler, but I can't think of a better phrase. When your artistic rationale is honoring the human content of banal and extravagant forms, it is in bad taste to play them-and-us games; why is "Lullaby of Broadway" worthy of love, and not Dyan Cannon? It is in even worse taste to make disingenuous jokes about the money that you are charging and other people—including those despised first-nighters—are paying. I was also sorry that so little of Midler's new material was rock. Her medley of "Uptown" and "Da Doo Ron Ron" sounded a bit perfunctory, as if she were trying to placate people like me while actually tilting in favor of Middle America.

I have similar doubts about Bette's new album, "Bette Midler." It is more polished, less funky than the first one, and both the selection of songs and the interpretations tend to be less imaginative. It's still worth getting, if only for a knockout performance of the Denise La Salle masterpiece "Breaking Up Somebody's Home," a lyrical version of "Higher and Higher," and—for the rest of you Brecht-Weill freaks out there—"Surabaya Johnny." I'm sure I'll play it often. I just don't believe it quite as much. —ELLEN WILLIS

•

A new and unique business has moved south of Kennedale on Highway 287. It is Huffman Fiberglass Plastics, which is owned by Dean Huffman. He is moving out of Ft. Worth and is in production now with production of baptistries and pickle vats. The baptistries are used in churches that baptise their members.
—*Everman (Texas) Times.*

And want something smarter than a pickle vat.

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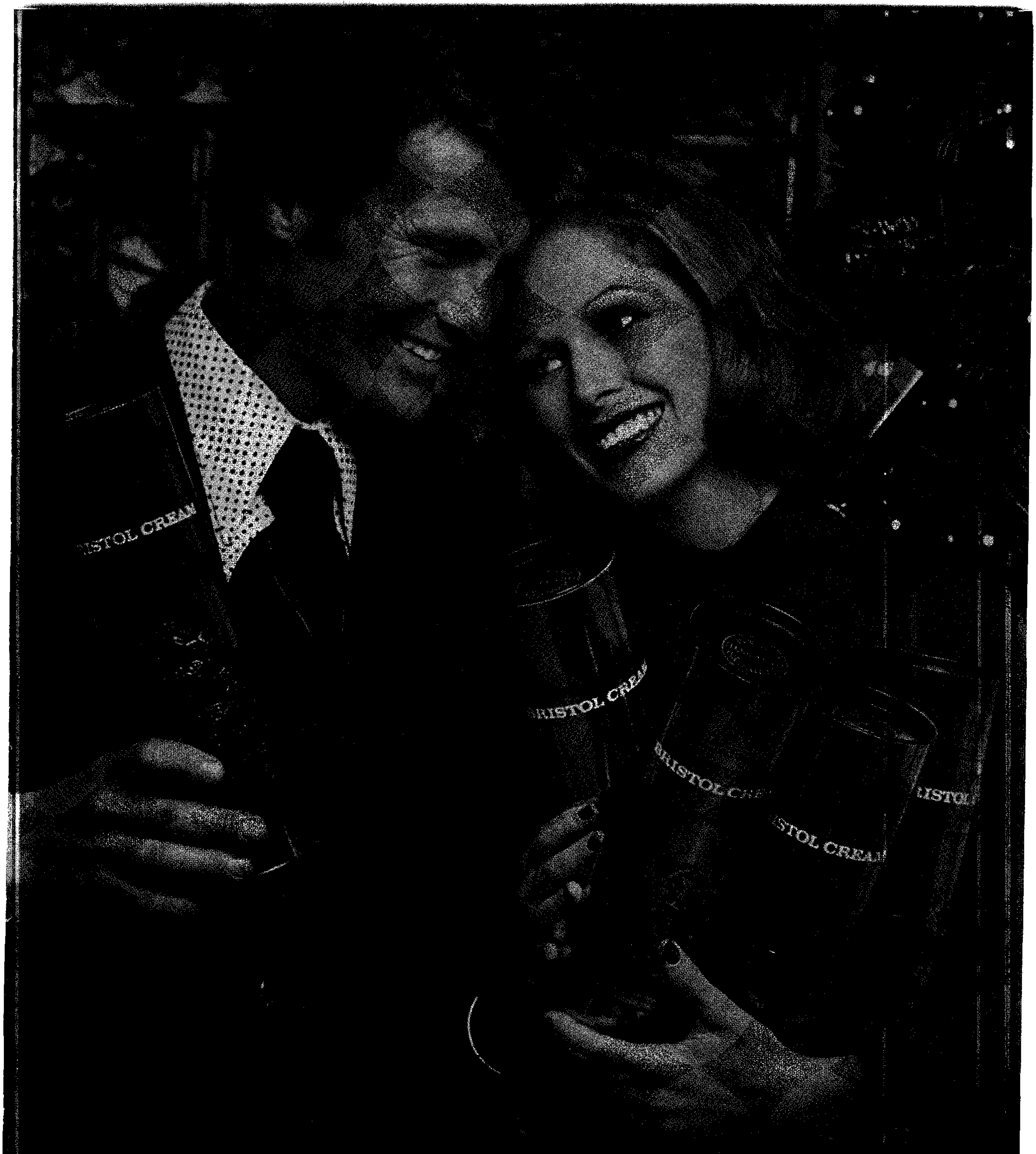
WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Melbourne (Australia) Age*]

The Governor of California (Mr. Ronald Reagan) and Mrs. Reagan arrived at Government House.

The Governor (Sir Rohan Delacombe) left Government House to visit the shires of Rutherglen, Yarrawonga, Chiltern and the United Shire of Beechworth.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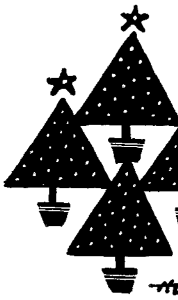
DANCING

Culture Hero

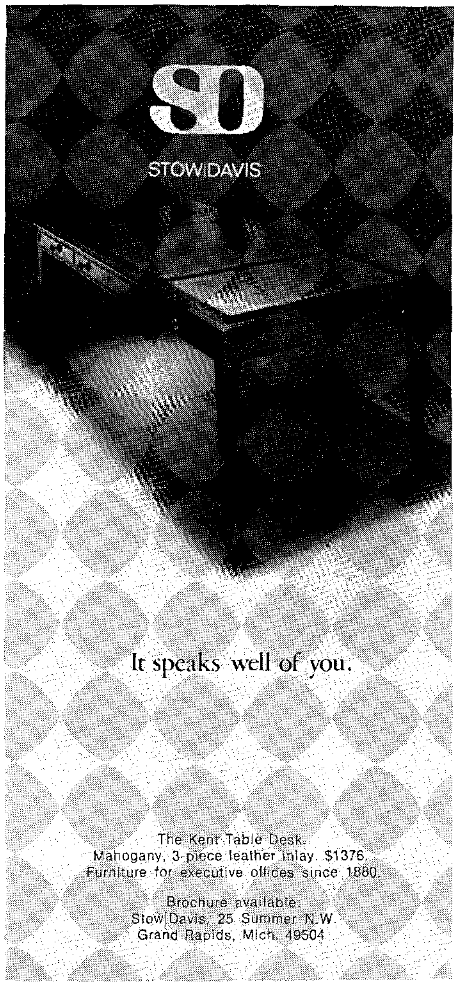
READING Lincoln Kirstein on the New York City Ballet is a little like reading Churchill on the Second World War. One is always conscious that the author is a participant in the story he is telling, that events wouldn't have turned out as they did if he hadn't been there to affect them, and that by writing about them as history he is still affecting them. Kirstein is the New York City Ballet's principal exegete and publicist as well as its co-architect, and he isn't an ideal company historian. The saving grace of his text for "The New York City Ballet," a lavish volume published by Knopf in observance of the company's twenty-fifth anniversary, is that Kirstein knows he can't present us with a fresh and unrestricted view of the company. I'm sure he knows why, too, although he doesn't say it. When he writes a foreword that begins, "Theatrical memoirs are always frustrating," he is defining only the part of the problem that has to do with the difficulty of reconstructing ephemeral events. But when he goes on to say, "No matter what is described—stage action, song, or dance—it all sounds as if one has read it somewhere before," he hints at something closer to the truth. One *has* read it somewhere before.

No one could write Kirstein's story with more speed and wit and factual command than Kirstein himself, and many of the autobiographical reminiscences this book contains are wonderful and valuable and new, but Kirstein can't write the company's history, if only because he has been so deeply involved in it, in both the living and the telling. From Kirstein's running commentary, over the years, on the objectives and activities of the School of American Ballet, founded in 1934, and the successive companies that emerged from it—the American Ballet, Ballet Caravan, American Ballet Caravan, Ballet Society, and (starting in 1948) the New York City Ballet—it would be possible to compile a rival volume to "The New York City Ballet." This would include magazine and newspaper articles, program notes, book prefaces, encyclopedia entries, and two polemical pamphlets—"Blast at Ballet" (1938) and "What Ballet Is About: An American Glossary" (1959). The difference between such Kirsteiniana and "The New York City Ballet" would be largely—and pricelessly—a difference of tone. Kirstein's spirit is no longer as embattled as it once was, but as a historian he is in the uncomfortable position of having to rewrite his own record, and when he reaches the point in the book where he is commissioning "Agon," I got tired for him. Probably no writer has celebrated "Agon" in print more often than Kirstein has; his exegetical attack on that ballet is impressed upon our minds almost as firmly as the attack of the ballet itself. Instead of repeating himself one more time, Kirstein launches an essay about Balanchine and Stravinsky and how neither one considered himself creative. "That is, neither invented *de novo* constructs whose root particles had not previously been in existence." But this, too, is self-repetition. "Invention" and "inventory" are both derived from *invenire:* to come upon. Originality as the fresh projection of already extant material is a favorite Kirstein theme. I first encountered it in "What Ballet Is About," and it is the underlying thesis of "Movement & Metaphor," his splendidly provocative book of ballet history published in 1970. It is a major point and it bears repeating; it constitutes the conservative credo of the New York City Ballet. But precisely because it is a credo it is—like Kirstein himself, and like Balanchine, who says, "God creates; I only assemble"—part of the show, part of what belongs to the dialectic of New York City Ballet spectacles, and not necessarily to the experience of an observer of those spectacles. At times, "The New York City Ballet" resembles a hall of mirrors—Kirstein writing what he has written before, in a book about a company whose guiding spirits have practiced art as a repetitive process, constantly recovering and renewing past findings, their own included.



This mirror-maze is also airtight, philosophically sealed off. It doesn't let us see the cracks in the grand design—those breakdowns that occur when Balanchine's remappings of old territory result in the obliteration of important landmarks, or when other choreographers follow dully in his path. "Cortège Hongrois," his latest treatment of "Raymonda" material, just isn't as good as "Raymonda Variations" or "Pas de Dix." (Some would say it is not even as good as the original version, by Petipa, but N.Y.C.B. philosophy does not allow for absolute originality and it does not credit the authority of Petipa, whose choreography, Balanchine has stated, "no one remembers accurately anyway.") "Firebird" used to be a *dance* ballet. And although "Opus 34," which has never been revived, may indeed have been an antecedent to "Agon," as Kirstein seems to think, eyewitness accounts suggest that it was a good deal more than that. There was a period when the Balanchine-Bach "Concerto Barocco" appeared to have been superseded in repertory—"ploughed under," to use Kirstein's phrase—by the Balanchine-Bach-Webern "Ricercare" section of "Episodes." Unexpectedly, "Concerto Barocco" was restored. "La Valse" returned in spite of "Liebeslieder Walzer," and Jerome Robbins' "An Evening's Waltzes" was mounted in spite of both. What Kirstein's inside view does let us see is the intricacy of the company's operation. The nature of a repertory company and the qualities it takes to run it—the skill to maneuver within a range of predetermined possibilities, to deal with financial hard facts and the pressure of the unions (the phrase "time-and-a-half for overtime" jingles through the book like a commercial), with physical hazard and the blows of fortune, and still somehow to reassure the public that talent is being served: all this the book brilliantly exposes. The wonder is that breakdowns don't occur more often. But by the special nature of his duties Kirstein is prevented, or lets himself be prevented, from "reading" the company's history from the audience's point of view. In the early sixties, he became caught up in the planning of the State Theatre at Lincoln Center, and he does not seem to have been around when the company was going through the biggest stylistic change in its history. Balanchine was in his own way preparing for the transition to Lincoln Center, since these were the years of Suzanne Farrell's ascendancy, during which he remade the company in her image—an image of size and grandeur. Farrell was Balanchine's grand-scale recapitulation of ballerina style, and she dominated until the year of her departure, 1969, but her passage, and the controversy it aroused, are untraced in this book.

Kirstein is a great teacher, but he tends to overinstruct. His methods are truly seductive only when he is being personal, revealing himself to us rather than wrapping himself in a cloak of scholarly anonymity and lecturing us



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on what to think, as in some of those notes on ballets, unsigned but unmistakably his, that appear in the company's souvenir programs ("The dances reflect the succinctness of the score's musical speech . . ." and "The costumes, executed with extraordinary tact and precision by Mme. Karinska . . ."). If "The New York City Ballet" had been nothing but extended program notes, it would have been a failure, but Kirstein has found the right form for it—a series of entries in a diary that might have existed but did not—and the right tone of voice. The writing is relaxed, intimately confiding, gracious—the friendliest Kirstein has been. His notes on the ballets are like love songs, but that was to be expected. The big surprise is his unguarded enthusiasm for the big "little" things, like the Christmas tree in the City Center production of "The Nutcracker":

> The Christmas tree was a triumph of engineering. While in actuality only a half-round, its shivering branches of stiff pine needles jogged thrillingly, loaded with ornaments, toys, and glittering festoons as its invisible spine was hauled up. . . . In early performances, electrical short circuits of small bulbs wired to the tree contributed alarming special effects; they sparked, sizzled, smoked, threatening to burst into flame. But the branches were fireproof, and eventually the "candles" were put under safer if less exciting control.

That tree, devised by Jean Rosenthal, was real old-time theatrical magic. Because the City Center stage has no trap, it lay in a bushy heap in the darkness and was pulled up gatefold fashion, which caused it to "jog thrillingly." Every time I see the tree at the State Theatre rising smoothly out of an obvious slit in the stage, I remember the old tree, but who would have thought Kirstein remembered it, too? Possibly he would even agree that the old tree was a symbol of the spirit of the company in its early years at the City Center—years in which adverse conditions prompted bold undertakings and ingenuity fed on deprivation. Since the move to the State Theatre, the company has not often forced itself beyond the limits of what it could comfortably achieve. (The Stravinsky Festival was one of the exceptional occasions.) However, it would be a mistake to suppose that hard times are good times, for the New York City Ballet hasn't become richer. In proportion to its size, status, and correspondingly expanded expectations of survival and growth, it has become poorer. Adversity these days consists of a terrifyingly monotonous uncertainty about whether a season can be held at all. The New York City Ballet, which just last week got its anniversary season under way after a month-long strike, is only one of the institutions that have fallen victim to the illusory culture boom of the sixties. That is why it makes no sense to study the immediate causes of the strike in the hope of finding a cure for the company's ills. (The musicians had threatened to strike by the middle of the season, and in response the dancers walked out on opening night.) Kirstein thinks that dancers and other performing artists should be recognized by the government as civil servants, and in a *Times* interview he predicted a federal cultural ministry by 1980. I have the strong impression that Kirstein, a lifelong Anglophile, would like to see the establishment of an American counterpart to the British Arts Council, and possibly even an American equivalent to the royal charter that transformed the Sadler's Wells into the Royal Ballet. Kirstein forgets that the Sadler's Wells had to make its way through its most important years as an impoverished company playing in a plebeian neighborhood without a civil subsidy. Not until the coming of war—the sort of crisis Americans have not had to face—did the British government kick in with the funds necessary to keep up public morale. Even now, the Royal dancers enjoy none of the privileges of the Civil Service, so I wish Kirstein had been more explicit about the kind of benefits that flow from such "purely honorific climates" as the Court of St. James's, "where tradition is still strong, succession is by birth rather than election, and each hierarchical and historical level is defined." Kirstein writes as if the existence of an aristocracy were in any way responsible for ballet in Britain. But then, when he is discussing the British, Kirstein's emotions seem to grow confused. He tells a story of the company's first London season, in 1950:

> An enormous party in a huge mansion seemed to revive for a night Edwardian Mayfair in its heyday. It was given to celebrate the coming-of-age of a Marquess of Hartington, and our entire company was invited. I was introduced to Clarissa Churchill, later Lady Avon. She inquired—implying, I imagined, some trickery—how we had chanced to come by Chagall's scenery and costumes for "Firebird." I started to explain, in over-elaborate detail, the convolutions surrounding Morton Baum's negotiations with Sol Hurok over the transference of property which had fallen to him. She cut it short: "What I really want to

> know is why your dancers can't keep in step." I was puzzled; "keeping in step" implied a Rockette type of paramilitary discipline, whereas most of our choreography was insistently contrapuntal, phrasing deliberate imbalance, syncopation, and calculated offbeats. It was characteristic of my mild paranoia that I imagined her hostile.

Well, it's characteristic of mine, too. What kind of question is that? (And what kind of answer?)

A thick portfolio of photographs accompanies the text in pages the size of a large portable-television screen. Sometimes the dancers sprawl past the margins of their space; sometimes they fade into inky backgrounds. With one exception—the "Agon" pas de deux—the attempts at silhouetting are all misguided. The color in the "Nutcracker," "Jewels," and Stravinsky Festival pages is like television color. But for all this there are rich compensations: this is the most comprehensive collection of the most representative New York City Ballet photographs that has yet been gathered into one book. Visually, the book resembles the company—dense with activity. Open it to almost any page and energy pours forth. The company photographs span the eras of two photographers—George Platt Lynes from the mid-nineteen-thirties to the early fifties, and Martha Swope from the late fifties to the present. Many of the Lynes photographs are masterpieces, several of Miss Swope's are, too (particularly the dust-cover one of "Serenade"), and the contrast in their styles is pleasant—Lynes with his lunar glow as against Miss Swope's unburnished documentary immediacy. However, the decision to limit the selection to these two photographers means that there are no photographs of "Roma," "Ivesiana," or "Opus 34," all of which were created in the years when Lynes was no longer working and Swope had not yet arrived. Nor is there an illustration of "Transcendence" (1935), a favorite of Kirstein's. Faces are missing: Vladimir Dimitriew (Kirstein identifies him as "Balanchine's self-appointed agent and manager, twice Balanchine's age"), who piloted the young choreographer from Russia to Berlin to Paris to New York and who set up the School of American Ballet; Alice Pleydell-Bouverie, "our ballet company's important friend and patron;" Nelson Rockefeller ("He helped us in many striking ways from our start, and not with money alone"); Frances Hawkins and Morton Baum, "the pair most responsible for guiding the New York City Ballet through its early, most difficult years to eventual independence;" Leon Barzin, principal conductor until 1958, and Robert Irving, principal conductor since; and Jean Rosenthal, whose contribution as lighting designer has passed into legend. (Her death, in 1969, is probably the major reason for the permanent loss of "Opus 34.")

There are very few pictures of Kirstein, an angrily modest man who shushes the audience at the State Theatre when it starts to applaud him. But his endowments of intellect, taste, and courage, and his brilliant sense of enterprise, are, finally, the things one wants to praise most about this book, because it is his book. It is not the large-scale survey of the company's development we have needed since 1953, when Anatole Chujoy's book, also called "The New York City Ballet," was published, nor yet is it a critical history—how could it be? Balanchine's accomplishments are, to Kirstein, "self-evident." But so are Kirstein's, and much as he may wish to remain in the background, stressing the contributions of friends, patrons, mentors, and collaborators, he naturally becomes the focus of our attention. He is one of a rare breed—an artist who functions in behalf of other artists. There is no term for it but "culture hero." His was the idea of establishing American Classical Dancing (every word uppercased, importantly qualifying every other), and Balanchine is its realization. Kirstein was the hero of Chujoy's book, as he will be of any other book about the company. Although his own book is written as a personal memoir, and although in it he comes much closer to his audience than he ever has before, he is not aiming at self-portraiture. His subject is the difficulty of making art in America. That is an artist's subject as much as any other, and Kirstein compels you to feel its urgency. Those of us who have benefitted from his work should probably do much more than salute him, because classical dancing in this country is still insecure and there is much more work to do. But for the moment we do salute him, as champion, hero, friend, and extend to him wishes in the only form he would accept: no more strikes.

—ARLENE CROCE

•

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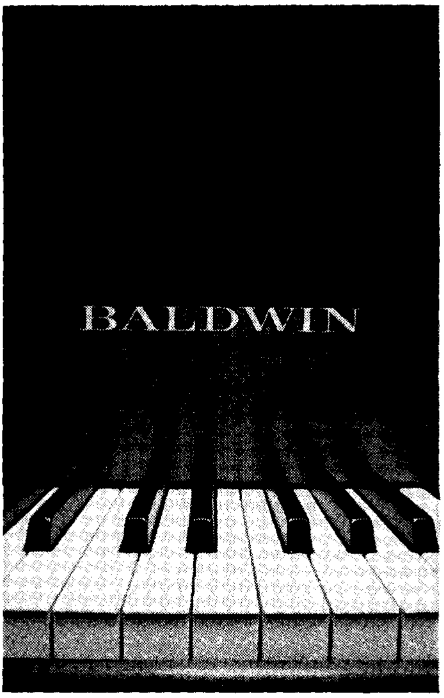

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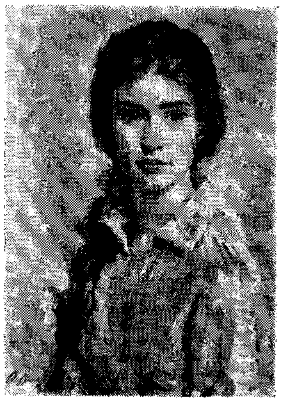
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Labyrinths

Nicolas Roeg employs fast, almost subliminal imagery in the new English film "Don't Look Now," and his entire splintering style affects one subliminally. The unnerving cold ominousness that he imparts to the environment says that things are not what they seem, and one may come out of the theatre still seeing shock cuts and feeling slightly dissociated. The environment may briefly be fractured; for me ten minutes or so passed before it assembled itself and lost that trace of hostile objectivity. I don't recall having had this sort of residue of visual displacement from a movie before, but it's reasonable if one has been looking at a splintered universe for almost two hours. And one looks at this picture with intense concentration, because here life is treated as a puzzle, and the clues are in visual cross-references that go by in split seconds. Afterward, the environment one moves into holds the danger of discontinuity, as if at any moment something frightening might be intercut. Roeg has an elegant, edgy style that speaks to us of the broken universe and our broken connections, of modern man's inability to order his experience and to find meaning and coherence in it. The style speaks of the lesions in our view of the world; everything on the screen is vaguely incongruous and unnatural. A child outdoors on his bicycle runs over a pane of glass; wherever one turns, there are cracks and spreading stains. But Roeg's modernist style is too good for the use he puts it to.

Taken from a Daphne du Maurier story of the occult, adapted by Alan Scott and Chris Bryant, "Don't Look Now" is about a young English couple (Donald Sutherland and Julie Christie) whose drowned daughter may or may not be sending them messages. The bereaved parents leave their surviving child in school and go to Venice—deserted at the end of the season—where the husband, an art restorer, works at repairing eroded church mosaics. The film, too, is a mosaic, organized on the basis of premonitions. (The present is visually interrupted by glimpses of the future.) The husband is psychic but refuses to admit it; he fails to give credence to the omens that appear to him, and so, misinterpreting them, is destroyed. The material is Daphne du Maurier, but it's treated in the intricate manner of Borges, whose face filled the screen and crowned the murderous climax of "Performance," the first film Roeg directed (with Donald Cammell as co-director). The atmosphere has too much class for the Gothic paraphernalia: the warnings unheeded, the city plagued by a mass murderer, the worrying bishop (Massimo Serato) with uncanny intuitions, and the ambiguous, dumpy, sub-Hitchcock sisters—one (Hilary Mason) blind and claiming to be psychic, the other (Clelia Matania) a chesty Helen Hokinson woman—who laugh together as if they were swindlers. We've seen all that before—with less style, it's true, but also with more vitality when it wasn't so convoluted and veneered with art. In a less refined picture, one mightn't be so critical of the way Roeg pulls out all the stops in the sisters' creaking, stagy scenes.

When you join the modernist sense of disorder to this canned Gothic mystery, you may satisfy only those who can accept the titillating otherworldly, but you can intrigue the more demanding, too. All that the movie really says to one is that Nicolas Roeg has a modern sensibility without having a modern mind—or, to put it another way, he has the style without the consciousness. And so the lesions are a form of high-fashion chic. It's a great commercial advantage to him not to have a fuller consciousness. Roeg doesn't examine the jaggedness, or ask the why of it, or try to find order within it; he uses this shattered vision to bring a Gothic story up to date. Put them together and you have the new international-celebrity look: the boy or girl looking like Bianca Jagger and talking about psychic phenomena. Unisex and ghosts in one smart, high-style package. And there they are on the screen—the modern couple, Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland, with matching curly hairdos.

The movie has a special ambience: the dislocation is eroticized, and rotting Venice, the labyrinthine city of pleasure, with its crumbling, leering gargoyles, is obscurely, frighteningly sensual. It's a Borgesian setting—the ruins tokens of a mysteriously indifferent universe; Venice might be a reptile-infested Mayan city discovered in a jungle. Roeg, drawn to Borges's tone—the controlled, systematic way in which Borges turns life into a mystical, malevolent nightmare—brings out the sensuality that is hidden in our response to the Borges cool. In "Don't Look Now," the romanticism isn't of the traditional Gothic variety but a coolly enigmatic sexiness, and though it isn't strong enough to be a turn-on for a large popular audience, it gives the film a reticent, insinuating quality. Nothing in Roeg's style appears to be spontaneous or free-flowing; it's all artifice and technique. And yet the essence of the style is languor. "Don't Look Now" is the newest form of the trip movie. The young couple are at home in this jagged universe; they belong to it, and so does Roeg. He digs it, the way Joseph Losey dug the sunny rot and corruption in "Accident" and "The Go-Between," but Roeg doesn't feel Losey's need to condemn the decadence that attracts him. "Don't Look Now" particularly recalls Losey's nutty "Secret Ceremony," but Roeg isn't confused by a sense of shame. He thinks with his eyes, and puffs up what he sees. Roeg has taken Losey's luxuriant, richly ornamental style into a new domain; he may be the genius of chic that, in movies, Warhol and Morrissey only prefigured. Detached and psychedelic, "Don't Look Now" never touches our sympathies, never arouses any feeling for its characters. Roeg's vision is as impersonal and noncommittal as Warhol's, but with the gloss and craftsmanship of Losey. If the elliptical style says that things are not what they seem, it also says that though they're not as simple as people used to think they were, we don't have to worry about it, because they've all gone out of our grasp. We can relax and accept everything. To tie this together with a du Maurier story of the supernatural is to return to a pre-modernist account of why they're not what they seem. How blissfully, commercially acute to join our anxieties to superstition. And not even honest superstition but superstition used to relieve boredom—superstition as a deadpan camp. Believed in only as much as anything else is; that is, not believed in at all. This new Gothic of Roeg's is baby talk joined to dislocation. And isn't that just what Warhol was doing? Only Roeg joins the cool indifference to rich elegance. Maybe it's from the tension between the two that we get that faint, erotic vertigo. Roeg seems to say what Losey never dared to but what the audience for Losey was always responding to: that decay among the rich and beautiful is sexy. Actually, Losey's films and this one of Roeg's tantalize audiences in exactly the way that sad stories of the jazz age do; whatever

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Losey claimed to be doing, he was giving us the beautiful and damned in a fantasy playground for a daydreaming audience. Roeg, I suspect, knows what he's doing (though I imagine people will cook up the usual elaborate deep meanings for this film, just as they do for Losey's moralizing erotic fantasies).

Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland work together wonderfully here—maybe because their sexual differences are so muted. The other actors are merely exploited for sinister effects, and Roeg is crudely derivative in his handling of them, but his treatment of Christie and Sutherland has a highly original awareness. Psychologically, the film barely exists, but Roeg does so much with the two stars' faces—Sutherland's long and thin, Christie's desperately frail—that they become not characters but an archetype of the new couple: sophisticated, gallant, frightened. Sutherland gives a soft, fine-toned performance, and Christie is lovely—with that delicately rapacious jaw and the poignant eyes. She has the anxious face of a modern tragic muse. A key sex scene, with the two nude in bed, intercut with flash-forwards to their post-coital mood as they dress to go out together, is almost the reverse of a strip-tease. The images of their getting dressed—their bemused, distant expressions, their isolation from each other, and their movements getting into their perfect clothes—have an erotic glitter that displaces interest from their quiet, playfully tender coupling to its aftermath. (To avoid an X rating for the picture, this sequence has been slightly reëdited, but Roeg himself made the changes—substituting a few frames from the outtakes—and they are said to be so slight that someone seeing the English and American versions might not notice the difference.) The sequence is consistent with the whole premonitory scheme of the film, and it also relates to the way eroticism is displaced throughout; dressing is splintered and sensualized, like fear and death—death most of all, with splashes of red.

Roeg, who used to be a writer and director for British TV besides being a famous cinematographer, did the celebrated second-unit work on "Lawrence of Arabia" and was the cinematographer for "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum" as well as for a number of Julie Christie's films—"Fahrenheit 451," "Far from the Madding Crowd," "Petulia"—which have, I think, a close relationship to his work here. It is the assumption in this film that the juxtaposition of images provides instant meaning. Roeg uses the technique, out of Alain Resnais, more effectively than Richard Lester did in "Petulia;" since Roeg doesn't get into complicated feelings or social attitudes, you don't question what he's saying. Despite the surreal portentousness of the atmosphere, the meanings are very simple, very much on a Hitchcock level, and are often organized with that same mechanical precision. But the deliberate mystification is a problem for Roeg that it wasn't for Hitchcock, because Roeg's systematic trickery doesn't quite jibe with the otherworldly. The discrepancy involved in a tightly planned, interlocking *mystery* made me impatient; the preordained can be experienced as the mechanically delayed. (Borges always keeps it short.) The final kicker is predictable, and strangely flat, because it hasn't been made to matter to us; fear is decorative, and there's nothing to care about in this worldly, artificial movie. Yet at a mystery level the movie can still affect the viewer; even the silliest ghost stories can. It's not that I'm not impressionable; I'm just not as proud of it as some people are. "Don't Look Now" gets fairly moldy when the hero confronts his red-hooded fate (seen rather too clearly). The non-believer hero destroyed by his refusal to trust his second sight (that old, old shtick—the agnostic punished because he refuses to believe in the supernatural) gives one such a strong whiff of Hollywood. But the picture is the fanciest, most carefully assembled Gothic enigma yet put on the screen; it's emblazoned in chic, and compared to such Gothics as "Seance on a Wet Afternoon" it's a masterwork. It's also trash.

In Borges, mystery and decadence come close together, and at the picture's consummation the perfect, beautiful couple are split by a hideous joke of nature—their own child become a dwarf monstrosity. Using du Maurier as a base, Roeg comes closer to getting Borges on the screen than those who have tried it directly, but there's a distasteful clamminess about the picture—not because Venice is dying (though this sure is a counter-commercial for Venice) but because Roeg's style is in love with disintegration. A little boy can look at his dead sister with no emotion in his face, but terror and decay are made radiant. Julie Christie is the perfect actress for Roeg, because her feelings are so exquisitely modulated and so small; she doesn't project with enough force to disturb the visual surface with rage or pain. Her jagged face—so extraordinarily beautiful yet not adding up right for ordinary beauty—might be

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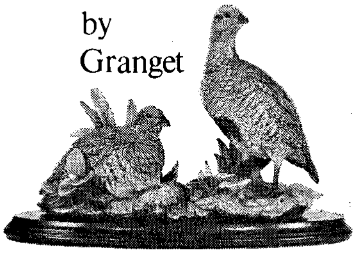

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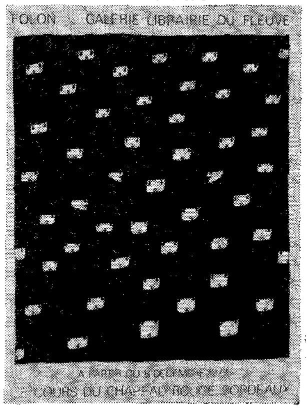
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the emblem of his style. She gives the picture a soul—but a soul in a body that's trembling on the verge of breakdown. Roeg is a chillingly chic director. "Don't Look Now" is shallow in a way that I think people are looking for right now; I can practically hear someone asking, "What's the matter with shallow?" This could be Warhol's legacy. "Don't Look Now" is going to be a great success, because it represents the new, high-fashion Gothic sensibility—what the movie audience is just getting into. But it's like an entertainment for bomb victims: nobody expects any real pleasure from it.

SOLEMNITY is a crippling disease that strikes moviemakers when they're on top: a few big hits and they hire Dalton Trumbo and go into their indomitable-spirit-of-man lockstep. "Papillon," the most expensive movie of the year, is a thirteen-and-a-half-million-dollar monument to the eternal desire of moviemakers to win awards and impress people. How can you play around and try out ideas on a property like the Henri Charrière best-seller, which probably cost a couple of million to start with, and with stars (Steve McQueen and Dustin Hoffman) who definitely cost three and a quarter million between them? It would be like juggling with the Elgin Marbles. What should have been an entertaining escape-from-Devil's Island thriller, with some laughs, some suspense, and some colorful cutthroats and likable thieves, has been treated not as if it were an escape story but as if it were *the* escape story. The story has become practically abstract, and for much of the time the movie can't be bothered telling us where Papillon (Steve McQueen) is escaping from or where he hopes to go. The moviemakers have approached the subject of Papillon (a French safecracker who was sentenced to prison for life for killing a pimp and who, thirty-odd years after he broke out, trumped up his adventures into a best-seller about his many escape attempts) as if they were making an important historical biography—about a pope, at the very least.

The stark ad showing McQueen and Hoffman sweating in their chains seems to be looking for a caption: "What do you mean, what am I doing here? What are you doing here?" It's understandable that, at a cost of two million, Steve McQueen can become an icon to moviemakers, but to put him in a role that requires an intense audience identification with the hero's humanity—the sort of role Jean Gabin played in "La Grande Illusion" and "Pépé le Moko"—is madness. McQueen is an amusing actor of considerable skill but a reserved actor whose expressive resources are very small. That's what's fun about him: when he's placed in tense situations, his tiny, tiny shades of expression become a witty caricature of the American man of action's emotionlessness. If ever there was a wrong actor for a man of great spirit, it's McQueen; as Robert Mitchum once remarked, "Steve doesn't bring too much to the party."

Actually, no actor could have saved this unrelievedly grim picture—not with the Trumbo-Lorenzo Semple, Jr., script, which keeps Papillon shackled and penned up (Trumbo has only one arrow to his bow, and he shot it in "The Fixer"), and not with Franklin J. Schaffner, late of "Nicholas and Alexandra," directing. Schaffner has a clean, precise camera style for spectacle ("The War Lord," "Planet of the Apes," "Patton"), but there's no spectacle in "Papillon;" there are a few scenes involving lots of extras but no large-scale action. A director such as John Boorman ("Deliverance"), with his hypnotic talent for charging an atmosphere with fear, might have been able to give even this hollow script some tension, but Schaffner is immaculately literal-minded. Nothing is hidden beneath the methodical progression of the scenes; the film is totally obvious, and there isn't a laugh in its two and a half hours. I was grateful each time Dustin Hoffman turned up, simply because he tries to do something for characterization and he has more life than McQueen. Hoffman usually seems to think he needs a physical gimmick for his characters. He's playing Louis, a smart, rather pedantic convict who was "the best counterfeiter" in France, so the thick lenses make sense (though they're the thickest lenses I've ever seen), but why does he go through the picture with his mouth open, like some adenoidal chinless wonder? Is he trying to be helpful by making himself different from McQueen? (He really doesn't have to worry about that.) This co-starring arrangement between men needs the right chemistry, but McQueen doesn't supply for Hoffman what Voight did in "Midnight Cowboy." The reverse happens: McQueen seems to inspire Hoffman to underplay, too. When Papillon prepares for his final escape and Louis says he's not going, he sounds as if he had decided not to shave that day. Theirs is the only emotional bond in the movie, and there's hardly any emotion in it.

All the actors seem too gentlemanly to become characters, and Schaffner too gentlemanly to get anything going in the meticulously constructed sets; authenticity seems to be in everyone's mind, but authenticity of what—of Henri Charrière's self-glorifying adventure romance? I don't really understand Schaffner's concept: after the two principals have been separated for five years, they meet somewhere out on Devil's Island and the cranky, fussy Louis sees Papillon and scuttles away from him—presumably because he doesn't want to become involved in another escape attempt. But the scene is so barren of feeling that we have to interpret the action; the actors supply hardly a clue. Besides, I was confused—and others may be also—because I thought Louis's gangrenous leg had been amputated in an earlier sequence, and now he was hopping about on two perfectly good hoppers. And is McQueen really meant to represent the Henri Charrière who wrote "Papillon"? He doesn't seem to have any words in him. I didn't understand why he wasn't perfectly content when he was on some (unspecified) island with friendly villagers and a loving native girl: true, he didn't speak the language, but most of his earlier communication had been with cockroaches in his cell. I know we're meant to take joy in McQueen's final victory—the proof that he couldn't be broken—but I was glad that he'd finally made it only because I didn't want to have to go back to solitary with him.

"Papillon" is a strange mixture of grimness and propriety. There are unnecessary brutalities involving characters we hardly know (after an eighteen-year-old convict is killed, we get a close view of his bleeding head; a man is guillotined, and his head rolls toward the audience), and at the same time the movie absolutely refuses the audience any comic relief. (One gets the impression that Schaffner would consider it "levity.") Hoffman's counterfeiter goes through most of the picture subsidizing McQueen's escape attempts with a fortune he carries in a tube in his colon, and as the years pass and he keeps paying and paying, you can't help wondering how much money he can be carrying there. The picture is so sedate it never satisfies our curiosity; is that because when a star costs as much as Dustin Hoffman you don't make jokes about the bankroll he's sitting on?

—PAULINE KAEL

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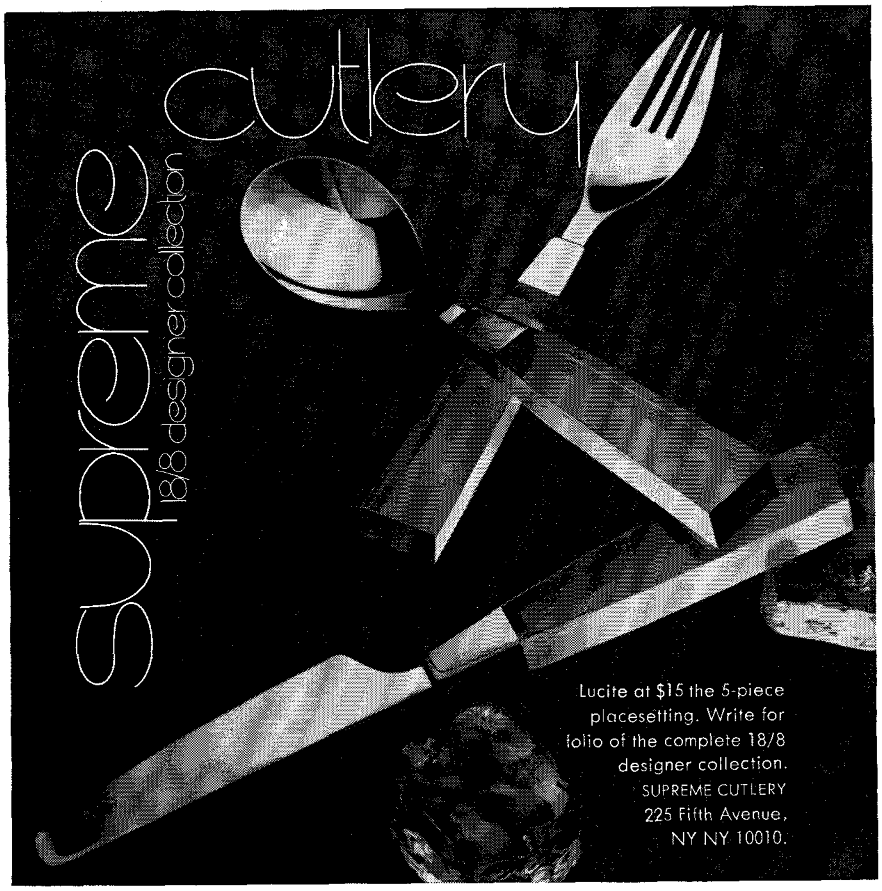
PIPES unthawed, FA 7-8417.—*Adv. in the Spokane (Wash.) Spokesman-Review.*

And depths unplumbed?



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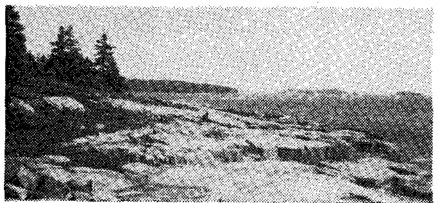

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THE RACE TRACK

Three for Paraje

YOU can tick off on the fingers of one hand the horses who over the years have won a major stakes race three times in a row. Devil Diver did it in the Metropolitan, Discovery did it in the Brooklyn and the Whitney, and Native Diver, who is still fondly remembered in California, did it in the Hollywood Gold Cup and the San Diego Handicap. Kelso did it in the Woodward, and he also won the Jockey Club Gold Cup five times hand running—a record for repetition. And back in the early twenties Exterminator, who in my book is one of the greatest of horses, won the Saratoga Cup—at a mile and six furlongs, and run on the last day of the meeting—four times. Paraje joined this select group when he led all the way in the Display Handicap, at two miles and a quarter, at Aqueduct last Saturday. Though it was more like a procession than a race, the Display was exciting to watch, for Paraje—a sturdy dark-bay Argentine seven-year-old by Magabit out of Pachorra—set such a lively pace that I wondered whether he could hold it to the end of what is the longest race run in this country these days. He not only did but he lowered the track mark for the distance from 3:52 to 3:47⅘. The high moment came when Everton II challenged sharply on the turn for home. But Paraje had plenty left, and drew away in the stretch to win by three lengths. Rule by Reason was third, half a length away. Incidentally, it was the fourth consecutive year that Sigmund Sommer, who owns Paraje, has won the Display; his Hitchcock brought off a double with it and the Gallant Fox in 1970.

Earlier in the week, Elliott Burch, who hasn't had much luck with the Rokeby Stable horses at the meeting, saddled Timeless Moment for the Sport Page Handicap, and he obligingly lasted long enough to win it from Tap the Tree and North Sea. The three were heads apart as they went under the wire.

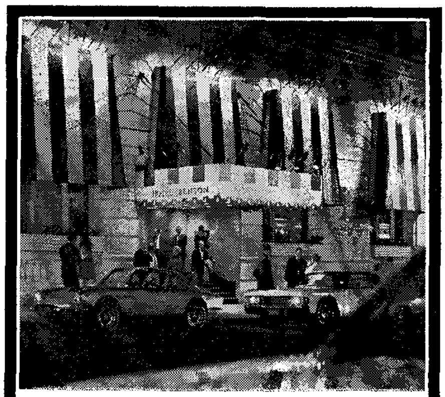
SANDY HAWLEY had the biggest day of his life down at Laurel last weekend; he rode four winners, bringing his total to 503—the largest ever for one season. Unlike Pincay, who called it a day when his mounts had won four million dollars, Hawley is going right on—he likes to ride in Maryland—to set a total of winners to shoot at next year. Curiously, although he has a big following, only one of his mounts was a favorite.

It appears that Alma North isn't what she used to be. She was no match for Twixt, who wore her down in the stretch of the All Brandy Handicap, the main event at Laurel last Saturday. Or maybe the fact is that Twixt is pretty good right now. It was the fourth straight victory for the filly, who was bred by Mr. and Mrs. John Merryman, is owned by Mrs. J. M. Franklin, and is trained by the Merrymans' daughter, Katie Voss. It's a good bet that Twixt will be voted the best Maryland-bred of her sex.

JIM CONWAY, a trainer who needs no introduction here, made a flying trip to England for the sales at Newmarket, and he is enthusiastic about the way they are conducted. "There's none of that hoopla we have at our sales," he said the other morning. "They're run off quietly, with almost the formality of a session at Sotheby's. And quickly, too. They'll sell twenty-five lots in an hour. One reason is that the men and women in the tiers of seats around the little arena are owners and trainers. You get all the opportunity in the world to see what you're buying; even before the animals are led into the ring, they're walked round and round a big ring in the paddock. I thought the ones I looked over were a likely lot. Prices were high—but nothing like what they are here."

OUR horses did all right in England this year. Kentucky-bred Dahlia, whom you may have seen win the International at Laurel, was voted Horse of the Year in England. She was also top weight over there in the Free Handicap for Three-Year-Olds, at 140 pounds. Also, for the first time ever, three American-bred colts headed the Free Handicap for Two-Year-Olds: Apalachee, by Round Table out of Moccasin, at 133 pounds; Mississippian, by Vaguely Noble out of Gazala II, at 128; and Cellini, by Round Table out of Gamely, at 127. Apalachee, owned by John Mulcahy, is also top of the Irish Free Handicap. He is unbeaten after three starts, the most impressive of which was the Observer Gold Cup. He won it eased up after leading by ten lengths.

—AUDAX MINOR



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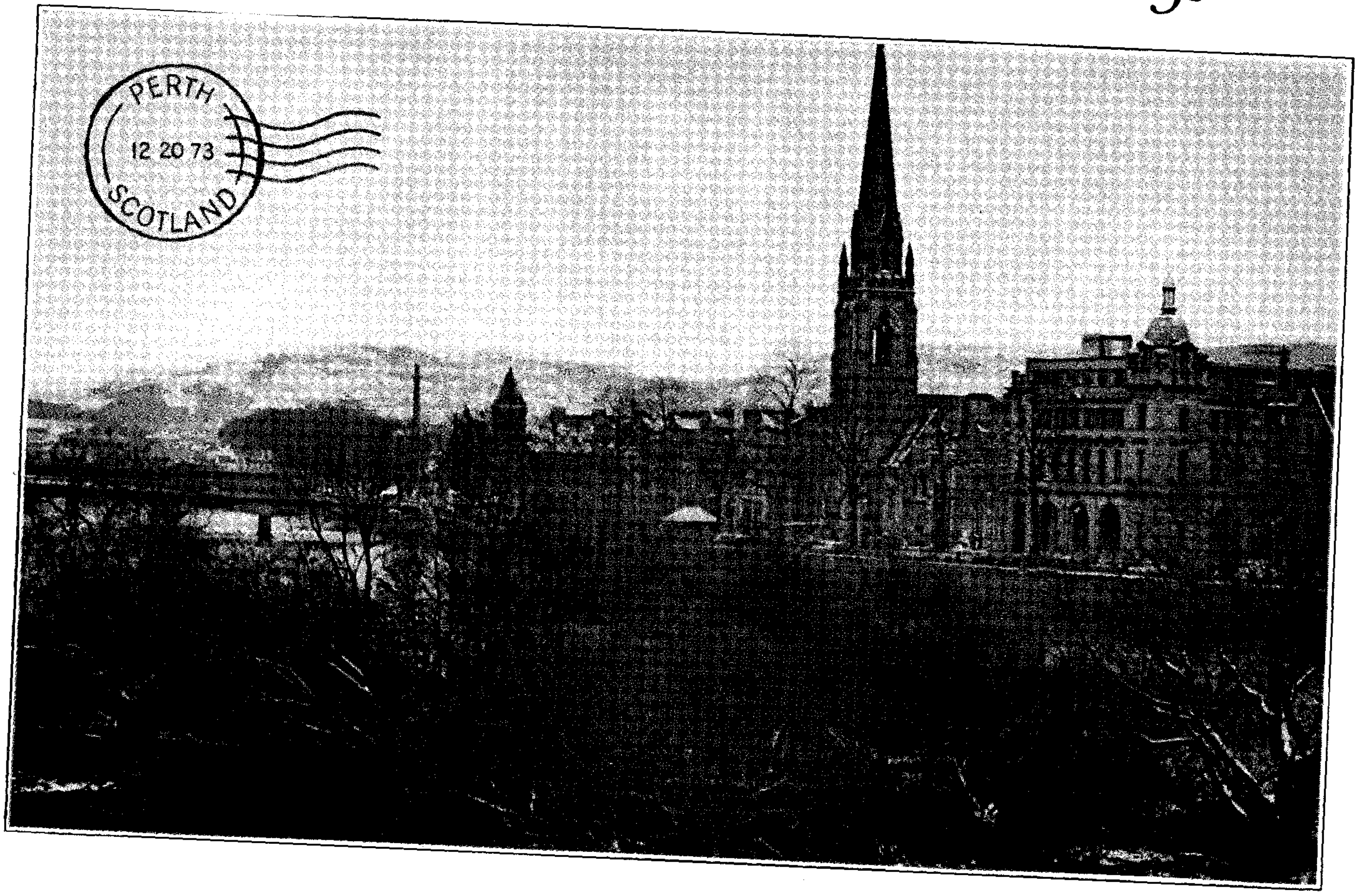
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BOOKS

Disestablishmentarianism

If satire is revisionist, nonsense is revolutionary:

> (*Door opens.*)
> Seagoon: Oh, Mother, I'm so glad to see you. (*Big kiss*)
> Gravely Headstone: Pardon me, sir, but I'm the butler.
> Seagoon: Oh, I'm sorry. You shouldn't wear a kilt that long, you know.
> Gravely Headstone: I have reasons for dat.
> Seagoon: I too have knobbly knees.
> (*Door opens. Gong*)
> Lord Valentine: Neddie!
> Seagoon: Father! You—you *are* Father, aren't you?
> Lord Valentine: Do I have to undress?
> Seagoon: No, it's just that you've *changed* so. (*Aside*) And, dear listener, changed he had—he looked tired, weary—his eyes were sunk back in his head, they were bloodshot, watery, and red-rimmed—what had caused this?
> Lord Valentine: Neddie, we've bought a television set.

In these few typical lines from one of the B.B.C.'s "Goon Shows" of the fifties, recently published as "The Goon Show Scripts" (St. Martin's), Spike Milligan, the author, abetted by his fellow-performers, Harry Secombe and Peter Sellers, attacks with a bent billiard cue a good many of the received British ideas about sex, class, and family left over from the Empire. For perhaps the first time in England, the mass media—in this case, the B.B.C. Home Service—had become a conduit for a mood in which the assumptions of the society received the sort of slanging that had previously been confined to fiction and to narrowly read social and political journals.

England had, in forty years, suffered four falls from the prideful stasis of 1914. The First World War had looted its wealth and its manhood. The thirties had brought the dole and despair. The Second World War had plunged the nation into irredeemable debt. And the peace had seen the continuation of austerity and the dissolution of the Empire. The English class system was not yet dead—it lives today, though its cash nexus is increasingly company money and not inherited income—but the enforced and brutal democratization of the Depression and the second war had given a new generation of working- and lower-middle-class men the courage to leap for the top and make their ambitions and discontents known to a wide public. Five years after this war, these young men—later called "angry," a borrowing from the title of John Osborne's seminal play—were ready to call into question all the ideals that had made Britain so formidable over the past two centuries. Gone were the lower-class mildness and docility George Orwell marked so carefully in "The English People;" in their place had risen a destructive and irreverent audacity—almost American in its élan and almost certainly influenced by American models, the film in particular—that soon made itself felt in the plays of Osborne and Arden, the novels of Amis and Wain, the poems of Larkin and Davie, and, most sweepingly, in the "Goon Show" itself.

From May of 1951 to January of 1960, the "Goon Show" placed its mark on a growing audience in England, an audience that must have contained many of the young people who became the classless movers and shakers—pop singers, mod fashion kings and queens, authors of the myth of swinging London—of the late sixties and even the present. Working within the slim but limitless resources of radio—in this case, himself and two other gifted actor-mimics, an announcer, an orchestra, and an inadequate library of sound effects and music tapes—Milligan created not simply a zany comedy format but a band of sturdy anti-heroes and a whole cycle of anti-epics, a series of audio Eddas, for them to star in. Typically, these sagas borrowed from the literature of Imperial Britain and turned it inside out. A cowardly rabble of British adventurers, led by the addleheaded Neddie Seagoon and the military bounder Major Denis Bloodnok, would be set on the trail of some villainy perpetrated by their constant

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enemies and those of England—the sinister foreigner Comte Toulouse-Moriarty and the homosexual "public-school villain and cad" Hercules Grytpype-Thynne; in a devolution of failed stratagems and broken heads, both sides would founder in their grand emprise, and the show would end in inconclusiveness. The range of subject matter was wide—the Goons might be racing Wurlitzer theatre organs across the Sahara or purloining Napoleon's piano ("the one he 'played at Waterloo' ") from the Louvre or rescuing forty-eight toothless men from a hunter of castanets (i.e., false teeth) in a castle in the Dolomites—but the plot and personae were always the same, and it is a considerable tribute to Milligan and his fellow-fantasists that over long stretches the humor remained fresh, lively, unhackneyed, and, above all, true to the job of national demolition they were doing.

At the center of that job was a constant conflict between fine words and mean intentions, a stripping away of the language of hope and glory to reveal the ruined institutions—and moral attitudes—beneath. This was the technique of the Marx Brothers, but here it was raised to the stature of an ongoing jeer at the withering tenets of an entire culture. When one of the toothless prisoners says, "Ohhhhhh—no teeth—we haven't eaten meat for years," and Seagoon, their rescuer, instantly replies, "Vegetarians, eh? I too only eat grass-eating animals," we see the whole potential of human bogusness blink and vanish before our eyes. And at the same time we somehow see the individual affirmed against these raffish, institutional, and—yes—*outmoded* ideas of evil.

Though reading these scripts is by no means a substitute for hearing them—old "Goon Shows" were played for a number of years on WBAI and other American noncommercial stations, but they're off the air just now—it is still rewarding to see them in book form. (I could wish, though, that if St. Martin's Press issues a second series of "Goon Shows," it will include a recording of at least one of them; and may I ask, as a favor to me, that this will include the Sputnik-era show in which the Goons arm the Albert Memorial with rockets and blast it off into space?)

THE moral of this sermon is, I guess, that the kingdom of humor is strait and ever-straitening, and that the duchy of nonsense within it is even more circumscribed, and perhaps more *precious because more subversive;* in the light of that dictum, I must call your attention to another book—this time of American nonsense. It is "The Small House Halfway Up in the Next Block" (McGraw-Hill), and it is a belated collection of Paul Rhymer's fine "Vic and Sade" radio scripts from the thirties and forties. If you remember "Vic and Sade," which, the book tells us, reached seven million American listeners, you will recall that this is an *altogether different kind of nonsense,* though it is equally dependent on the use of speech patterns to throw light—and often doubt—on a whole culture.

Working, again, with a tiny handful of resources—three talented actors—Rhymer turned out thousands of daily radio scripts whose surreal byplay on the fringe of familial boredom struck deep into the heart of the Middle American experience. Vic and Sade and their son, Rush, a small-town Illinois family, are mired firmly, ludicrously, and for life in the tiny round of self-concern. Their dialogue sounds like the dialogue all of us unconsciously talked in those days, with the strings just deftly tightened to a pitch of endemic nonsensicality. Their lot is cast, their place is made, they rest content with far less than a full or contemplative life—yet, marginally aware of the fix they're in, these characters shine with a love and acceptance of each other and of their condition that their bantering, self-important words seem to deny. This is surely a most rare thing, not harmed at all here by the lack of a sound track: the definition of the American kind of family love.

—L. E. SISSMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

ADVANCING PAUL NEWMAN, by Eleanor Bergstein (Viking). A spirited, honest first novel about the sixties, sixties politics, and two friends—clever, coddled, adventurous *echt*-New York girls (Kitsy Frank, Ila Rappaport)—whose surpassing fear is that the other may possibly be developing "a more passionate connection with life." Miss Bergstein's book sometimes meanders a bit too much, but it captures the atmosphere of the McCarthy campaign ("listenabigailwaswithcorettathewholeweekforgettheprivateplanejazz") better than any book has thus far; she has a lethal eye for the ironies of political life in general (the poet-candidate trilling "To dream the impossible dream" at a victory

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celebration); and she has a passionate, if cynical, feel for what makes Jewish princesses run. The girls are consumers, readers, and self-doubters, and touchingly in transit. Kitsy (you know why she chose the name, but you can't help wishing she had picked one just a little less unbearable) goes to the hairdresser's and has been married, Ila doesn't and hasn't, but they often copy each other, and occasionally they are indistinguishable. The book is divided into brief, intense episodes in which real speeches and events of the campaign are interwoven with flashbacks to the girls' (they both work in the campaign as advance persons) past loves, jobs, and causes. One of the many charms of this book is that neither the girls' vanity and ambition nor their real devotion to the campaign is underplayed. Nor is the politically sobering fact that it is only when Kitsy's husband is killed in Vietnam that she stops being a liberal poseur and for the first time faces the true horror of the war.

GENERAL

D. H. Lawrence: Novelist, Poet, Prophet, edited by Stephen Spender (Harper & Row). Lawrence as variously recalled, explored, and appraised. The observers assembled by Mr. Spender are himself, thirteen other Britons (among them David Garnett, Alan Sillitoe, Frank Kermode, Denis Donoghue), and an American—Diana Trilling. Most of the contributions are, of course, of a literary nature. A. Alvarez examines Lawrence's poetry with much admiration. So does Edward Lucie-Smith. Mr. Donoghue studies Lawrence's letters, and finds them "among the most achieved letters in English literature." The novels are examined by Mr. Kermode, who finds that "Lady Chatterley's Lover" "stands not ignobly beside 'The Rainbow' and 'Women in Love.'" Mrs. Trilling, examining Lawrence's sexual metaphysic, gives "Lady Chatterley" a "rather minor place in the canon." The less literary essays are perhaps the most interesting. Mr. Sillitoe describes, from experience, Lawrence's Nottingham and environs. Barbara Weekley Barr, whose mother, Frieda Weekley, eloped with Lawrence, offers a charming, and arresting, glimpse of Lawrence in his last years, recalling of his prudery that "he said once that the idea of putting his arm round a woman's waist and dancing with her appalled him." Clive James traces Lawrence's almost perpetual travels. John Russell looks at Lawrence's painting—the enthusiasm of his later years—as a window on his complicated mind but concludes that, as painting, "'amateurish' is the kindest word" for it. Many fine photographs.

Strong Opinions, by Vladimir Nabokov (McGraw-Hill). Mr. Nabokov has always refused to talk extemporaneously for publication, and he here sets forth answers to questions that have been submitted to him in writing. The result is finished, polished expression that is pleasing indeed, made more pleasing by the charm of Mr. Nabokov's personality, which lies precisely in its decided effort not to charm but to be exact and frank. Following the "interviews" are letters, essays, communications (among them part of his long argument with the late Edmund Wilson about Nabokov's translation of "Eugene Onegin"), reviews, and a few papers on butterflies.

Perfectly Clear: Nixon from Whittier to Watergate, by Frank Mankiewicz (Quadrangle). The author, a newspaperman, lawyer, public servant, and political pro (he was political director of McGovern's campaign), was educated in California and has been a long-term observer of the President's political career, which he retells from 1946 to the present. Mr. Mankiewicz believes that, except for 1968, Mr. Nixon has never conducted an honest campaign, and that he has created a system of bribery and chicanery far beyond accepted norms of American politics. He thinks that the President should be impeached, and says why, in detail. Some parts of this book are impressive—Mankiewicz' account of how those hapless, earnest Cubans got involved is affecting and plausible, and much of his information about the President's early California campaigns will be new to Eastern readers. Toward the end, though, the author loses his temper, and such passages as his parody of the President's oratorical style diminish the work's persuasiveness—assuming that Mr. Mankiewicz really wants to persuade, and not just to entertain the persuaded.

My Life on the Mississippi; or, Why I Am Not Mark Twain, by Richard Bissell (Little, Brown). Mr. Bissell, who was born in the river town of Dubuque, here recalls his career at what Water Rat, in "The Wind in the Willows," termed "simply messing, messing—about—in—boats." He went far beyond simple messing, acquired a pilot's license, and travelled up and down the Mississippi and many of its tributaries. He does not think that Mark Twain cared about the river as much as he does: Twain worked as a pilot to make money, quit when the Civil War interrupted river traffic, and ever after just talked and wrote about the river. (But he admits that Twain was a very good, though nervous, pilot.) Bissell himself has never been able to keep off the Mississippi for any length of time, and, indeed, the great river is the hero as well as the subject of this well-observed book.

Lawyer's Lawyer: The Life of John W. Davis, by William H. Harbaugh (Oxford). John W. Davis (1873-1955) was a man to confound the doctrinaires of both the left and the right. He started practicing law in his father's office in a small West Virginia town and steadily rose to prominence. Although he was a Jeffersonian Democrat (he ran for President against Coolidge in 1924), he represented and defended the House of Morgan, he was a founder of the bitterly anti-New Deal Liberty League, he thought Herbert Hoover was doing *too much* to alleviate the Depression, and he was an enemy of organized labor; in the now historic 1954 Supreme Court case of Brown v. Board of Education of Topeka, it was Davis who argued most eloquently for segregation in the schools. All of which suggests a mossback of mastodonic proportion, yet Davis, always acting from conviction—and no enemy ever suggested otherwise—was a champion of freedom of speech and religion, and of the right of every citizen to vote, with no racial strings attached. He joined counsel for J. Robert Oppenheimer in the physicist's fight for security clearance, he fought for the right to be a conscientious objector, and he was one of Alger Hiss's staunchest defenders; he died believing that Hiss had been framed. This is a good, solid, but not stuffy biography.

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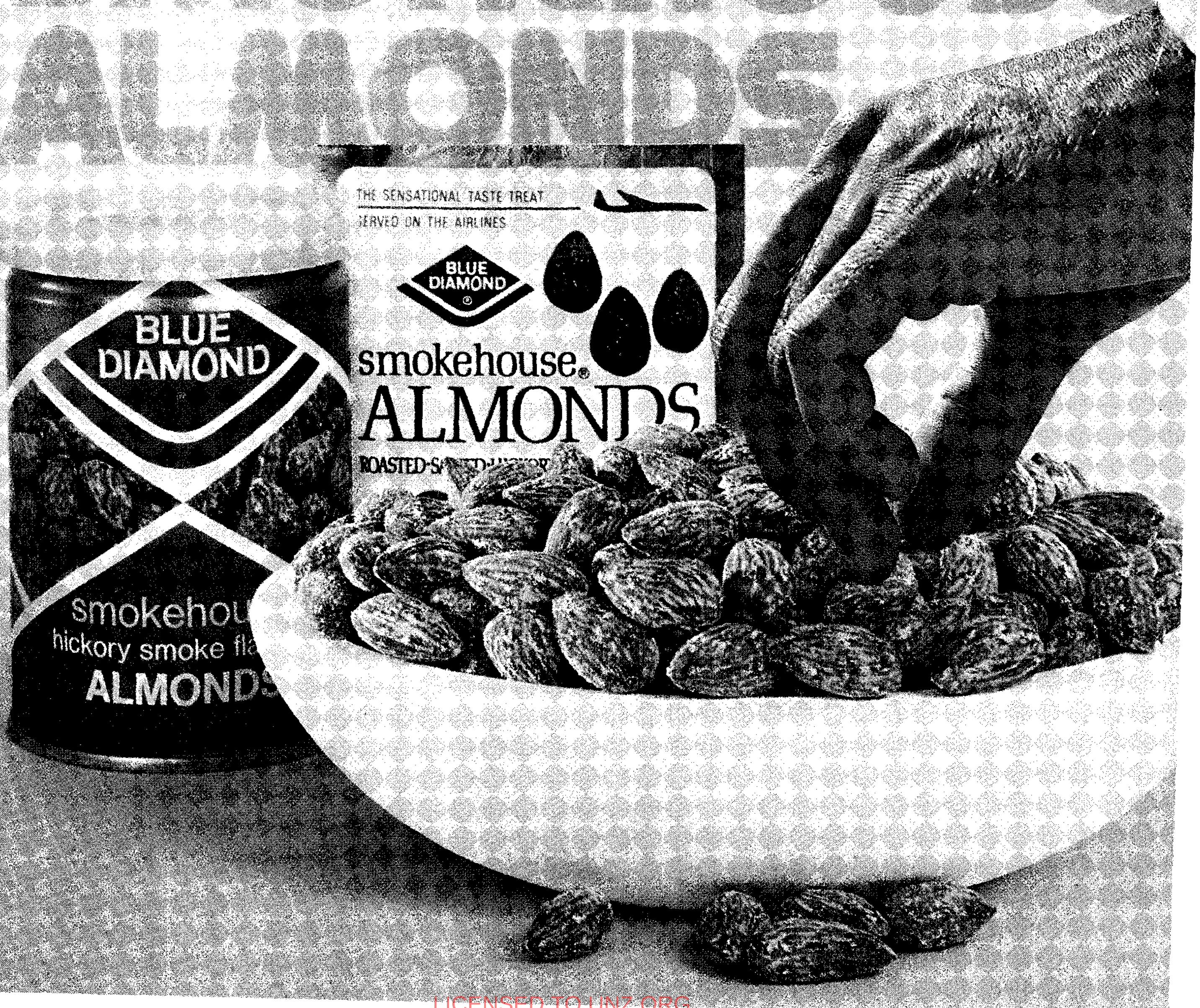
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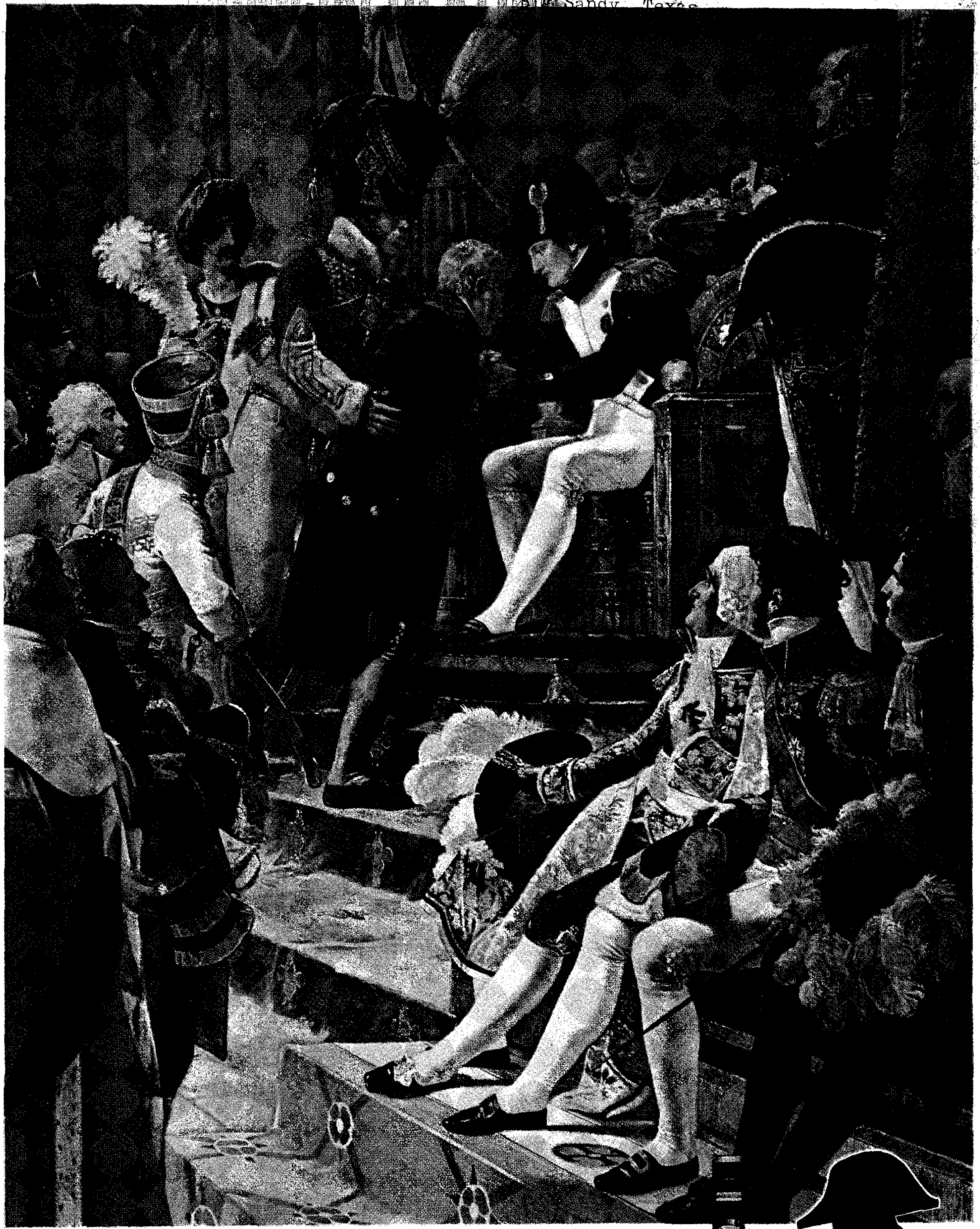

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